

SCREENLAND

January

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"You're Fired!"

CUPID: Can't fire me, Missy. I quit. I--

GIRL: Loafer!

CUPID: --can't do anything for a Granite Face who won't even break down and beam at a man once in a while!

GIRL: Ho! And what've I got to *beam* with, pray? I brush my teeth--and regularly--but there's no beam about them!

CUPID: But there is "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

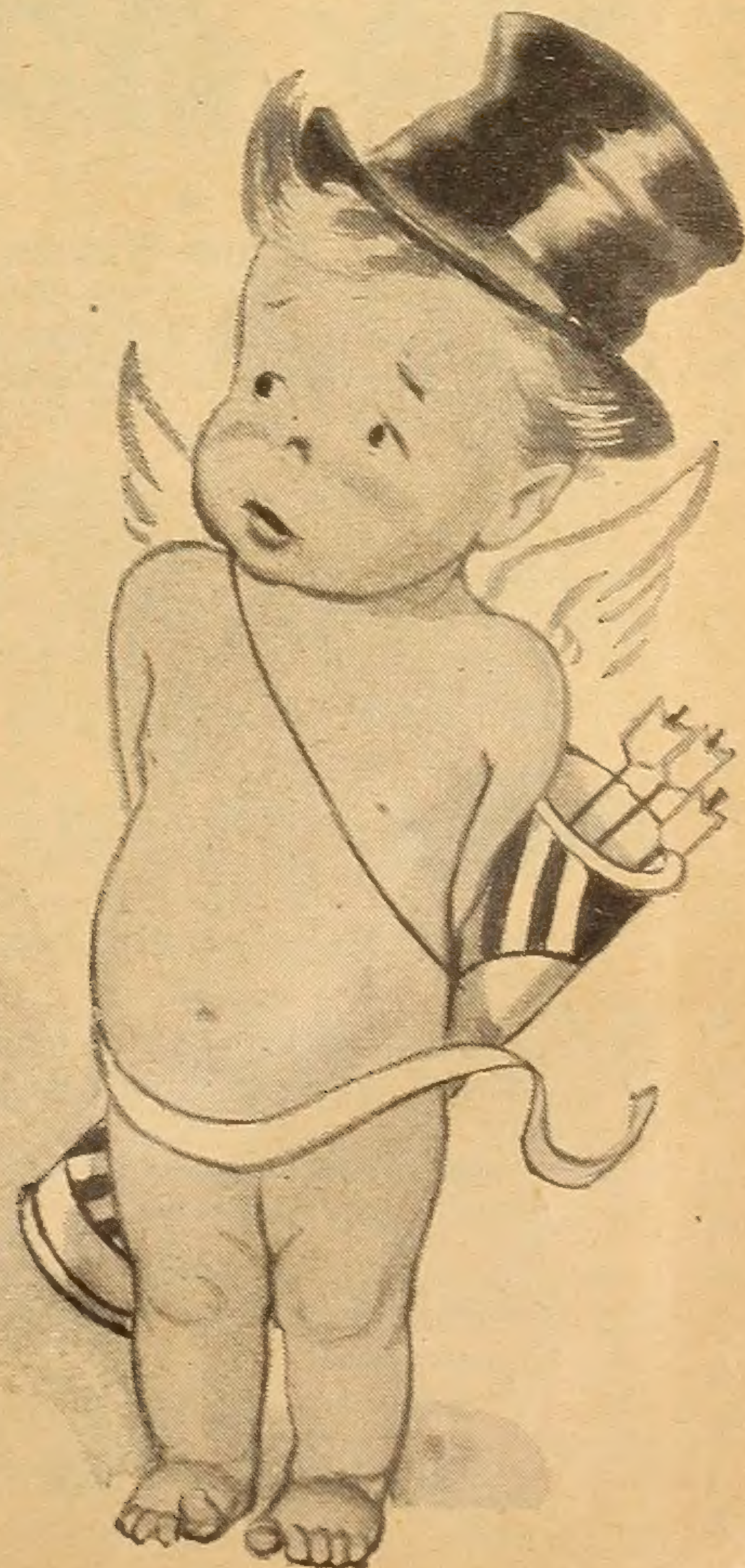
GIRL: Only lately. And only a touch... *Why?*

CUPID: That's for your dentist to say, Sis. Because even a tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*. Let him decide, not you. He may say it's simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest

"the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Ah-h-h. And right away I've got a smile like Klieg lights, huh?

CUPID: Not so fast, Muffinhead. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. And if your dentist suggests gentle massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth... *pay attention!* You'll be off to the man-trappingest smile you ever wore! Check on it!



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Massage



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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way . . . teeming with talent, Technicolor and 25 Kern hits.



To make hearts go pitter-patterer, June Allyson sings "Cleopatterer".

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Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?".

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin are the melodic romancers of "Showboat".



Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury "swings" a tune.

Virginia O'Brien scores with "A Fine Romance". Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".



Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

All this as you thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed by Robert Walker.



As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed, with screenwriters Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, have woven story and song and splendor miraculously together.

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!

—Leo



SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: Portrait of TYRONE POWER, co-starring with Gene Tierney in "The Razor's Edge" for 20th Century-Fox. Kodachrome by Frank Powolny.

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JANUARY, 1947

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as the girl who loved "Bill"!

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as the siren of the sultry voice!

as the singing idol of millions!

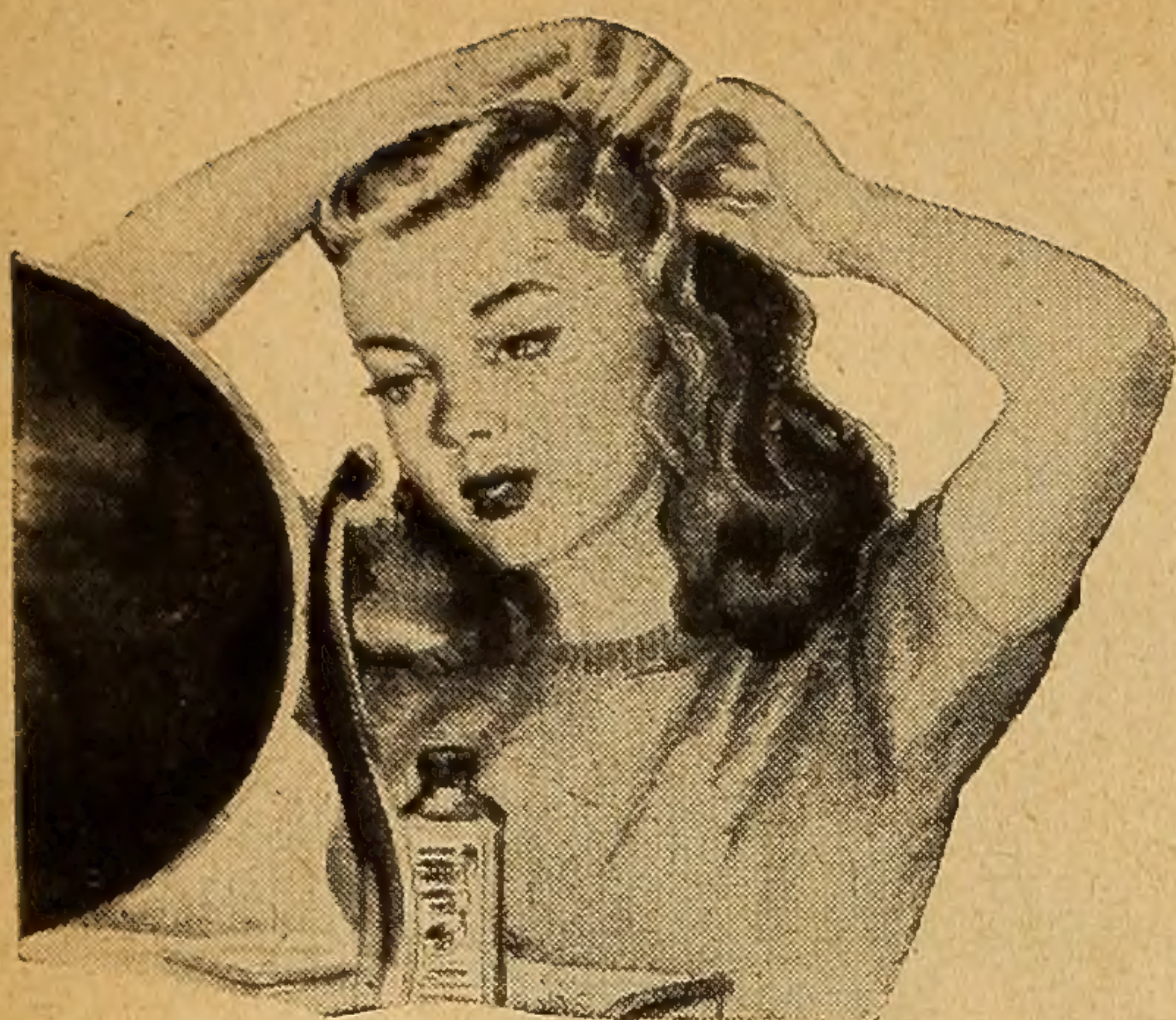
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FREE—New illustrated booklet of intimate facts every woman should know. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write today! Chichester Chemical Company, Dept. J-1, Philadelphia 46, Pennsylvania.

LINDA DARNELL'S first public appearance as the blonde and beautiful *Amber* was at the baby shower Marjorie Reynolds gave for Ann Miller. After the presents were opened, Linda became the center of attraction. Everyone got hysterical when she told them her reactions to being a blonde. She didn't mind her whole head being bleached, but when they wanted to bleach her *eyebrows*, she hit the ceiling. P. S. They bleached 'em.

WHERE there's Hope there's—happiness. And we do mean Bob and Dolores. A new little boy and girl have arrived, making four children the Hopes have adopted. The newcomers have been named William Kelly Francis and Honora Avis Mary. Bob and Dolores introduced them to friends at a party honoring Gloria Blondell (Joanie's sister) and radio executive Vic Hunter, recently married. As a welcome "home" present, Bob presented each kiddie with a wonderful American primitive painting by the celebrated artist, Grandma Moses.



Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell are together again! Ella Logan congratulates.

UNLESS there is a last minute change again, Bette Davis will have her baby right in sunny Hollywood. Her doctor decided against the rigors of a cold winter at "Butternut," in New Hampshire. It was Bette's dream to have her child born close to the place that is really "home" in her heart.

HOT

from HOLLYWOOD

Gene Kelly and his wife, Betsy Blair, who also has a movie contract, enjoy an evening at a new night spot.



Frank Sinatra joins the Gene Kellys for an evening of fun at Chez Cobar



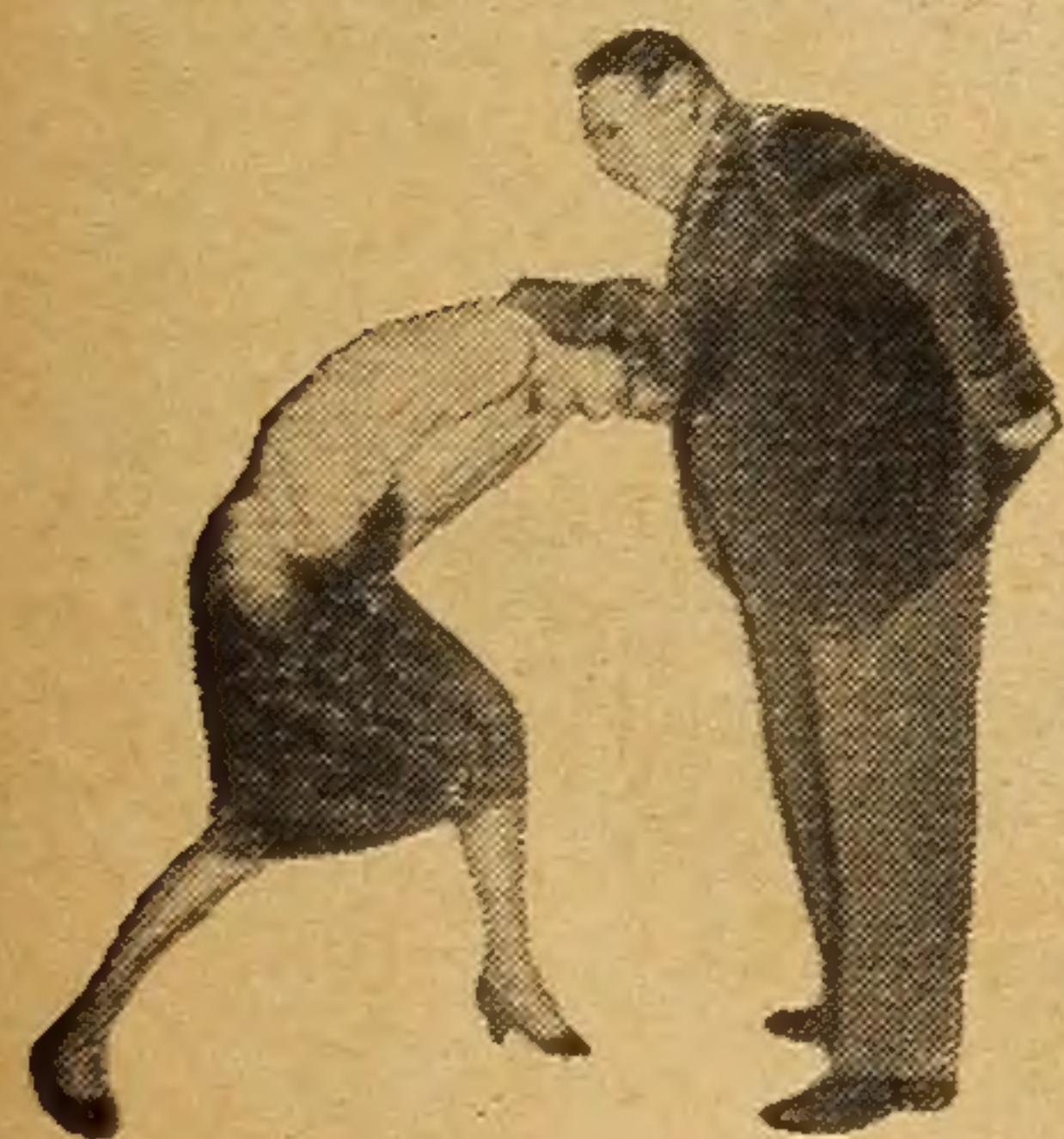
Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts

in
Paramount's
Musical
Mirth Riot

She's a wow at
telling WHOPPERS...

She's a whiz
at making LOVE!

She uses her head to
keep the wolf from
the door!



She's at her warbling
best singing these
hit songs!

"LOVE IS THE
DARNDDEST THING"
THAT LITTLE DREAM
GOT NOWHERE"
"HOW DO YOU
DO IT?"



"Cross My Heart"

with MICHAEL CHEKHOV

Produced by Harry Tugend • Directed by John Berry

Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Claude Binyon • Additional Dialogue
by Charles Schnee • Based on a Play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr



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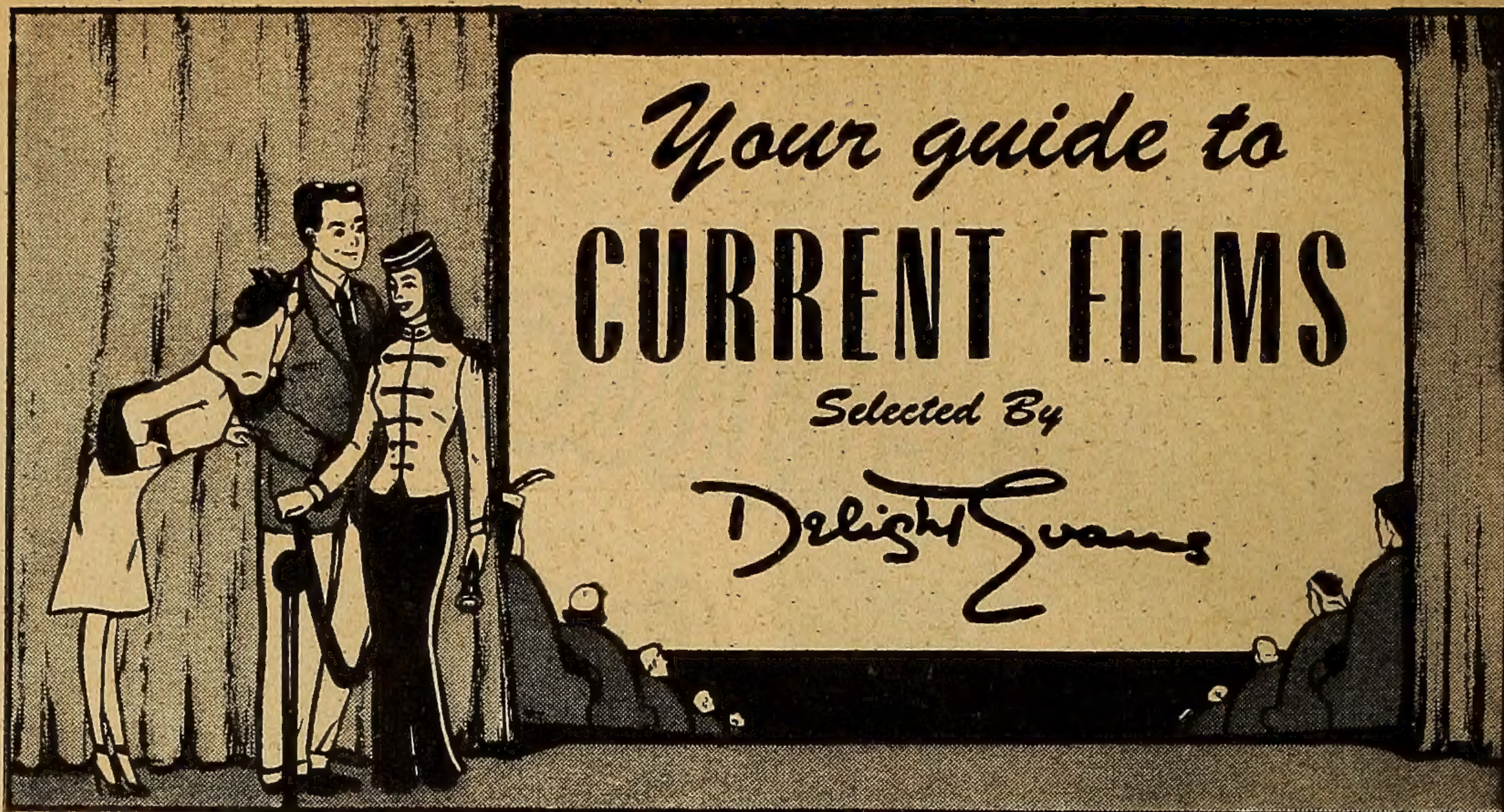
American School, Dept. H-15, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

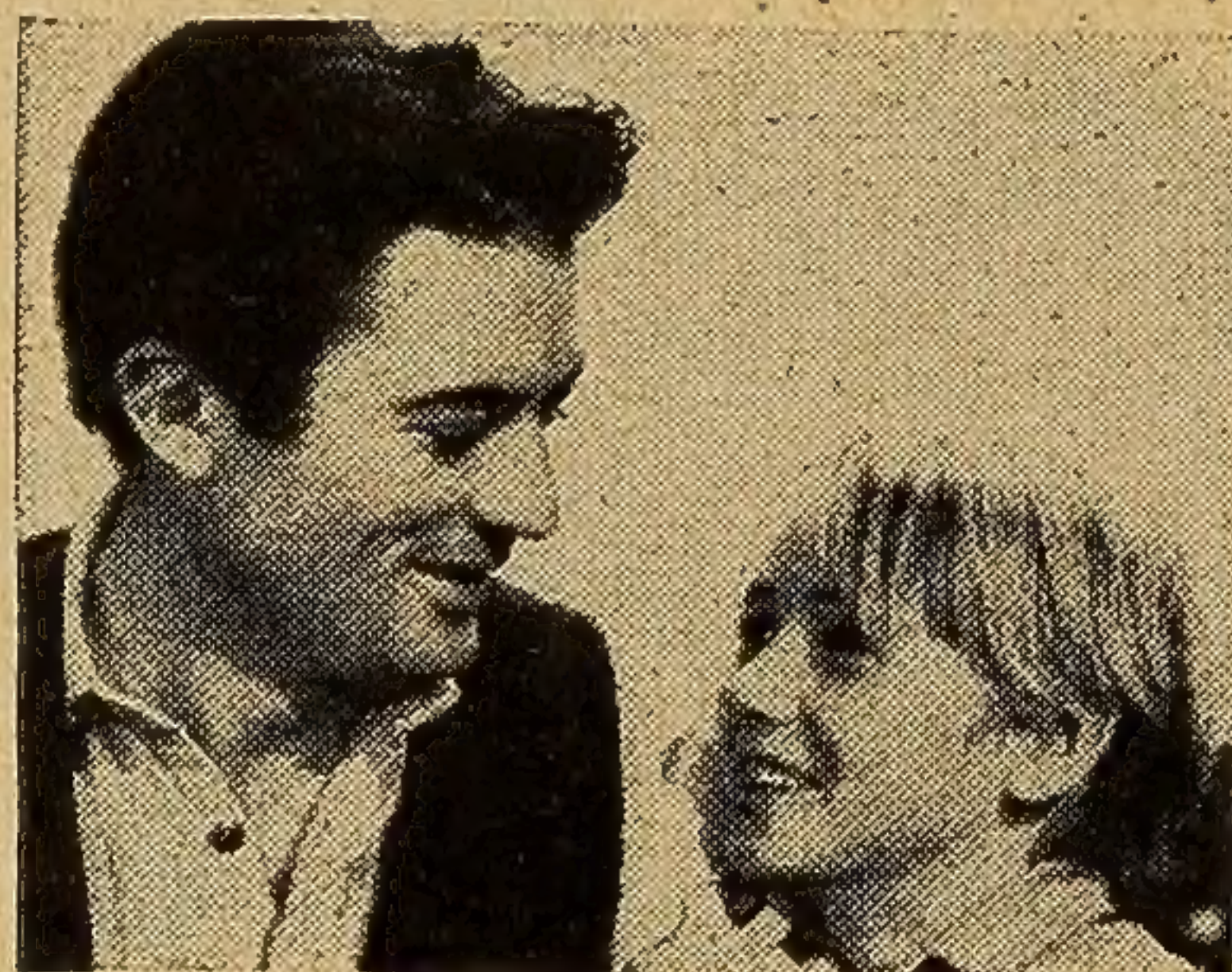
Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



THE YEARLING



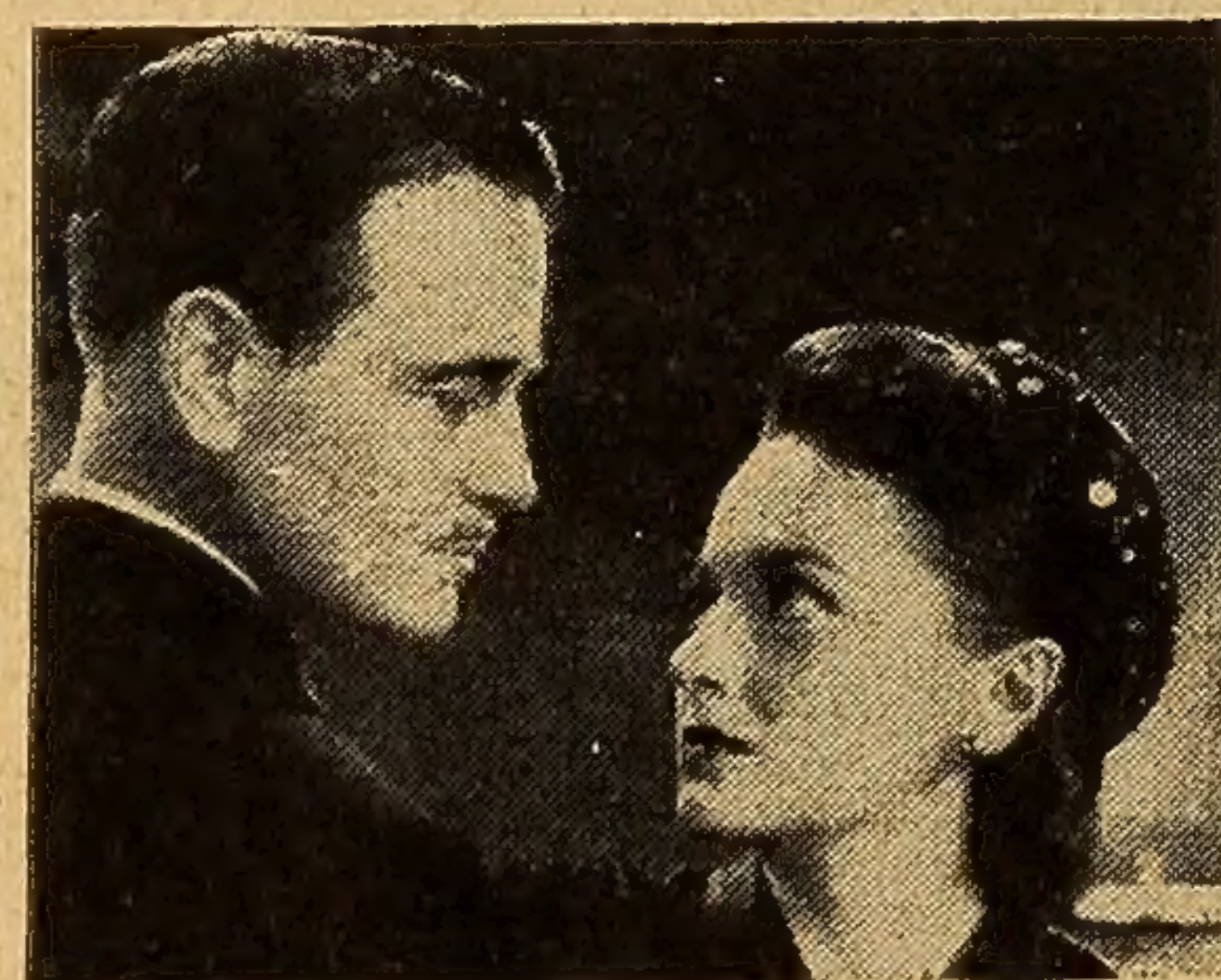
MGM

DECEPTION



Warners

THE DARK MIRROR



Universal-International

MARGIE



20th Century-Fox

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

There have been very few really great motion pictures, but we have no hesitancy in climbing way out there on that limb to rate "The Yearling" among them. It has been a seven-year labor of love for Leo the Lion, producing this classic; and while Leo probably hopes for appreciative customers, he could not have been keeping both eyes on the box-office while making it; for "The Yearling" has no taint at all of what unkind critics call the Hollywood, or commercial touch. It is a fine and faithful translation of the well-loved book, with all the poignancy preserved, the touching and tender scenes retained, the quality of the characters even enhanced as Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman and young Claude Jarman, Jr., perform under the direction of Clarence Brown. Children will love it, parents, too.

Here is Bette Davis as you like to see her—all dressed up—and plenty of places to go. But there is more to it than that. In her rôle as a concert pianist married to an extremely jealous and suspicious cellist, the life she leads is one little deception after another, leading finally to dire consequences—just what they are it would be unfair to disclose. Suffice it to say, you'll be surprised. The gradual growth of suspense to the startling denouement is admirably handled by Director Irving Rapper from the beginning sequence when Paul Henreid, as her husband, is introduced to the other man in her life, Claude Rains, a noted composer, brilliant also in the feminine psychology of a deceptive woman. The trickery between Claude Rains and Bette Davis alone is worth the price of admission.

Just when we thought everything had been done in the way of psychological murder mysteries, up comes Producer Nunnally Johnson with this absorbing story of identical twins, both involved in the sudden death of a prominent doctor, one as a suspect, the other an accessory after the fact. But which is which? And therein lies the most engrossing study of twins yet seen on the screen. Olivia deHavilland's delineation of *Ruth*, the friendly, kind and sympathetic, and *Terry*, the cool, clever and calculating, shows admirable understanding of their separate personalities. Lew Ayres makes an auspicious return to the screen as the crack psychologist, his first rôle since the war. Count on Thomas Mitchell, too, for a realistic performance as the homicide detective, giving him a nice intelligence, for a change.

Is there so much difference between the bobby-soxer of today and the flapper of yesterday? You'll enjoy answering this question for yourself after seeing Jeanne Crain, amazingly talented in the sudden touches of comedy intermingled in her portrait of *Margie*, the serious high school student surrounded by short-skirted, cloche-hatted chums and their raccoon-coated boy-friends. Dressed differently, perhaps, but there is a resemblance. Glenn Langan, providing the romantic note as the young French professor, could very well be the flapper's Sinatra—even though he doesn't sing. Barbara Lawrence and Conrad Janis, with their Charleston, are as true to type as the jitterbug. Lynn Bari, Alan Young, Esther Dale and Hobart Cavanaugh all help to make excellent film fare. (More reviews on page 12)

WARNERS HIT A BRAND NEW NOTE
IN MUSICALS!!!

"THE TIME

DENNIS
MORGAN



THE PLACE



AND THE GIRL"

IN TECHNICOLOR!!!

JANIS PAIGE ★ MARTHA VICKERS

S.Z. SAKALL · ALAN HALE · ANGELA GREENE
and CARMEN CAVALLARO DONALD WOODS
AND ORCHESTRA

DIRECTED BY
DAVID BUTLER

PRODUCED BY
ALEX GOTTLIEB

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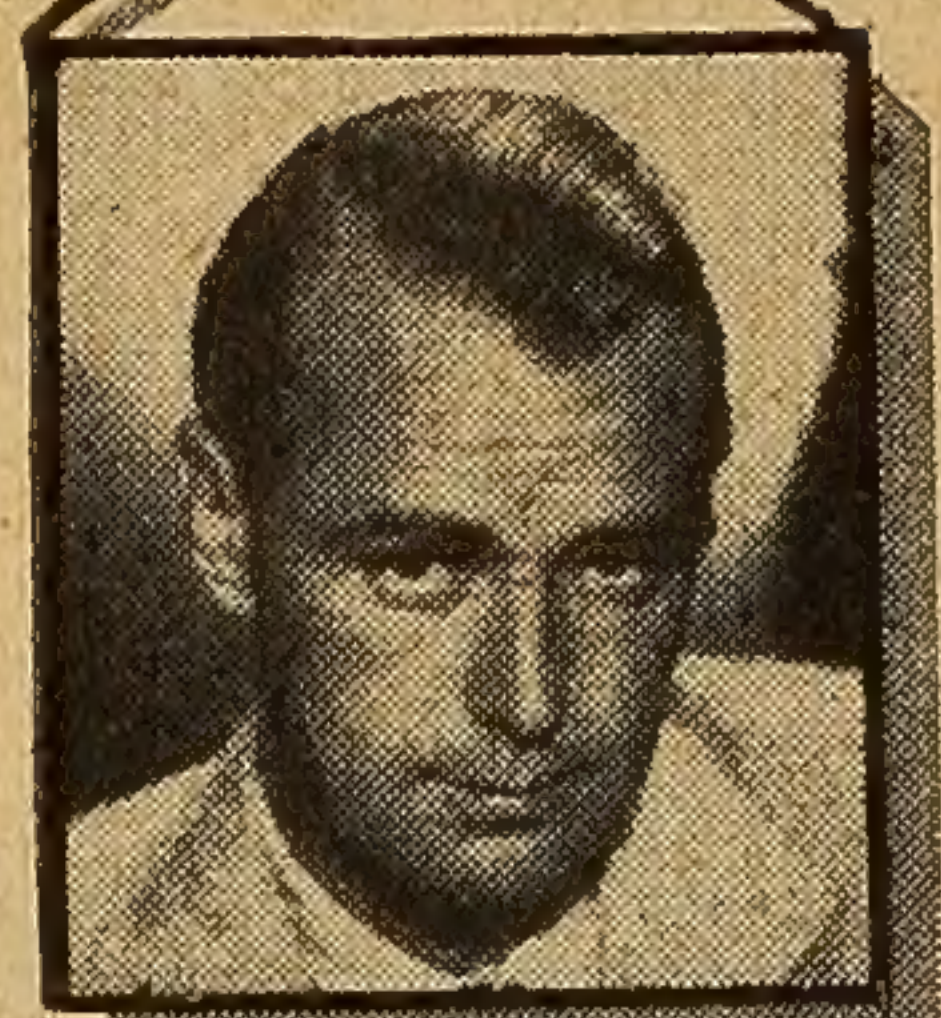
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ALAN LADD



BETTY GRABLE



ROBERT TAYLOR



PAULETTE GODDARD

Fans' Forum



Movies in Session

Sit up and take notice. Just look what's going on in the movies! Yes, we know you like one thing about them, but dislike another, and we know that at least one of your fellow Fans' Forum readers most likely will disagree entirely with you. It's a monumental job to try to please everybody, which is exactly what the producers of our number one entertainment are trying to do. Lend them a hand. Write your letters about movies and movie people to Fans' Forum now. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and ten \$1.00 prizes. Your letters are so interesting you will note that we are now awarding ten \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

ENGLISH BRIDE'S FIRST LESSON IN AMERICANISM

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

I'm one of the English girls who came over to the United States a timid and somewhat frightened bride. My in-laws and my husband's friends have been wonderful to me and I have recovered from my first fright.

However, in the short time I have been in America I have seen many of your movies, among them "Kitty" and "Dairy of a Chambermaid," both in which Paulette Goddard played the leading rôle. At first, I will confess that I was more than a little shocked and extremely resentful of your portrayal of the English people. We Anglo-Saxons have always been mirrored, in my country, as a rather staid, distinguished class. Certainly we had never depicted our-

selves as comic or ridiculed our mannerisms and tastes. To my horrified eyes, your movies seemed to poke fun at us, to jest at our customs, magnifying the details so as to provoke a burst of laughter from the audience at our expense. I noticed that you were particularly fond of presenting the Cockney as an impoverished, down-trodden person, living in squalor and speaking with an unintelligible accent.

It wasn't until I had seen a few more movies that I began to understand. I'll admit that I found it very bewildering and hard to understand right at first. I discovered that you Americans have an unsatiable love of fantasy and a rollicking sense of humor, for more of the movies cleverly chaffed at the Americans themselves than at the English. All of my irritation vanished. And I have come to love your comedians as much as you do, all of them—Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Joan Davis head the list.

Paulette Goddard, too, has become a favorite with me. Yes, even despite my early indignation at her picture, "Kitty." I have seen this picture over again and lately I saw "Diary of a Chambermaid." She deserves congratulations for her excellent performances in both pictures.

I owe her thanks for my first lesson in Americanism—the value of a sense of humor!

AGNES REHDER, Portland 1, Ore.

A NEW TAG FOR TAYLOR

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

Thanks, Robert Taylor, for the article, "This Is What I Believe," in the October issue of SCREENLAND. I'm glad you did stick your neck out and air your personal beliefs or opinions, as you put it.

I don't think you realize how much good this story will do for you. It will pay you rich dividends, indeed. Without beating around the bush, I will try to explain exactly what I mean.

You are, by far, the nicest-looking man

(Please turn to page 14)

The most reckless lover...
the boldest adventurer...
ever to bear the Monte Cristo name!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

The Return of Monte Cristo

STARRING

LOUIS HAYWARD • BARBARA BRITTON

with GEORGE MACREADY

UNA O'CONNOR • HENRY STEPHENSON • STEVEN GERAY • RAY COLLINS

Screenplay by George Bruce
and Alfred Neumann

Directed by HENRY LEVIN • Produced by GRANT WHYTOCK

AN EDWARD SMALL PRODUCTION

SCREENLAND

11

*Your heart will sing...
it's the BEST thing
that ever happened...*



*You'll have the time of your
life watching Myrna Loy and
Fredric March fall in love
all over again, and Dana
Andrews and Teresa Wright
fall in love at first sight. It's
a gay and heart warming
story with Virginia Mayo
and Hoagy Carmichael (who
thrills you at the piano), and
you'll meet Cathy O'Donnell,
a new personality you'll love
... all in Samuel Goldwyn's
"The Best Years of Our Lives"*

Great ENTERTAINMENT

Your Guide to



ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—United Artists

Here it is—1947, post-war version of Anne Nichols' box-office history-making play, and it couldn't have been produced at a more auspicious time. Call it corny, this contrived romance between the nice Irish lass and the nice Jewish lad, with its heavy-handed humor and labored gags; you'll also have to admit it's heart-warming and mellow when the girl's father, *Patrick Murphy*, tangles with *Abie's* pop, *Solomon Levy*, until they forget their differences over the cradles of *Patrick Joseph Levy* and twin sister *Rebecca*. An expert cast helps enormously to convey the real message of the story, with two charming newcomers, lovely Joanne Dru (Mrs. Dick Haymes) and Richard Norris as the young couple, and Michael Chekhov and J. M. Kerrigan as the warring fathers. Vera Gordon and George E. Stone, as *Mr. and Mrs. Cohen*, Art Baker and Emory Parnell contribute good characterizations.



NOCTURNE—RKO

Murder mystery fans are given a fine merry-go-round when they are handed the first clue—a photograph of a girl named *Dolores*—only to find that the victim, a ballad composer who toyed with feminine affections, had the quaint habit of calling all his sweethearts by the same name. George Raft keeps his rôle of the hard-headed dick, who won't buy the department's suicide theory, tenaciously toeing the line. Lynn Bari, another beautiful *Dolores*, keeps the plot moving in a neat circle by protecting a younger sister, played by Myrna Dell, who in turn lays a smoke screen for Lynn. This kind of procedure can be awfully confusing—but fun.



TIME, PLACE, AND THE GIRL—Warners

Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson team up again for your enjoyment in this Technicolor musical. This time they're trying to make a go of a brassy night club situated, inconveniently, right next door to the leading components of high brow music, the *Cassels* (S. Z. Sakall, Florence Bates and Martha Vickers). Of course, the boys find it easy work to win over grandpa and granddaughter to their special brand of jive, but with grandma, staunch supporter of the opera, it's a fight to the finish. Janis Paige adds more laurels to her name as the girl-friend who woos and wins the shy Carson.

Current Films



MY DARLING CLEMENTINE—20th-Fox

By far the best Western since "Stage Coach," Academy-Award-winning John Ford's first picture since his return from Navy service has everything for fans of the rootin'-tootin' form of entertainment. In fact, it will enlarge the audiences of frontier pictures to include more sophisticated spectators, for it is authentic drama powerfully presented and spectacularly well acted, especially by Henry Fonda in the rôle of *Wyatt Earp*, most fearless frontier marshal in the West. It is Fonda's first film also since the war, and he is superb, no other word for it, as the sure-footed (notice the man's slow, panther-like stride), cautious, but immensely likable *Earp*. As he encounters the romantic and dangerous gunman, *Doc Holliday*, (Victor Mature), or *Doc's* fiery gal *Chihuahua*, (Linda Darnell), he is always master of the situation. When he rounds up the deadly *Clanton* gang you'll cheer loudly.



THE CHASE—United Artists

What tricks dreams can play! Everything is progressing nicely in this Seymour Nebenzal production, seemingly with the definite purpose of putting Robert Cummings, playing a destitute ex-G.I., on his feet, figuratively, by giving him a job as a chauffeur. But his employer turns out to be an unbelievably cruel gangster with a beautiful, but mistreated, wife. Then comes the dream sequence wherein the chauffeur and the b.w. (Michele Morgan) escape to Havana, romance, and murder. Perhaps you have been duped, but you still have another interesting problem to solve. Steve Cochran, as the tough gangster, is a new guy to watch.



TEMPTATION—Universal

From Robert Hichens novel, "Bella Donna," (that's a poison, you know, as well as a beautiful dame!) comes this intensely melodramatic screen opus with Merle Oberon, George Brent, and Charles Korvin enacting the starring rôles. The plot is as insidious as the poison itself, the settings and costumes as beautiful as the temptress. Love is the main ingredient of the story, relating Merle's dull security with husband, George, her hazardous infatuation with Egyptian blackmailer, Charles Korvin. Paul Lukas, to whom the temptress confesses; Lenore Ulric, her maid who lectures her, are fine.

and it happens to you in

"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

a truly great motion picture

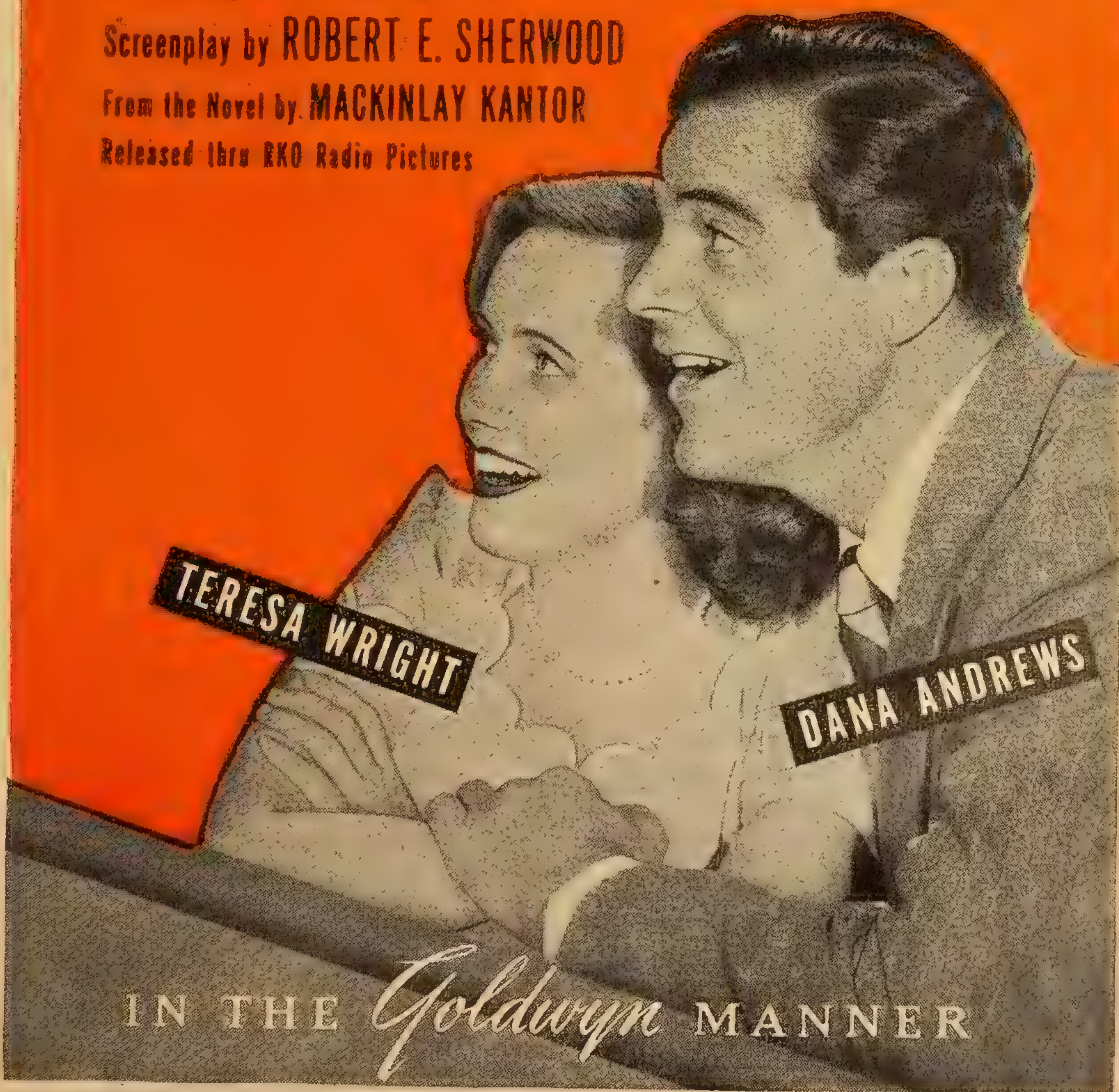
Produced by SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER

Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

From the Novel by MACKINLAY KANTOR

Released thru RKO Radio Pictures



IN THE *Goldwyn* MANNER

in all Hollywood. There are times when I think you are too handsome for your own good. People are inclined to think you haven't a brain, that you are good-looking and that is all. They do not give you the credit you deserve. You have a very brilliant mind and brain as your highly intellectual article proves.

You are an excellent actor. People should stop and think and concentrate on your dramatic ability instead of thinking how handsome you are when they see the films in which you appear, then they would realize and know what a truly wonderful person you really are.

Mr. Taylor, I knew what your viewpoints and opinions were on such things as life, death, politics, religion, education, love and marriage, happiness and friendship, but I had forgotten. You have been away much too long. Oh, I guess I had not forgotten exactly. I should say I had dismissed such things temporarily from my mind.

While you were gone the magazines and newspapers did not write about you or mention you often enough to make us think about you every day during the awful war. I, like millions of other admirers, sort of tucked you, or memories of you, away in a store-room of our minds until the war ended and you were home again and out of uniform and had returned to making pictures for our enjoyment. We all knew we could and would take up where we left off at just such a time.

As I said before, I knew your viewpoints on all the important subjects that your story covered. I learned all these things via letters. I used to write oodles and gobs



William Powell steps out of his "Life with Father" character to play Mark Twain on the radio while he was in New York recently. Richard Kollmar is master of ceremony.

of fan letters before I was married and the mother of two fine, lovely daughters. I wrote letters to you, your wife (Barbara), your mother (Mrs. Ruth Brugh), your grandmother (Mrs. McCarthy), your secretary (Virginia Thompson), your servant, and president of your Fan Club. I received replies from all these letters and all these people. Hence, I was able to learn much about you in this way. I won the prize for obtaining the greatest number of new members for your fan club, and still

have the lovely charm bracelet you sent me as first prize.

As an ardent fan, I think I know you pretty well. They call Marie McDonald "The Body," George Sanders "The Brain," Frank Sinatra "The Bow Tie," Bing Crosby "The Groaner," and Jack Benny "The Comedian." In my opinion, they should tag or label you "Mr. America" for being so unaffected, down-to-earth and such a truly regular guy. Barbara Stanwyck is a genuine "Mrs. America." I think you both

Word Is Spreading: "THE GREATEST MOTION

TYRONE POWER
GENE TIERNEY
JOHN PAYNE
Anne BAXTER
Clifton WEBB
Herbert MARSHALL





Barbara Britton and Gregory Peck recently starred in CBS Screen Guild Players' radio adaptation of "Arrowsmith," voted one of the ten best films of 1932.

are darn swell people. My five-year-old says that you folks are super-duper, and she is so right.

Thanks again, Bob Taylor, for a mighty fine, interesting article. We fans needed to have our minds refreshed as far as you are concerned. It is high time we brought those grand thoughts and memories of you out of those store-rooms in the back of our minds and gave them a darn good airing.

ISOBEL GREENWALD, Davenport, Ia.

TOO MORBID FOR MOVIES \$1.00

So Hollywood is going to film the life of my favorite composer, Robert Schumann. I was afraid of that—in fact, I wish that the studio concerned could be persuaded not to go through with it.

In the first place, the super-sophisticated Paul Henreid will be totally out of place in the rôle of the portly, pure-featured, childishly eccentric composer. Katharine Hep-

burn will be just as badly off in the part of the lovely, patient Clara, his wife. Her unmistakable accent, which did her good service in such pictures as "The Philadelphia Story" will be no more of an asset in this rôle than it was in "Dragon Seed." Also, it must be remembered that Clara Schumann was a first-rate concert pianist, almost a genius in her own right, and I hear that it took Cornel "Chopin" Wilde four hundred long hours to learn to imitate a piano virtuoso—a lot of effort to expect from anyone as busy as Miss Hepburn appears to be. And needless to remark, any picture that doesn't live up to the standard of technical perfection set by "A Song to Remember" will be doomed to failure.

Then there is another reason why this bitter-sweet story should not be filmed, in spite of its dramatic possibilities—Schumann's music itself. One of the factors in the success of "A Song to Remember" was the fact that Chopin's "heavier" music was avoided in favor of his lighter and more popular works. However, Schumann's reputation rests for the most part on his larger compositions, his symphonies and his piano concerto. To unload these works on a public that complained of the music in "Fantasia" being too "heavy" would be ridiculous. I am not implying that the public doesn't appreciate good music, but Schumann is a difficult composer to understand; his work belongs to the full-time devotee, the real "symphony-fiend." For movie-making purposes, producers should confine their efforts to the lighter composers.

And finally, they should consider this: the main object of the motion picture is entertainment. Any story of Schumann's fate that came anywhere near the truth would have to be a morbid and pitiful one. Not dramatic or exciting, just morbid. Only

(Please turn to page 18)

PICTURE I HAVE SEEN IN MY LIFE!"

Darryl F. Zanuck's
production of

W. SOMERSET
MAUGHAM'S

Produced by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Screen Play by

LAMAR TROTTI

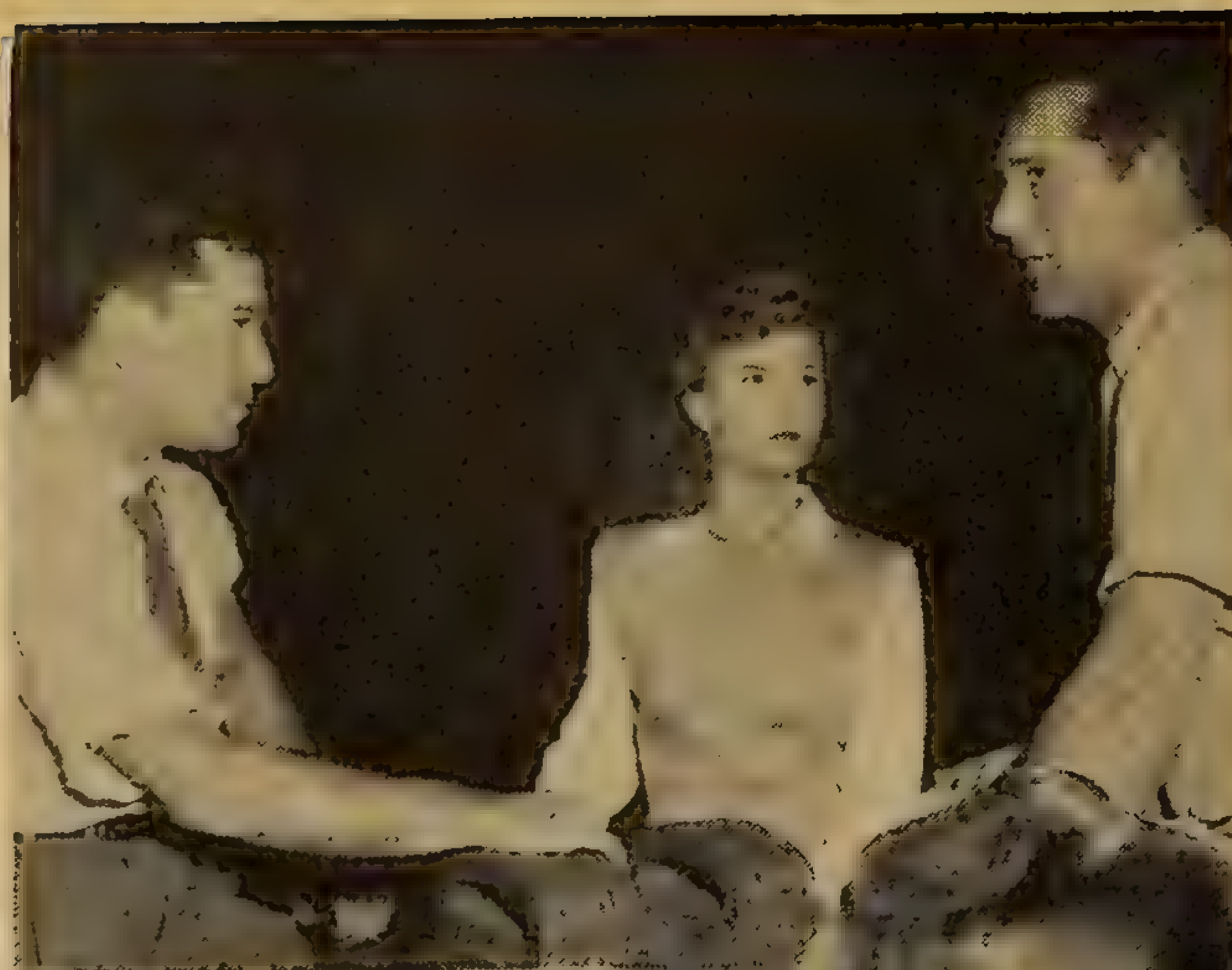
The Razor's Edge

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Directed by

EDMUND GOULDING

From the Novel by
W. Somerset Maugham



On the set, Shirley is as serious, if not more so, than her director, Irving Reis, and her co-star, Cary Grant. New picture is "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

TEEN- AGER AT WORK

Shirley Temple is no jivebug, but a hard-working young woman who's determined to make her grown-up movie career as memorable as her baby fame

Shirley puts her hair up for some scenes of new RKO film, left. Mostly, though, she sticks to her glamour-do, also to her knitting—socks for hubby Jack Agar. Myrna Loy, in scene still at upper left, plays Shirley's mother in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."



Your Cold...the part germs play...

and precautions against them

*Can you avoid catching cold?
And if you do catch one is it
possible to reduce its severity?
Oftentimes—YES.*

IT IS now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders", a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of

the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset... to go after the surface germs before they go after you... to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

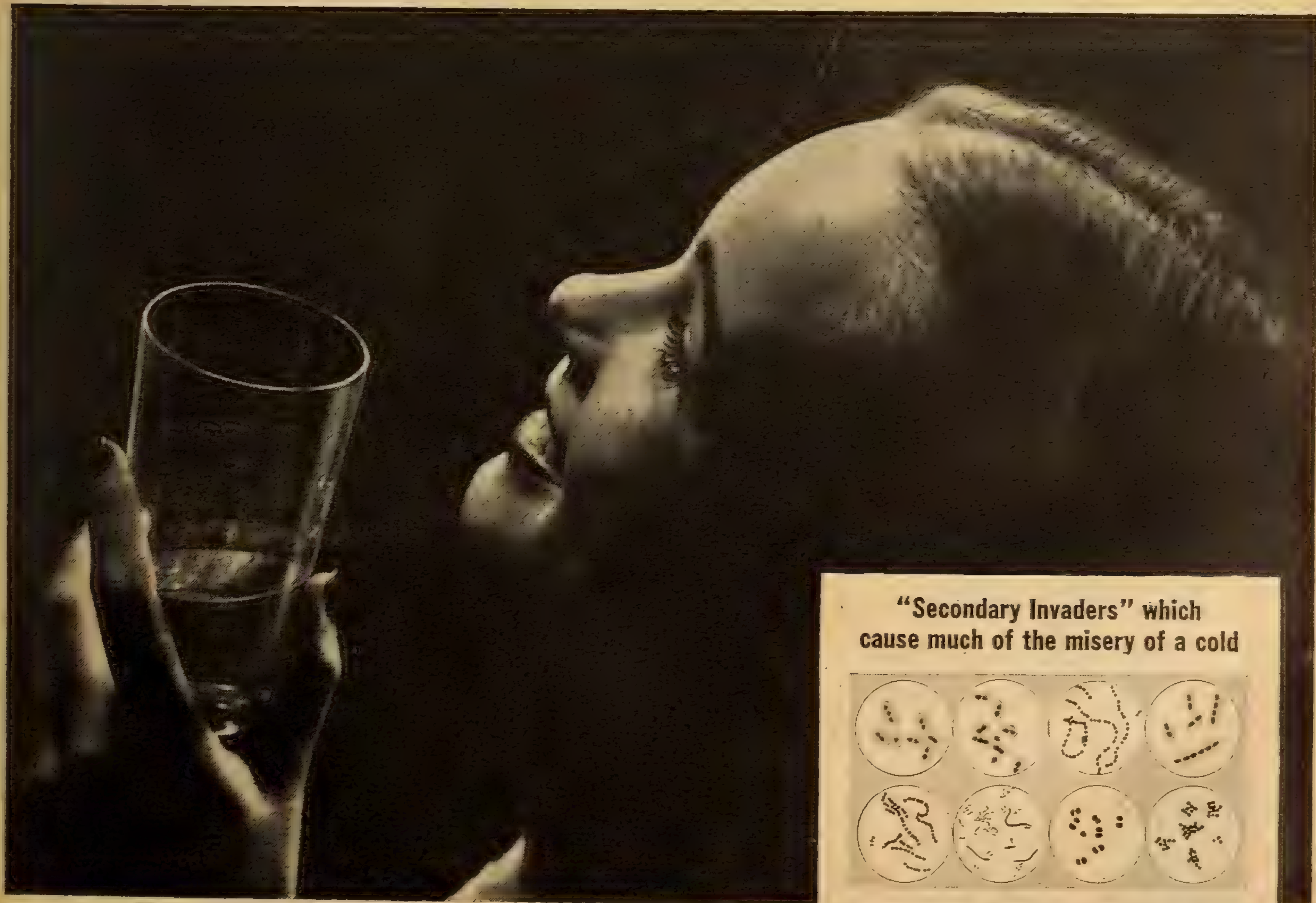
This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

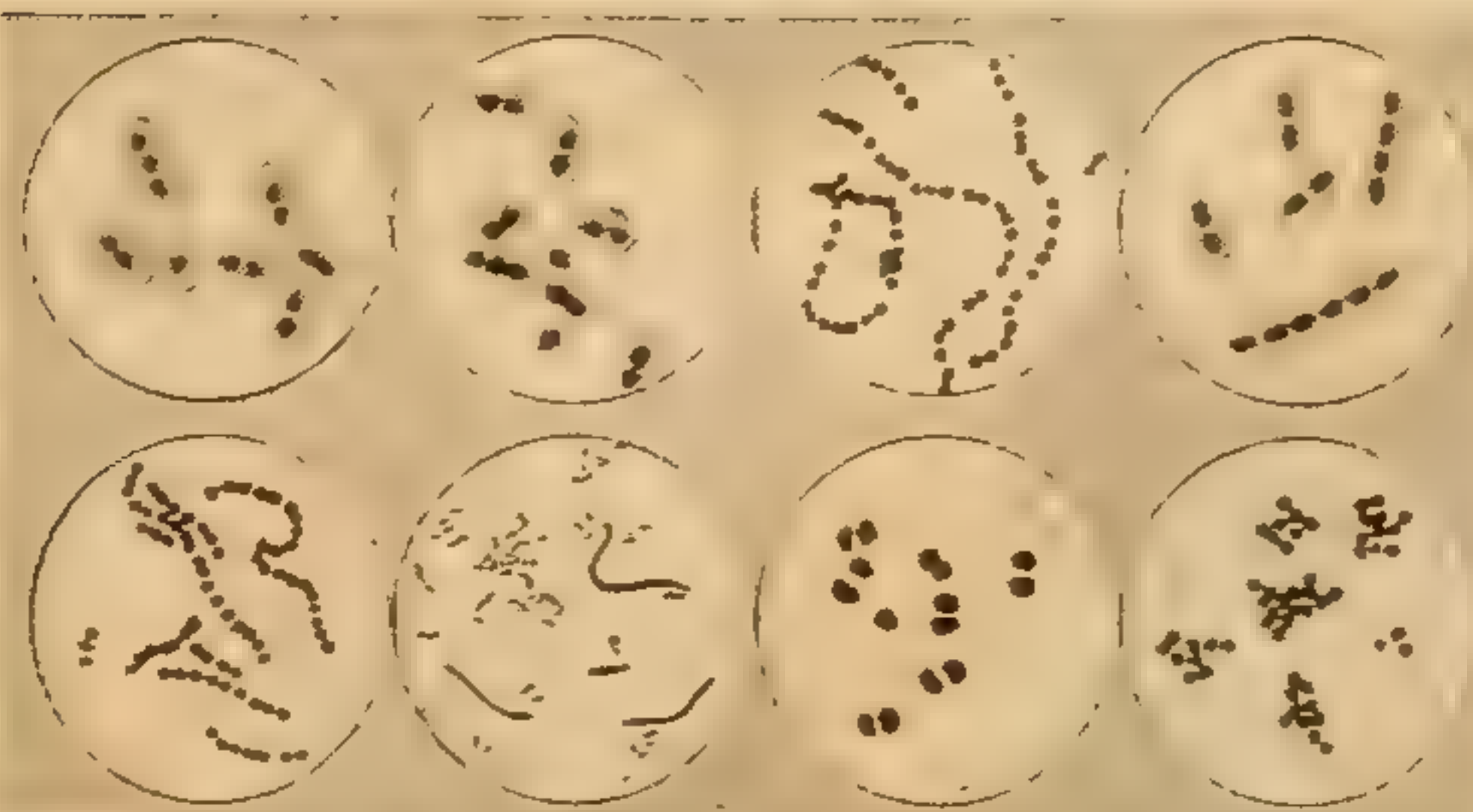
However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.



Gargle with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

**"Secondary Invaders" which
cause much of the misery of a cold**



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

REDUCE

UP TO
7 lbs.
A WEEK



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**DOUBLE YOUR
MONEY BACK!**

**Eat WHAT YOU WANT
Get a Slender Figure**

**NO
Exercise
NO
Massage
NO
Drugs**

YOU cannot have a slender, graceful figure, which is every woman's desire, unless you rid yourself of the flabby, excess fat which covers the feminine curves. You can rid yourself of this ugly, excess fat in an easy, healthful way. **MYLO...**

Brings REMARKABLE RESULTS

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7-DAY NO-RISK TRIAL!

Either you are more than delighted with the results MYLO brings you in loss of weight or you get double your money back. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail us your name and address and on delivery of MYLO pay the postman \$2.00, plus C. O. D. charges or send \$2.00 with your order and we will pay the postage. Follow directions for 7 days. Then, if you are not truly amazed at the loss of weight, if you don't notice a remarkable improvement in your figure, if you don't look better, feel better, you will get double your money back. Don't let ugly fat distort your shape. Send for delicious, nutritious MYLO today.

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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

the most callous of thrill-seekers would be entertained by it.

BARBARA TAYLOR, Ottawa, Canada

MUSICALS FOR BETTY

\$1.00

In a previous issue of SCREENLAND, there was a letter from Joan Faye in which she mentioned that Betty Grable ought to play more serious and dramatic rôles, such as the one in "I Wake Up Screaming."

I do admit Betty Grable would do well in serious rôles, but on the other hand not every actress has the ability and talent for dancing and singing which lucky Miss Grable possesses. It would also be a crime to keep those gorgeous legs from being shown to the public.

Singing and dancing is what got Miss

cause this film really gave her a chance to prove her talent.

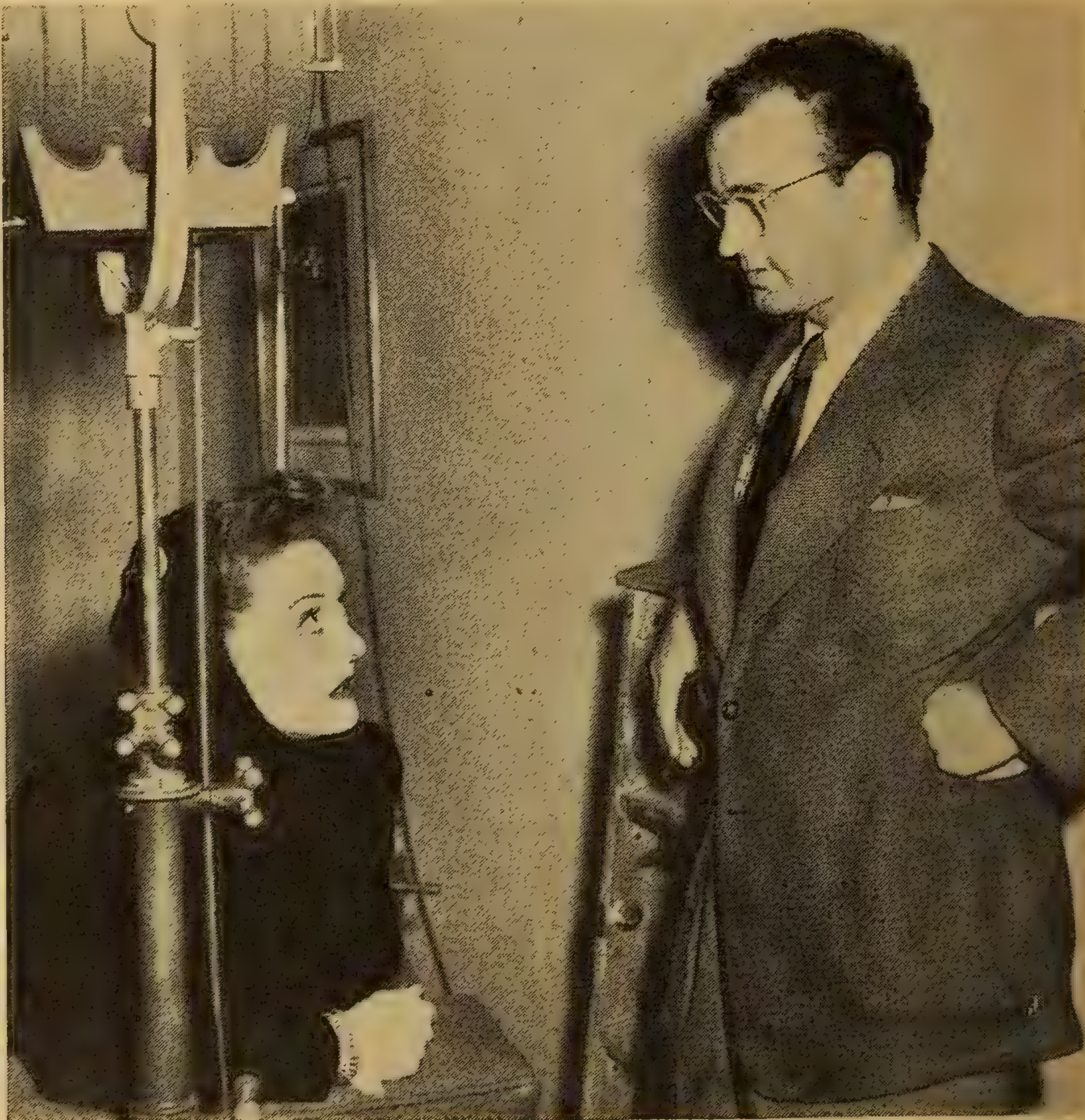
Come on, 20th Century-Fox, start waking up! This Grable girl can do lots of things for you. Sure, you can still give her some swell musicals, but how about some serious parts to show she's an actress? I'll be waiting!

JANET BRUDERS, Irvington, N. J.

GENTLE LADD

\$1.00

Movie fans have been adding straw upon straw to the camel's back, until I've decided to relieve the poor animal. What I'm driving at is this: movie-goers persist in writing letters that state actors should stick to the same type rôles until they become decrepit. For instance, every time



Grable into show business, so why try to ruin her career?

EVELYN CANTOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DRAMA FOR BETTY

\$1.00

I'm with you, Joanie! I'm with you!

This letter is really to Joan Faye, whose letter appeared in a recent issue of SCREENLAND. She says that all of Betty's pictures have used the same old plots. I agree with her. Sure, I like to hear Miss Grable sing and dance, but I sincerely wish she would receive some better rôles in the future.

I think Betty can really act. Maybe not so "La-Bergman," but she can act! I saw "I Wake Up Screaming" three times, be-

Alan Ladd relieves the monotony of those stone-faced, he-man rôles, he get reprimanded for it.

Recently, I saw a re-issue of "Captain Caution," starring Victor Mature, with Alan Ladd playing a small part. This was before Mr. Ladd was famous, but at that time, I think he really deserved his fame. He portrayed the part of a gentle and kind, God-fearing man, who had expression and character. In the re-release of the picture, his name was billed before Victor Mature's, and although he played a much smaller rôle, he played it to such magnificent perfection, that I believe the billing was just.

Now, at the height of his fame, Alan Ladd continues to act in expressionless rôles created for a much less talented man than he. I suppose it's the public's money

that's being wasted, but why let such talent also go to waste?

JEAN PATUR, East Hartford, Conn.

MOVIE PORTRAITS OF MARRIAGE

\$1.00

There has been much talk and writing about the way young people have rushed into hasty marriages and how the divorce courts are packed today with these young people. I believe some of them have also been tagged as "juvenile delinquents." Well, it is my belief that the motion picture industry could help them to make their hasty marriages something to be proud of, instead of showing them the way to sadness and disappointment.

Just recently I went to see the picture, "Easy to Wed." I agree that it was most entertaining in color, music, and comedy. But if a person is very greatly influenced by motion pictures (as who isn't?) she must have felt, when she left the theater, that marriage was just something that happens which can be dropped whenever someone nicer or more attractive comes along. There was nothing to give a young couple the feeling of love, understanding, or stability which they need to make their home something to be proud of.

Then, after seeing "Easy to Wed," I went to see "Claudia and David." When I left the theater, I had a quite different feeling about marriage. I felt that I had been a visitor in their charming home—the kind of home every American boy fought to preserve during the war. There was love, understanding, and faith in each other. Marriage was, I felt, something to look forward to. There was still safety and security in establishing a home and working together to make it happy.

There are many "Claudia and David" plots which would make nice, entertaining pictures. There could still be glamor

and music. I'm sure if we had more of this kind of picture, there would be a lot more happy homes being made by both "delinquent" parents and young couples. Wouldn't it be worth trying?

EDNA TYSON, Erlanger, Ky.

ROMANCE FOR RAINS

\$1.00

Yesterday I saw the much-heralded picture, "Caesar and Cleopatra," and Claude Rains, as Caesar, left me spellbound. I think he's wonderful and deserves romantic leads. I'm sick to death of the same young leading players (whose names I won't mention). Through the entire picture I waited for Claude Rains to take Vivien Leigh in his arms and kiss her, and was sorely disappointed when he merely brushed his lips against her forehead at the end of the picture. Our group would like to see Claude get a real romantic lead. We think he's wonderful.

PATRICIA FERGUSON, Tomkins Cove, N. Y.



On the "Deception" set: Co-stars Bette Davis and Paul Henreid take time out for a laugh, at right; Claude Rains gets the apple for being a "good boy" from Bette and director, Irving Rapper; star's husband, William Grant Sherry visits set, left.



LIFE says: "THE MOST
QUOTED MAN IN
THE NATION!"



*The Funniest Man Of The
Year In The Happiest
Picture Of The Year!*

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KENNY DELMAR

as

**SENATOR
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That Great Big Man from the South
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**"IT'S A
JOKE, SON!"**

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"Daisy"—the dog

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Original screenplay by Robert Kent and Paul Gerard Smith
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SANITARY BELTS

WONDERFUL LUND

\$1.00

Here's my vote for that new sensation, John Lund, who played in "To Each His Own." Here's hoping we will see him in many more pictures—and soon, for he's tops, in my estimation.

As for the fan who wrote him a letter saying "he has a face like a floor mop," well, all I can say is, I'd like to see what she looks like! Furthermore, I'd like to say that, if she can find me a floor mop that looks like him, I'll take three dozen!

HADDY WYDOT, Bronx, N. Y.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

\$1.00

Why aren't screen writers given film credits for their scripts? Time and time again we are told that top flight stars have pounced on a good script and are literally fighting and begging for a chance to play the lead. I believe the stars realize the importance of good writers whom the producers and fans completely ignore.

Recently, I've paid particular attention to the film credits and have recognized the names of Nunnally Johnson, Sally Benson and Ben Hecht. However, these names are exceptions, as too often the names of script writers never appear.

I think more Fan Forum letters, and letters to the stars and producers, should read like this, "When is such-and-such a writer going to write another picture?" The stars wouldn't mind. After all, a fine story offers greater opportunity to display their talents.

ELIZABETH COLLINS, Kansas City, Mo.

TOO MANY STARS

\$1.00

There is one lesson I wish Hollywood would learn without delay. Too much of even a good thing is too much!

"Ziegfeld Follies" was spoiled for me by too much Astaire. I kept wishing for Skelton and Brice, but all I got was Astaire, until the other two brought up the rear. Now, don't get me wrong. Astaire is tops in his profession, but there are limitations to his dancing. I can play a record again and again, but after I have seen Astaire doing a couple of his dances, I figure I have had my capacity. Even trying to concentrate on Bremer didn't help, and she, you will admit, is quite an eye-ful! By the same token I would have liked to hear more of Kathryn Grayson's singing.

When "Ziegfeld Follies" returns, I will go see it again. But don't think me inconsistent, because I will see only the latter half. That was the part I liked.

LOUISE KRAMER, Peoria, Ill.

ANOTHER NATURAL

\$1.00

Frankly, I'm getting disgusted with Hollywood. Haven't they any sense? Take Marsha Hunt, for example. Have you ever seen her in a starring rôle? Oh, yes, maybe a little "B" picture. I'm sure you and I know she has looks and personality, besides acting ability.

On the other hand, take Angela Lansbury. Although she has not been in starring rôles, she has gotten more buildup and



Fellow player? No, Catherine McLeod just stopped off to visit California members of Philadelphia Eagles, Pete Kmetović, Vic Lindskog, Roy Zimmerman and Earl Klapstein.



Those merry romancers, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, are Mocambo hand-holders, below, and dancers with love in their eyes, above. Don't miss our romantic interview with Gail in this issue.



publicity, while Miss Hunt still stands on the sidelines.

I thought Hollywood liked a natural personality like Ingrid Bergman and Jennifer Jones. Well, then, why not Miss Hunt?

I do hope you will get wise to yourself, Hollywood.

VICKY VIKLUND, Watertown, Mass.

FIRST STEPS

Honorable Mention

I can't thank you enough for your article on Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford in a recent issue of SCREENLAND. I especially enjoyed reading that their son wasn't taking too many steps at fifteen months. If that swift-footed young lady's son wasn't "dancing" at fifteen months, then I should feel proud of the few steps my own slow walking son takes.

MRS. JOY D. MANDERSCHIED, St. John, Kans.

TWO PART MOVIES

Honorable Mention

When I finished reading "The River Road" recently, I thought: what a wealth of material in that book! A motion picture couldn't possibly do it justice unless it were issued in two or three parts—sort of like a serial. Do you remember how popular they used to be? The same settings could be used, making the pictures less expensive to the producer, and I, for one, would surely go back the second or third time to get the whole story.

This is something to think about, for there are many other such stories.

MRS. G. A. McKEE, Jacksonville, Tex.

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ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It KILLS every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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Port Washington, New York



Mona Freeman hoists her heels in an ecstatic moment in Republic's "That Brennan Girl," but, below, she is really the gracious young lady. Right, on the opposite page June Duprez, who plays her mother, gives her some lessons in applying makeup.

TEXAS GOES TO ENGLAND

Honorable Mention

Have just seen the movie "San Antonio" and, believe me, it was like a letter from home to this very homesick individual—homesick because, being a "Lend-Lease Bride," I am a Texan living in England.

Since I've been away from home for nearly a year this picture about Texas certainly did something to me. I could almost feel the cold wind of a Norther again and hear the rhythmic chugging of an oil well. It made a memory seem a reality.

When Alexis Smith recited that poem during the number, "Some Sunday Morning," well, the tears began to tumble down an already moist cheek, and I was ready to give her the Academy Award for the most moving performance of the year!

I only hope that Hollywood will produce a few more pictures like this, for Errol Flynn certainly spoke the truth when he said that the only place for a Texan is Texas. I know!

Thanks to "San Antonio," the miles between Texas and England seemed fewer, and I was back "Deep in the Heart of—" for two beautiful hours.

EDITH CLAYTON, Cheshire, England

TO EACH HER OWN PROFESSION

Honorable Mention

Alyce Canfield's article, "Life Begins for Hedy Lamarr," in SCREENLAND, was very good until I hit page 89. There it was spoiled by that old cry of the majority of actors and actresses—"Never will I allow my child a picture career!"

Where, might I ask, are the parents of today who choose their children's future profession? Shades of the old days appear to me when I read statements like Hedy's—when marriages were made without either party having a word to say, or even knowing what each other looked like sometimes!





No, Hedy, I'm afraid you're not going to have much to say when the time comes.

What would you have done if your parents had said the same to you? Exactly! You would choose your own life's work anyway. For only in that way can anyone put his best into it.

TIMOTHY DONOVAN, Lewiston, Maine

GOOD? BETTER? BEST!

Honorable Mention

So British films are better than American? Well, now really! Have the British made anything like "Going My Way," "The Bells of St. Mary's" or "The Story of G.I. Joe"? Not that I know of. Do you suppose they could ever make a film equal to "State Fair"? Did they ever make such hilarious adventures as "Road to Utopia," "Wonder Man" or "The Kid From Brooklyn?"

No, they can't compare with our films. I'll stick to the American films and be satisfied.

HELEN CALLAHAN, Wells, Vt.

A MOVIE "MUST"

Honorable Mention

Congratulations to Hollywood for turning out a picture like "Anna and the King of Siam." A motion picture so fascinating in scenery and superb acting deserves many a cheer. It should be one of our "musts" of 1946. The courageous acts of *Anna Owens*, played by Irene Dunne, ring a bell for many of us. Rex Harrison was wonderful as the King and I hope his coming pictures, which I am sure will be many, will be as marvelous as the one that introduced him to us.

To the producers of "Anna and the King of Siam": may we enjoy many more such fine pictures.

MONA MEEHAN, Spring Lake, N. J.

In this suffering

A WOMAN'S NATURAL HERITAGE?



From Adam's rib woman was created and glorified with many charms and attributes. Nature endowed some girls with beautiful figures—others with soul-stirring eyes and laughing lips—others with vivacious personalities.

But alas! With all these precious gifts, many women—by their very physical nature—suffer from distressing symptoms on "certain days" of the month.

This Is Something You Shouldn't Joke About!

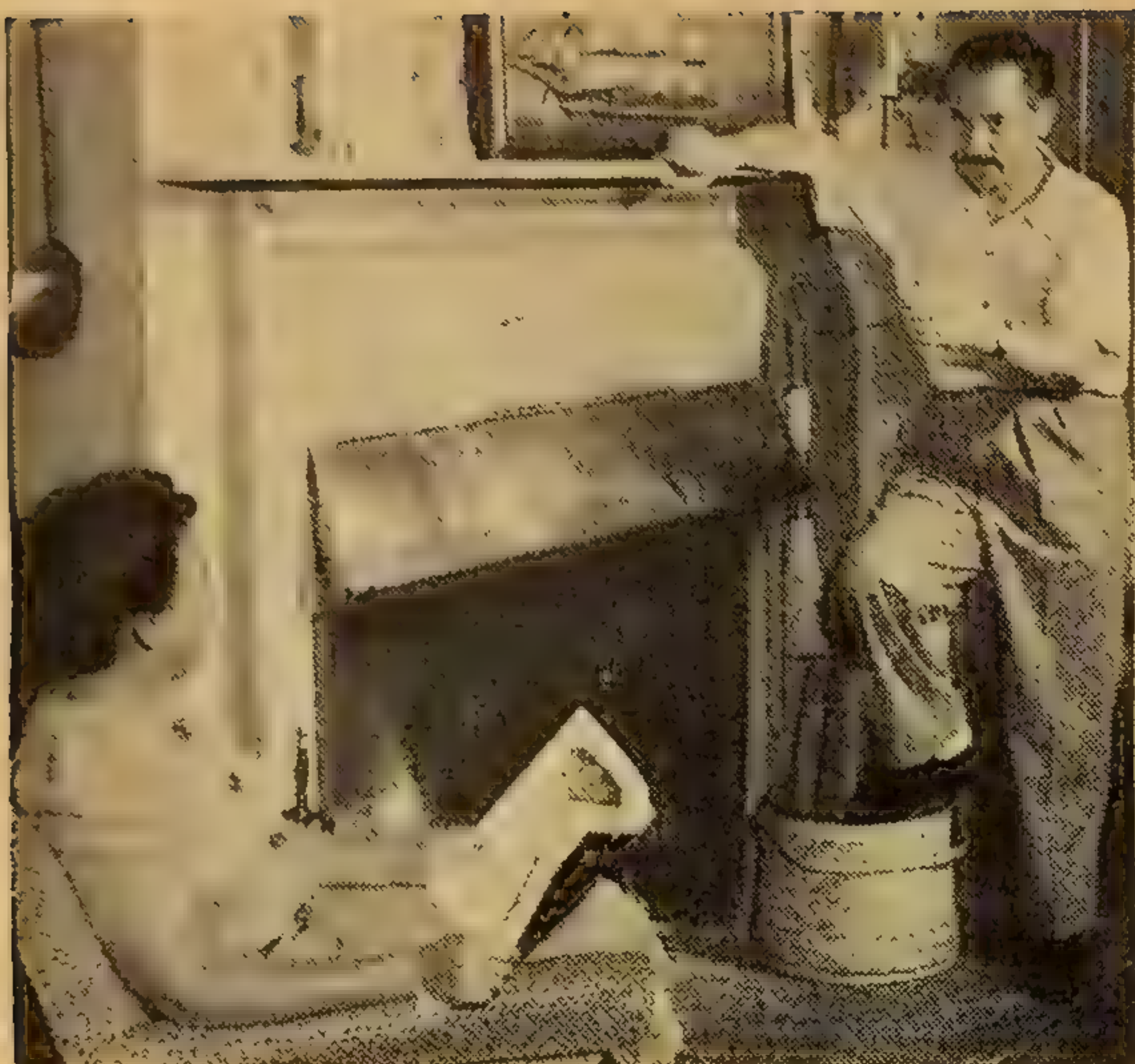
In case female functional monthly disturbances cause you, like so many unfortunates, to suffer from pain, nervous distress, irritability and feel so tired out, restless and highstrung—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about! Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying weak, nervous, cranky feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—A VERY SENSIBLE THING TO DO!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

For over SEVENTY YEARS — Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way—and so many have reported truly remarkable benefits. It's also an excellent stomachic tonic. All drugstores.



The Fredric Marches' home in Connecticut is an old farmhouse, furnished with old pine and maple which Freddie and Florence have gathered slowly at country auctions. Son Tony, 12, has his own technique of collecting gear around the grounds, wearing his father's coat, carrying his own jacket and ball and bat after a workout. Tony attends school in New York now that his parents are co-starring in Ruth Gordon's new play on Broadway. Left, daughter Penelope, 14, completes the family circle. Right, the Marches like a fast set of ping-pong. During summer family's life revolves around pool; later, indoors around fireplace.



"THE BEST YEARS of Our Lives"

says
FREDDIE MARCH

Exclusive photos by Hugelmeyer



Star lives up to title of new picture! Freddie March shares top billing with Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews and Teresa Wright in Samuel Goldwyn's film; in private life, with Florence Eldridge March and their two children, Penelope and Tony

FOREVER!!!

The Most
Talked About
Picture
of the
Year!

THE
LUSTY
ADVENTURES
OF A
DARING
HIGHWAY-
MAN AND
HIS PARTNER
IN DANGER
'THE WICKED
LADY'

HERS
IS THE
STORY
OF
VIOLENT
LOVE...
AND
LOVE
OF
VIOLENCE!

J. Arthur Rank presents

AMES ASON

MARGARET
OCKWOOD

ATRICIA OC IN

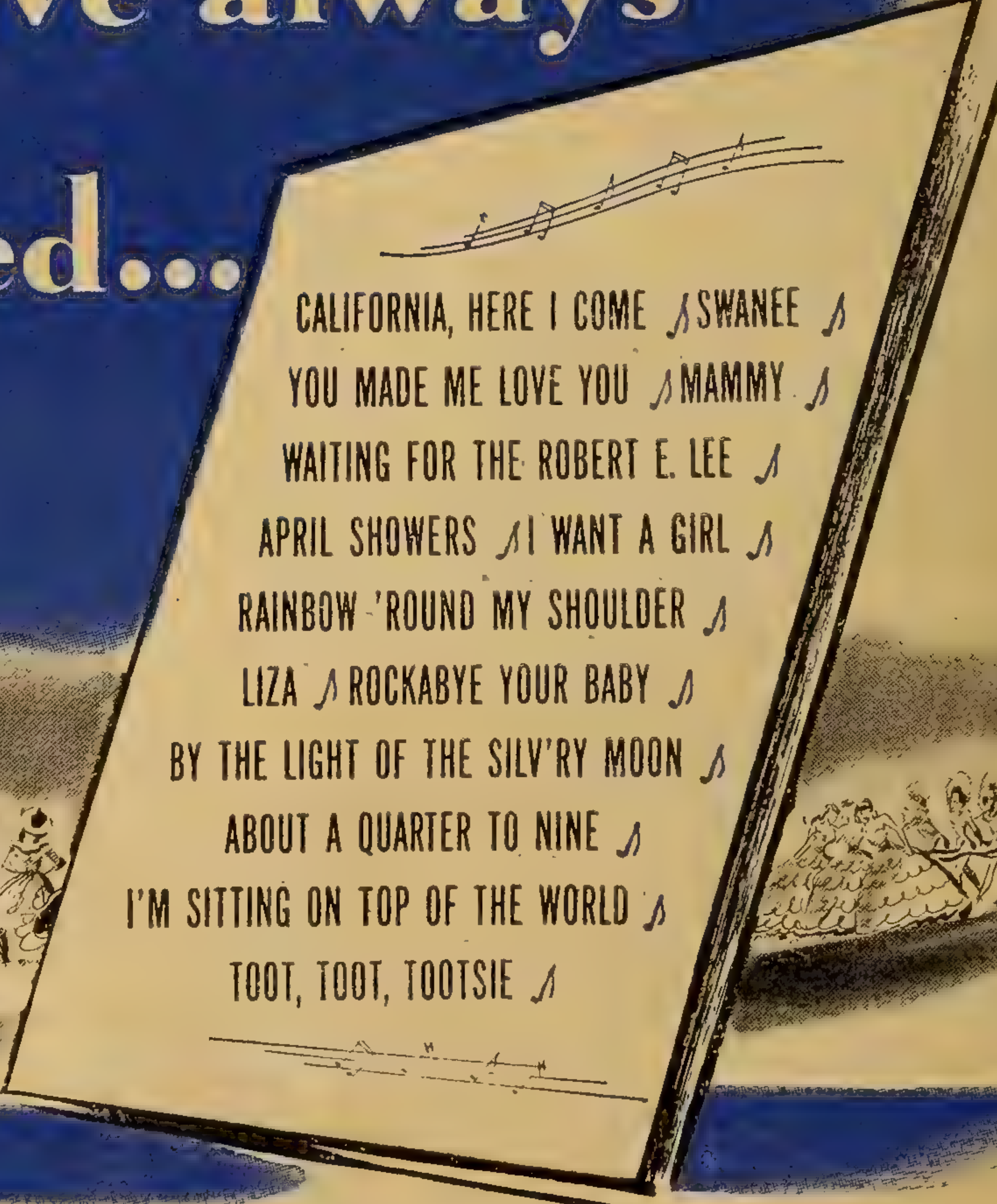
*The Wicked
Lady*

with GRIFFITH JONES • JEAN KENT
MICHAEL RENNIE • FELIX AYLMER
Directed by LESLIE ARLISS • Produced by R. J. MINNEY
Executive Producer: MAURICE OSTRER
A GAINSBOROUGH PICTURE
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



The JOLSON STORY

is a glorious cavalcade
in Technicolor... aglow
with these melodies
you have always
loved...



CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME ♪ SWANEE ♪
YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU ♪ MAMMY ♪
WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE ♪
APRIL SHOWERS ♪ I WANT A GIRL ♪
RAINBOW 'ROUND MY SHOULDER ♪
LIZA ♪ ROCKABYE YOUR BABY ♪
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILV'RY MOON ♪
ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE ♪
I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD ♪
TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE ♪

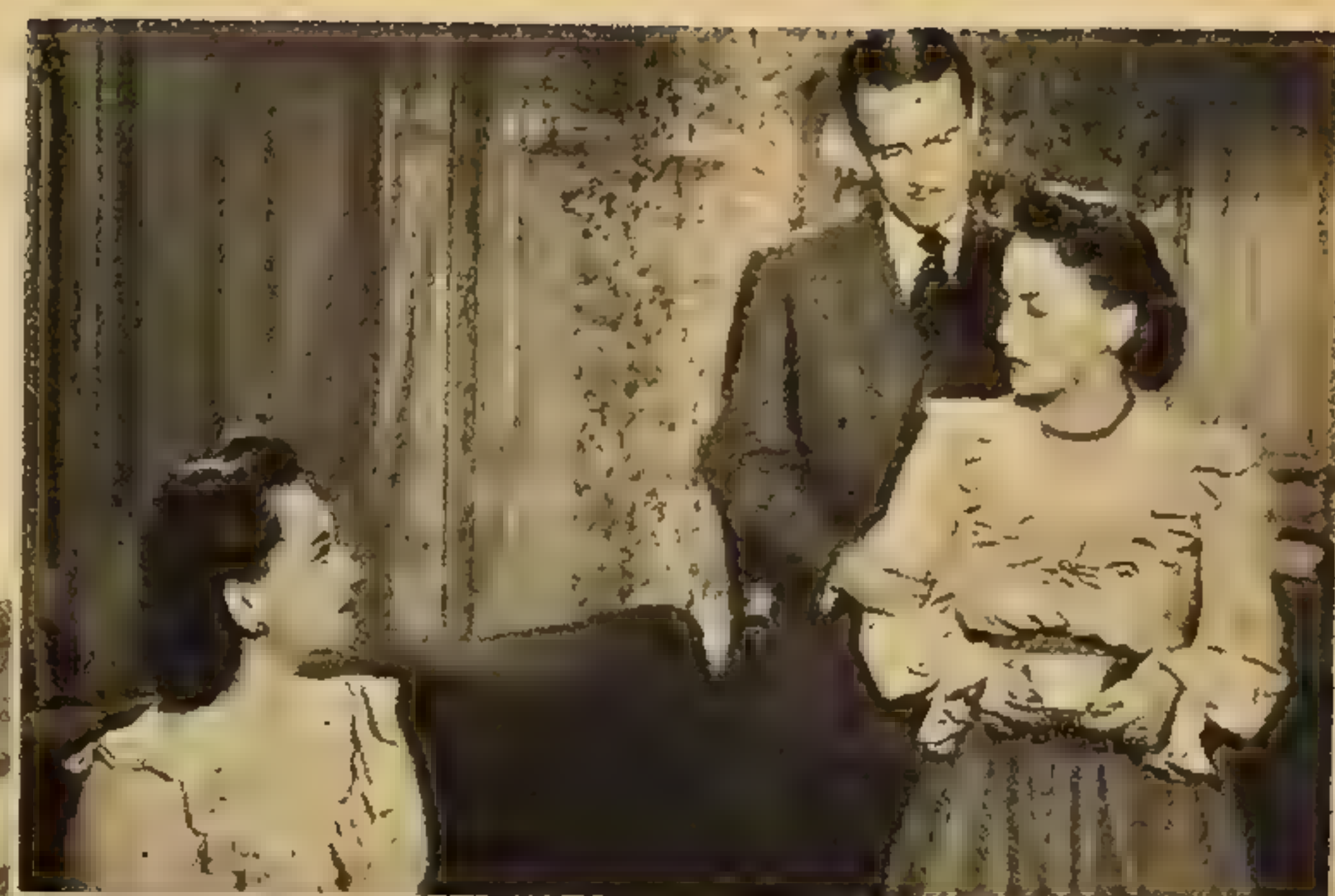
WITH LARRY PARKS • EVELYN KEYES • William Demarest • Bill Goodwin

Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet • Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY • Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



The Editor's Page



Olivia deHavilland, left above, with Lew Ayres in her dramatic new film, "The Dark Mirror," in which she plays twins—right, above. Below, with her new husband, brilliant author Marcus Goodrich, just after their marriage.

An Open Letter

to Olivia deHavilland

THE winnah!

So what if it isn't official, or even an Oscar? For our money—and by that I mean your fans—you've already won the Academy Award for your wonderful performance in "To Each His Own." The nominations haven't even been made as I write this, but if your name isn't on the list, we're all going to start a crusade to declare Olivia deHavilland the Finest Screen Actress of 1946, let the crowned heads of Hollywood fall where they may.

Personally, I think you'll win. Certainly after seeing the preview of your latest picture, "The Dark Mirror," I'm convinced. For you play one of those dual rôles—good sister, bad sister; and you manage to make it all seem new and exciting. Another Oscar coming up for Olivia!

Meanwhile, I just want to say you're a winner in more ways than one this year. You made a stage appearance in Sir James Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," in the East; and you made sophisticated audiences sit up and cheer, in the rôle originated by Maude Adams and perpetuated by Helen Hayes. You can have a new career on Broadway any time now. More important even than that, though, is the fact you've found personal happiness in your first marriage—to charming and gifted Marcus Goodrich. DeHavilland has at last come into her own.

Delight Evans



The Young Lovers of RKO's "Honeymoon"...

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and GUY MADISON



Brava Como!

How a boy who started out to be
a barber became instead one of the
nation's best troubadours—
just because he liked to sing

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Perry Como and their six-year-old son arrived in Los Angeles where Perry was to make his third picture for 20th Century-Fox, the Comos decided that their son should start to school. Perry got in touch with Bing Crosby, whom he had known for some time, and asked what routine should be observed to enroll Ronnie in St. John's, the alma mammy of the four Crosby sons. Bing said that he would make the arrangements—which he did.

In no time at all, Linny—the youngest of the Crosbys—and Ronnie Como had become bosom companions. So great is their friendship that Linny relinquishes his ride home in the family car which calls for the Crosby quartet, and rides in the school bus occasionally with Ronnie. (Please turn to page 69)



By
**Fredda
Dudley**

Ronnie Como turns the tables on Dad, at left, and gives him a close clip. Perry used to be a barber and a good one. Below, Perry in a "coma" over the cards his wife is holding.



By
Peggy
Bennion

Girls like Yvonne DeCarlo and June Haver, right, and Ann Miller below, speak their minds about Holly-wolves in this colorful article. What—is that the famous “wolf table” in action—and who’s hiding behind those question marks?



The Truth about



YOU know all these wild tales you're hearing about Hollywood being the wolf capital of the country; about how it's over-run with predatory gents who lurk around studios and night clubs and street corners twirling sleek moustaches, ready to pounce on every cute chick who ankles past; who go around licking their chops and making noises like casting directors to attract unwary wenches; who dangle tantalizing bait in front of their unsuspecting eyes; who dig mean pitfalls and disguise them with clever camouflages—well, don't you believe it! The wolves here do *not* twirl moustaches.

Confidentially, there is a slight abundance of fanged creatures in movieland known as "Holly-wolves." It's a natural phenomenon as there is more prey per square inch here than anywhere else. Young men from all over the nation are drawn here by the tales of the beautiful women—men who hesitate to go on the prowl in their home town because they are too well known. Of course, wolves are indigenous to any region where young girls grow, but in other sections the only bait available are things like diamond bracelets, fur coats, shiny new convertibles. In Hollywood traps can be set

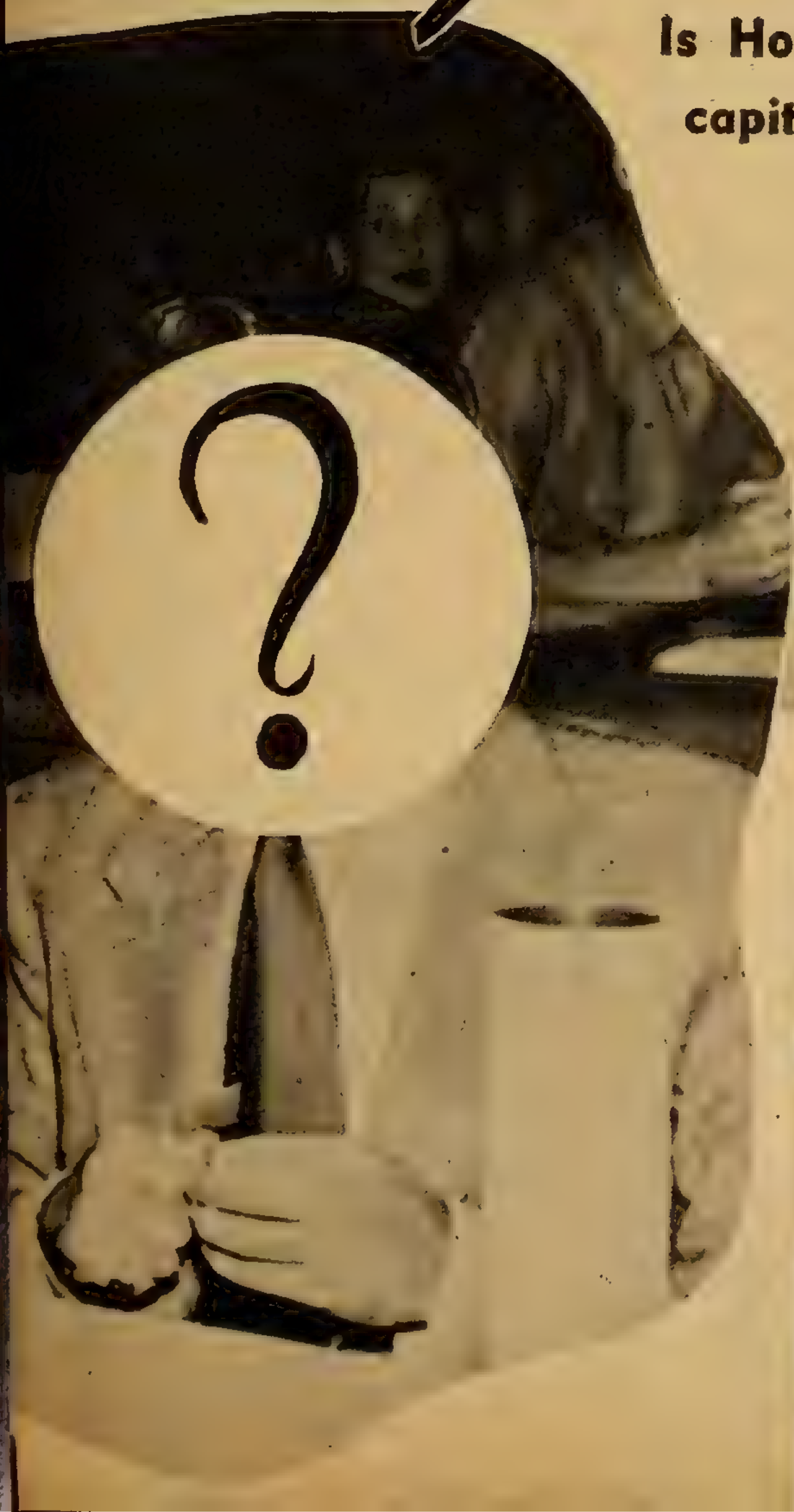
with cheese of a more enticing nature—glamor, fame, fortune!

The wolves who hang out in night clubs usually travel in packs. In fact, at a certain night club there is a certain table known as the "wolf table." It's reserved for men who come stag and is situated so as to give them a bird's eye-view of the whole floor. While congregated around this table discussing business—mostly (Please turn to page 79)

Holly-wolves!

Is Hollywood actually the wolf capital of the country? Here's the result of a little quiet sleuthing on the fascinating subject

Such lovelies as DeCarlo, below, Anne Baxter and Ann Miller, right, are questioned for their views, and talk frankly. Such popular men-about-town as Kurt Kreuger, right above, and Louis Hayward and Bill Eythe, top, tell the men's side of the story.



Ronald
Coleman





Author Marquand visits "The Late George Apley" set at 20th Century-Fox and chats with Vanessa Brown and the star. Center, Colman with Miss Brown, left, and Peggy Cummins, leading femmes in cast. Right, lovely Mrs. Colman (Benita Hume) brings their daughter Juliet to watch Pop work.

Informal photos by Clifton Maupin

In the Colman Manner

Mention Ronald Colman to Ronald Colman and he becomes completely mum. Get him to talk on other topics and you have a good story, in spite of him!

IT'S a rare treat to come across a top-drawer actor in Hollywood who doesn't talk about himself because it embarrasses him no end to be the focal point of a conversation. Such a situation hardly seems possible.

This top-drawer rare treat is Ronald Colman. He'd rather discuss any other subject of interest, which he can manage with considerable intelligence and clarity, but don't mention Ronald Colman to Ronald Colman because he has little to say on that one particular topic. In fact, he becomes completely mum.

He'll talk warmly about his two-year-old daughter Juliet and his lovely wife Benita, about his proposed trip to England and the Continent, about his ranch and his painting lessons, about a fishing trip, but about himself—no!

You've often heard it said that Ron-

ald Colman loathes interviews and that he's remarkably elusive whenever a magazine writer or reporter appears on the set. All these claims may have an essence of truth, but not for the reason you think.

He is with- (Please turn to page 73)

**By
Paul
Marsh**

Colman, actors' actor, is the antithesis of a troupier in private life. He makes his first film appearance since "Kismet," two years ago, in "The Late George Apley." Center and far left, two phases of J. P. Marquand's best-selling hero as portrayed by Ronald Colman.

Portraits by
Gene Kornman



MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS

for

Joan Fontaine

1947 is Joan's year! She tells you why in this exclusive interview—first to be granted in her new home where she's the very happy wife of William Dozier

By
**Lupton A.
Wilkinson**

The man who swept the elusive Fontaine off her pretty feet, brilliant young Hollywood executive Bill Dozier, is pictured with his wife, below.





mystery-shrouded move into world-wide movie-making and movie-distribution leadership—for the underlying values of that marriage, the thrilling and happy *rightness* of it, to come clear—as the truth shines today in Joan's eyes.

This union is the true romance

of the girl whose babyhood was "Will she live at all?"; whose childhood would have been shadowed (had she let it be) by poor health and inability to run and play with more robust children; who withdrew, enriching her sensitive nature and dream-filled mind, into the world of books (reading, for instance, "Jane Eyre" fourteen times); whose other habitual childhood occupation was to wander alone through sun-flecked woods, learning the natures of California wildflowers, *talking to them as if they were people*. The girl who, as a teen-ager—secretly afraid—tackling Hollywood, chose her now famous name so as not to trade on the already established standing of her brilliant sister, Olivia De Havilland; who reached screen ascendancy in the unforgettable "Rebecca" and has gleamed in top stardom right on through her current rôle (which she likes best of all she's played) opposite a fellow Academy-winner, Bing Crosby, in "The Emperor Waltz." Above all, the girl whose nature could never be fulfilled until she found a man who combined balance, to (Please turn to page 71)

Joan's new picture, "The Emperor Waltz," with Bing Crosby, is her favorite to date. Far left, she gets a going-over from the costume department before entering a scene. Center, with co-star Crosby. Above, with Chico, French poodle pet of Director Leisen.

HUNDREDS hold Joan Fontaine to be Hollywood's Loveliest Lady. Joan herself holds 1947, *sure*, to be the loveliest year of her life. With many more like it to come! She's so certain of her happy future that she doesn't even bother to cross her fingers.

"Why 1947," I asked, "instead of 1946, the year in which you grew to know Bill Dozier well, and married him and acquired this glow that makes everyone look at you four times instead of the customary three?"

"Because," she answered, with the patience one uses toward an idiot child, "in 1947 I'll have Bill all year!"

Nobody knows Joan now. People—most of whom have been always a trifle bewitched by her beauty, her mercurial spirits and her gay wit—blink in surprise when she passes by or when they sit opposite her and mark the new, unprecedented radiation from her aqua eyes. For several months now Hollywood has wondered whether the town is fated to live in the presence of a perpetual sunburst. Our prophecy is, "Yes!"

Hasty accounts were thrown together and printed after Joan planed to Mexico last May with moviedom's most important thirty-eight-year-old executive, and who, by general admission, would be one of any town's most personally attractive men. Too much confusion prevailed then—about the couple's 20,000-mile, all-in-the-air wedding trip and honeymoon, about the crush of work that engulfed Joan at the very moment she would most have liked to be free, about her new husband's temporarily





Linda Darnell

By
Dora Albert

The very latest, from Linda Darnell herself, about her separation from Pev Marley, her hopes for the future, her excitement over winning *Amber* rôle

Below and at far right, the new blonde Linda as she appears in "Forever Amber" for 20th Century-Fox.



Forever Linda

WHEN Hollywood learned that Linda Darnell was the new choice for "Forever Amber," replacing Peggy Cummins, the town fell flat on its face in surprise. So, for that matter, did Linda. Practically every big star with sex appeal had been rumored for the rôle: Vivien Leigh, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney—well, you go ahead and name them.

"There had been very little said about me playing it. When Mr. Zanuck called

me and asked me to come in with my agent," Linda Darnell told me, "I knew that something important was up. But when he asked, 'How would you like to play *Amber*?' I sank through the floor, then when I'd recovered, I said, 'I'd love to play *Amber*.'"

"You'll have to give up 'Captain From Castile,'" he warned me. Now that was a rôle I'd really set my heart on playing. But anything for *Amber*! I'm hoping that somehow, by some mira-

cle, I'll still get to play *Catana* in 'Captain From Castile.' If only production is delayed until *Amber* is finished," sighed Linda.

At that moment Linda looked beautiful enough to play any sultry rôle. She was wearing a very pretty white blouse with soft feminine lines, and lime-colored slacks. Most movie stars, like most of us, have to consider how they look retreating as well as advancing, when they wear slacks. Not Lin- (Please turn to page 76)

Errol Flynn



The smiling Irishman has two new pictures ready for release: "Never Say Goodbye," with Eleanor Parker, and "Escape Me Never," with Ida Lupino.

By Marion Brent

New Deal for DVORAK

Here's Ann—remember her?—
making her third Hollywood come-back

ACCORDING to a Hollywood formula, an actress, if she's lucky, may "crash the silvery gates" once, and consider herself blessed. She may even desert her career a second time and stage a come-back. But if the lady attempts a third descent upon Hollywood, she is considered daft, delirious, dizzy, or to bring us up to date, Dvorak: Ann Dvorak, that is.

After three years amid bombs, blackouts and blitz as an ambulance driver, USO entertainer, and truck garden operator on the British Home Front, Ann has returned to the Hollywood arena for the third time, not only to violate an air-tight formula but to walk off with a juicy rôle: that of George Sanders' wife in the David Loew-Albert Lewin production of de Maupassant's "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami." An unusual performance to be sure, but then, Ann is an unusual woman. For one, war does not seem to have left its mark upon the outward Ann, but it is quickly apparent that its inward effects, in terms of poise and understanding sympathy—the good effects for an actress—have become a part of her character. Asked about the war's effects, she replied that at first, "I was confused, so confused, as if I were living in a fog."

Arriving in the patio of Lucey's Hollywood (Please turn to page 89)

George Sanders lends a helping hand to his leading lady of "The Private Affairs of Bel Ami"—our heroine, Ann Dvorak

"I'M READY, Eddie! Just tell everybody to keep out of my way!" I screamed as, brushing by Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn and other members of the cast of "Easy to Wed" like so much stardust, I thundered and thrashed my way across the sound stage on the day the picture started shooting. Ruthless, that's what I was. Rarin' to go.

"You've known me for eight years, Eddie," I said, "and you have never known me to talk like this before."

Eddie said, "D'you mind if I sit down?"

"I thought you were sitting down," I said. That's a joke, son, Eddie Buzzell being a great big director but under six foot as a man.

Eddie sat down. Eddie said he never



had heard me talk like this. Eddie said that always before when I started a picture. I had "reservations." I didn't like the looks of the character I was playing. Or my feet hurt. Or I hankered after serious drayma. "Or, if, and, but, whereas and hereinafter"—that, or those, Eddie said, was the way he had known me to be. Always there was something wrong.



Love? It's stormy, noisy and sweet, as Lucille describes her life with Desi Arnaz, at left. Above, Lucille in her old schoolroom at Jamestown, N. Y.

I said, "I know." I went over, bent over, put my lips to his ears and purred—giving it the Hitchcock touch—"I am not Lucille Ball, Eddie. I am *someone else*." (Please turn to page 68)

"I'm Ready, Eddie!"

Let 'em roll! Lucille Ball knows what's for her—comedy roles. And she's going to get 'em, or else!



Conference, above, with Eddie Buzzell, director—the Eddie Lucille's ready to go into action for. At left, the old hometown is ablaze with welcome posters when Lucille pays a visit. Next film for MGM: "Two Smart People," with John Hodiak.

By Lucille Ball
As told to Gladys Hall

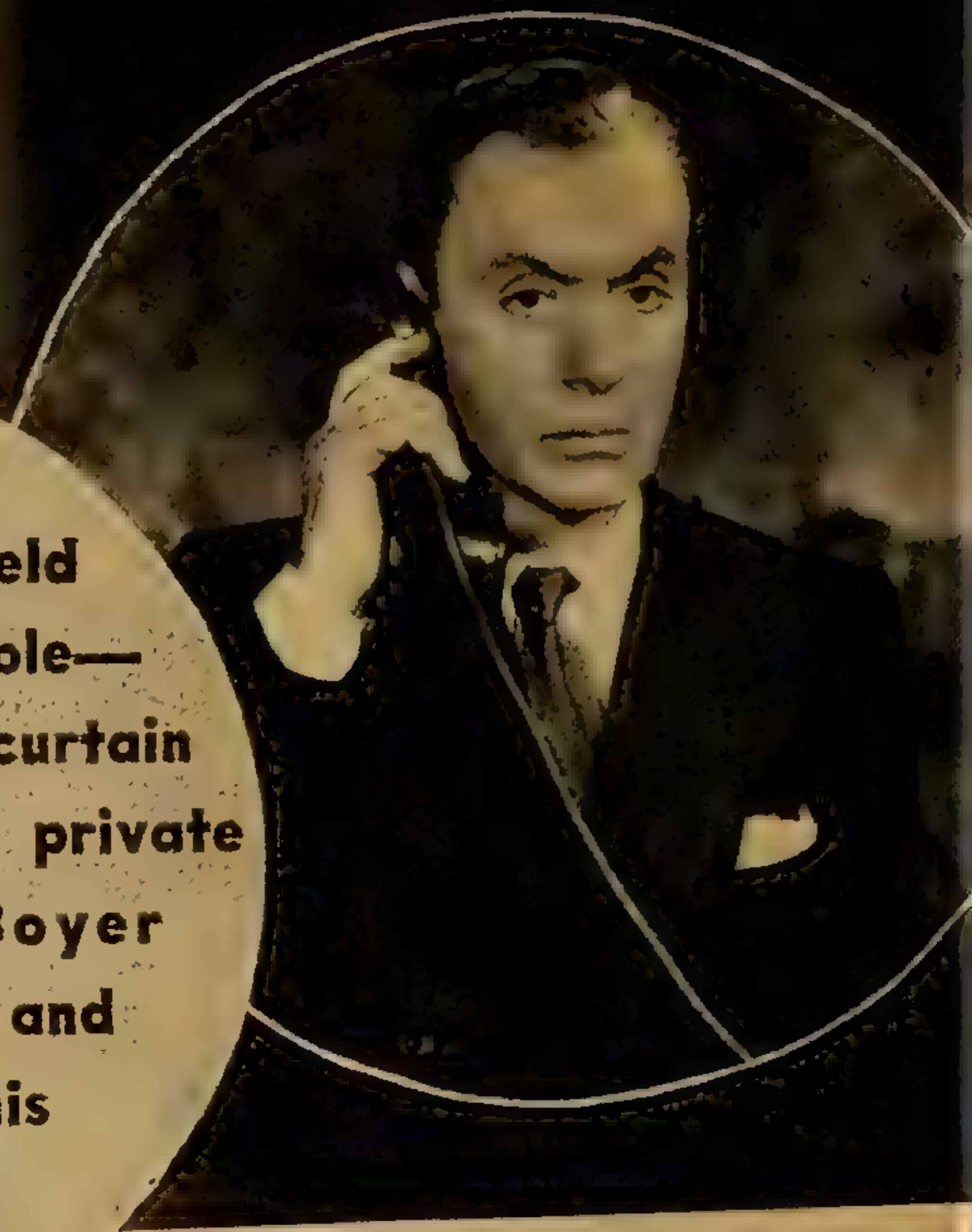
Kathleen Darrow

Soon to be seen
with her husband,
Humphrey Bogart,
in "Dark Passage."





Star reporter Canfield achieves the impossible—she creeps behind the curtain that's been blocking the private life of the great Boyer from curious eyes and comes out with this brilliant story



THE REALLY

By Alyce Canfield

ONE night in 1935 Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson went to a theater in Hollywood. When they arrived at the box office, they found the show was a sell-out. Charles looked at Pat and said, "Is there anything you want to do?" Pat answered, "Anything you like." In case you didn't know, that's a leading question, because what did Mr. Boyer suggest? He suggested they drive over to Yuma, Arizona, and get married.

Up to that moment, Charles Boyer was the most glamorous and most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. He was a man-about-town, a cosmopolitan charmer, a gay blade with undertones of whimsicality. No one expected the screen's great lover to turn over-night into a solid, substantial citizen. But he did just that. Beginning with that moment, a screen descended blocking out curious eyes from the private life of the Charles Boyers. Today very few people know what he is really like. Is he temperamental, snobbish, high-hat? What does he do when his studio day is through? What are his interests? What is his home like? To find the answers to these questions, SCREENLAND went over to Enterprise Studio where "Arch of Triumph" was in the midst of heavy and hectic production



PRIVATE LIFE OF *Charles Boyer*

On the set one of the memorable scenes of the picture was being filmed. "Go over to the 'Triumph' set," was the word around the lot. "Boyer and Bergman have the whole company in tears." I walked on the set. Electricians, grips, cameramen, publicists were moving around; then the red light flashed on. Everyone stopped as for a still picture. There wasn't a movement or a sound. The cameras rolled, the scene began.

The story prior to the scene was that Boyer, a refugee doctor in Paris without a passport, had been picked up as a witness to a street accident and was being deported. He had asked for permission to phone Ingrid Bergman in her flat. All was quiet. Then the phone began to ring and ring and ring—with Boyer tensely waiting at the other end. Suddenly Ingrid opened the door, ran to her phone—the expectancy of all young love in her face. With urgency Boyer explained he was going away, that he must carry a picture of her in his heart. He asked her to describe what she was wearing. She broke down and began to sob incoherently. When the scene was finished, there wasn't a dry eye on the set. At first glance, it was Bergman's scene. But on analysis, it was Boyer's intensity—the desperation, the tenderness, the

Co-stars Boyer and Bergman of "Notorious" are reunited in "Arch of Triumph." When Boyer isn't busy at the studio, he's absorbed in the French Research Foundation which he sponsored and financed at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Exclusive pictures spread around this page illustrate the magnitude of the undertaking, showing the library of over 15,000 books presided over by Miss Wilmarth, executive secretary; and, pictured at lower right, the beautiful reception room, with chic reporter Canfield swinging round the corner, having just completed her assignment.

protectiveness in his voice—that made her tears believable. Even to hardened grips, to the electricians who see stars emoting every day all day long, that parting was real.

The scene finished, Charles Boyer came over to be introduced. There is something definitely old world about him: the slight gracious bow he makes; his soft-spoken manner, his slight French accent. There is nothing of the stolid business man about him, nothing—seemingly—very practical or sharp. And yet he is a practical person. For instance, he has built, at great cost, the French Research Foundation, a tremendous establishment comparable to the French Institute in New York. He has also bought all the docu- (Please turn to page 85)



By Bob Thomas

A FEW years ago, a Broadway actor named Van Heflin succeeded in stealing "Johnny Eager" right out from under the classic profile of Robert Taylor, ostensibly the star of the picture. In fact, he thefted the gangster drama so deftly he won himself an Academy Award.

Heflin must now know how Mr. Taylor felt. Because a Broadway actor named Kirk Douglas almost snaffled "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" right away from Van. Mind you, the more experienced actor is excellent in the picture. But he plays only a semi-bad guy, whereas Douglas enacts a complete

heel. It's tough to compete against such rôles.

I saw "Ivers" in a Paramount projection room with Douglas sitting beside me. At my left was my companion, a not too discerning blonde. After Douglas had been talking with Barbara Stanwyck on the screen a few minutes, she leaned over and inquired: "Who is that man on the screen?"

"The man sitting beside me."

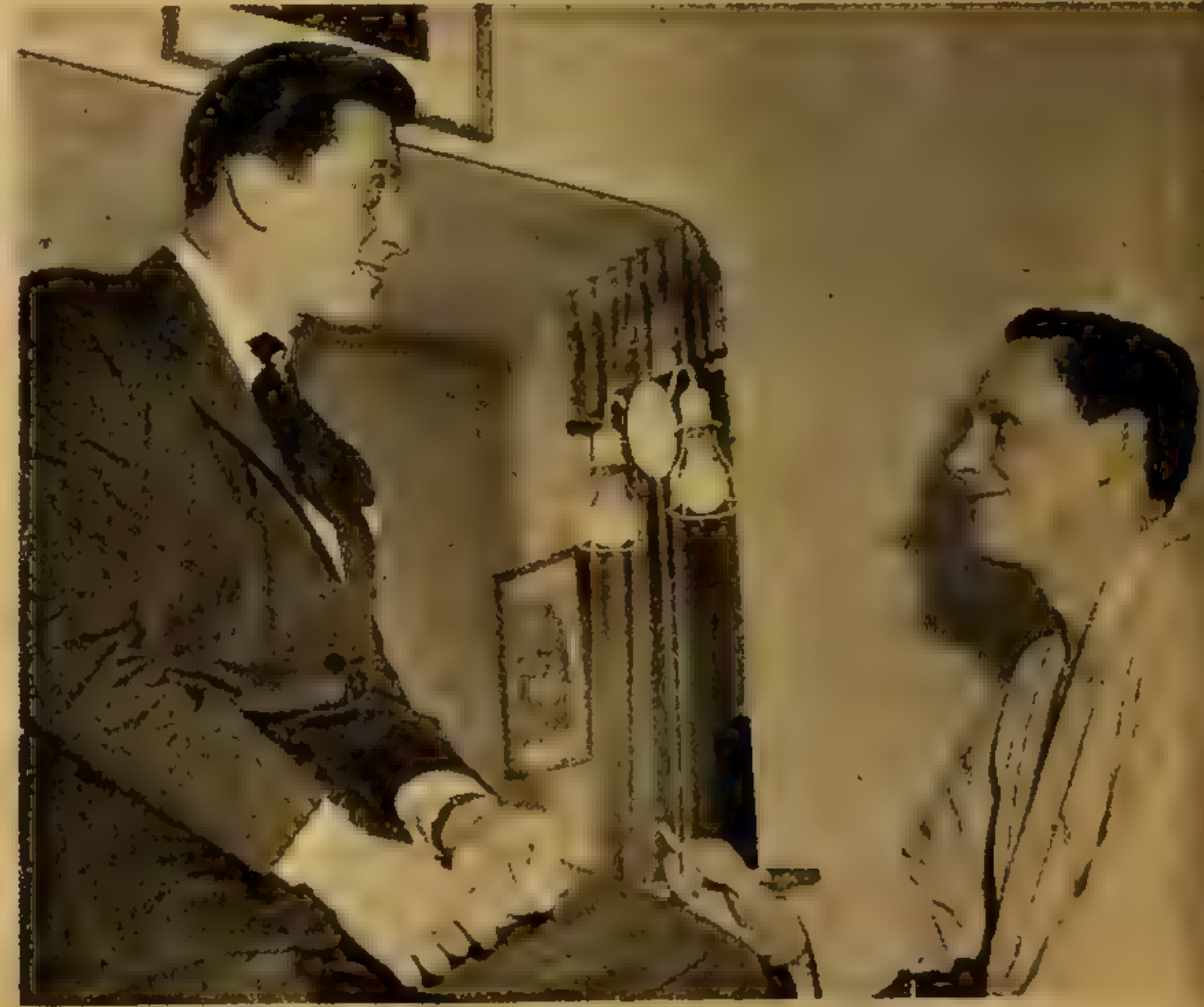
"No, I said who is that man on the screen?"

"He is the man sitting beside me!"

"Oh!" she wilted.

Kirk Douglas talks things over with Wendell Corey, also a Hal Wallis discovery, wishing Wendell the luck he had in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers."

Her failure of observation was not grievous. For the man sitting beside me was dissimilar from the man on the screen. In person Kirk Douglas bore little resemblance to the usual run of actors. In the first place, he was wearing a U.S. Navy overcoat. (He explained he had an "actor's overcoat," complete with extra length and padded shoulders, but had only worn it twice.) And he is not excessively *(Please turn to page 74)*



Thievery
by DOUGLAS

Kirk, bad bandit of big movie scenes, proves a newcomer can make Hollywood headlines

Danna Durbin

Back on the screen:
Durbin as you like her,
lovely and laughing,
in Universal's "I'll Be
Yours," with Tom
Drake and Bill Bendix.

DO YOU believe that if you want a thing sufficiently badly you always get it in the end? Phyllis Calvert, the British screen star, will assure you life works that way, though she'll certainly add that you must work hard as well as want hard to achieve your heart's desire.

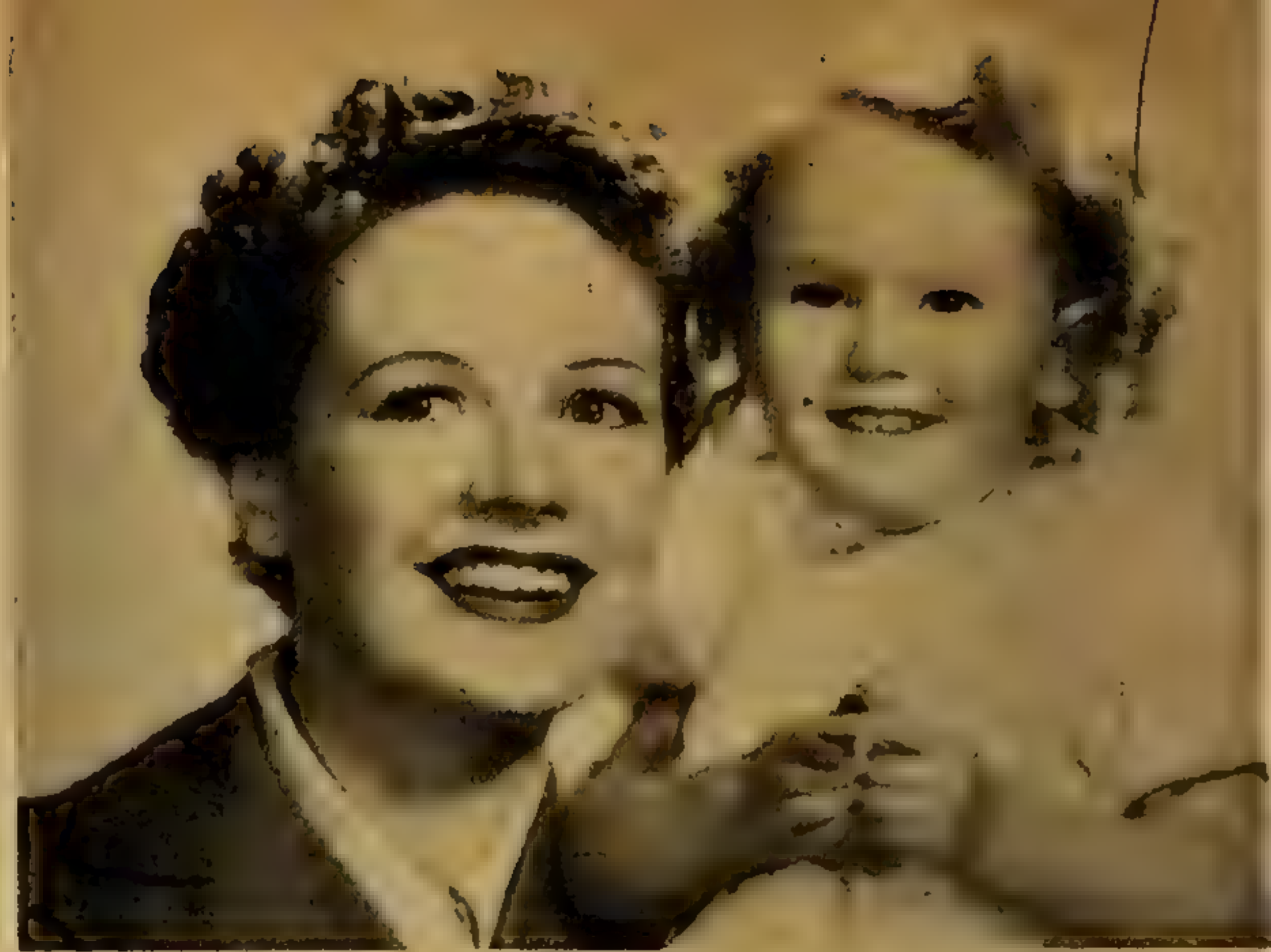
It's nearly six years ago that Phyllis first talked to me about her greatest ambition. It was in the dark days when Britain stood alone against the Nazi terror and Phyllis and I were air-raid wardens on duty in Chelsea. As we sat waiting for the bombs one night, I found myself asking her what she wanted more than anything else in the world.

"I want to go to Hollywood and star in a picture," she answered and then she laughed. "It does sound like a wild dream, doesn't it?" she added with the

practical commonsense so characteristic.

It certainly did just then, for Phyllis was only a young actress learning her job with a theater repertory company and occasionally playing a small part in a film. But three weeks later she got a phone call from a West End casting agent who had noticed her unusual beauty in a restaurant, inviting her to take a special test for a leading rôle in "Kipps." She passed it triumphantly, got the part and so set her pretty feet firmly upon the ladder that leads up to screen fame.

Now at last she has reached the top-most rung. She is going to achieve her long-cherished dream of starring in a film in Hollywood. It is "Time Out of Mind," the screen version of Rachael Field's celebrated novel which Universal are making. When it is finished, Phyllis returns to London (*Please turn to page 75*)



Here's Phyllis with her pretty little daughter, Auriol Ann. At left below, closeup with Stewart Granger in Gainesborough's "The Magic Bow."



MEET PHYLLIS CALVERT

Hollywood, here comes Calvert!

**She's all set to repeat
her British
triumph
over here**

**By
Hettie
Grimstead**

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF *Sinbad!*

Arabian Nights of love and
daring...on uncharted seas
— in Persian harems — with
fiction's fabulous lover!



RKO
PRESENTS

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.
MAUREEN O'HARA • WALTER SLEZAK

in
SINBAD THE SAILOR

with ANTHONY QUINN • GEORGE TOBIAS

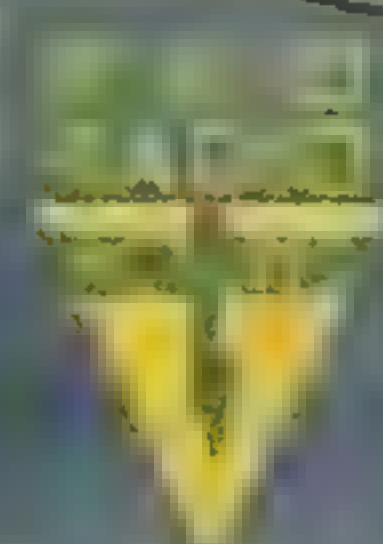
JANE GREER • MIKE MAZURKI

Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE

Screen Play by JOHN TWIST

in Glorious Technicolor

YOUR CHRISTMAS
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT



THIS is a love story!

Anyone who reads the papers knows that these are strange and shuddery times, filled with uncertainty and foreboding. There is talk of future wars, more frightful than the last. The atomic bomb is a sword of Damocles over the head of civilization. Men tamper with the unknown, and voiced or silent dreads ride every wind.

But listen to Gail Russell, who is beautiful and twenty-two and dreamily in the throes of young love—and might be Mrs. Guy Madison before her words reach print.

"I know, I know," says Gail, with a defiant toss of her pretty head. "Things *do* look bad, and yet—well, there's *always* love. Atomic age or horse-and-buggy days, young love goes on. Young people have always had to be courageous, facing life. Maybe they need a little extra courage now, but love—it's been going on for a long time, and I think it's likely to last a while."

She says it with a knowing smile, and she is shyly radiant. She is sitting in the pretty living room of her Westwood home, but in a very real sense she isn't there at all. She's dreaming on a cloud in some world whose only other inhabitant is a tall, sturdy, tawny chap named Guy—*her* Guy.

She'll remember her manners now and again, though, and come down to earth to answer questions. About marriage,

She's dreamily in love, this beautiful twenty-two-year-old; she's found her Guy, all's right with her world. Top, a scene from "Calcutta," new Paramount drama in which Gail Russell is co-starred with Alan Ladd.

for instance. "Maybe," she says. But then she quickly amends that: "I mean, not *soon*. Guy wants to wait until he's better established, and—" She hesitates. Then suddenly she is confiding the real reason for her apparent uncertainty about marriage when she is quite certain about love: "You see, I never plan anything. I don't even like to make a date, I'd rather let it happen. Guy does the planning and arranging. He calls up and says he'll be over and he doesn't tell me what we're going to do. He says nothing, because he knows me. He knows that if he says we're going to a big party I'll be scared to death. He knows I'll start thinking about all the people who will be there and I'll have worked myself into a state of utter fright by the time he arrives. So he calls and says we're going out and I can wear anything



—my *jeans*, if I please! So I don't worry, and I'm ready when he comes, and just because he hasn't told me to, I'm likely to be wearing my best dress!"

This is all (Please turn to page 87)

Romance and GAIL RUSSELL



What's she like, this girl who won handsome Guy Madison's heart over such heavy Hollywood competition? Here's a closeup of a very frank young person

By Robbin Coons

Walt Disney
presents

AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

*His first live-action feature... a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of*

UNCLE REMUS



What this heart-warming musical drama is like:

For the first time Walt Disney creates a romantic live-action picture... a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and others! You'll hear 10 new song hits! And you'll roar with laughter at Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear—in the famous Uncle Remus tales that are delightfully woven into the real-life story. It's a picture you'll want to see again and again. Watch for "Song of the South" at your favorite theatre. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.



Br'er Bear Br'er Fox Br'er Rabbit

Get *Garfield* Right!

WHEN you're in the dumps as to what the future can bring you, think of John Garfield and cheer up! Eleven years ago, Joan Crawford, then glamorously married to Franchot Tone, high-spotted a New York trip by throwing a deluxe party at the Waldorf-Astoria for the cream of Franchot's stage-acting friends. They had to draw the line on guests somewhere. John was heartbroken upon learning that he was the skimmed milk of the ardent Group Theater gang; he wasn't important enough to be asked.

At twenty-two, when you've made a start in your chosen profession and are burning up with the desire to be accepted by those who have arrived at the top, such a really minor matter as being a social also-ran can hurt terribly. More so when you are a fiercely proud husband. John remembers turning to Robbie, his bride of a year, and exclaiming,

"Someday we'll make the grade, honey. You wait and see!"

Today, as you know, the Garfields in Hollywood are emphatically no longer V.U.P. (Very Unimportant People). By a nice quirk of fate John's current screen hit co-stars the very same Miss Crawford with him, and they are now such a mutual admiration society both are plotting to team again. Actually, it was John's firm stubbornness that won Joan her dramatic opportunity in "Humoresque." He felt she could do a whale of a job in this rôle, but Warners disagreed with his idea—so much so that they took him off salary to let his enthusiasm cool off. He wore them down, and now they're awfully happy *they* thought of Joan. Franchot, incidentally, is now one of John's (if not Joan's) best friends; the two men are on a professional par whenever they occasionally return to star on the Broadway stage.

His success is just a daily reminder of his early struggles to this East Side boy who made good, and it can be an inspiration to boys starting out now—if they have Garfield's fighting heart and fine integrity, that is

By Ben Maddox





Eleven years ago, John and his wife, Robbie, weren't invited to Joan Crawford's party; they weren't important enough to be asked. Today, John is Joan's co-star in "Humoresque." And the Garfields have a beautiful home, time for fun and John's hobby, painting, and he's even a producer now—with his own office and staff and everything.



Time and John have certainly marched on! So much so that he is at present launching his own film-producing unit as one of that exclusive group of top stars who've combined under the new Enterprise banner. He has a business office beside the new offices of Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, and Norma Shearer, and like them he now is picking his own stories, casts, directors, and publicity. What's especially rewarding is that in addition to his best salary to date he's also going to receive a bonus in the form of a percentage of the gross profits of his pictures.

I found out that he spends less time at his Enterprise office than any of the other stars at last on their own. His is the simplest business headquarters, too. The studio receptionist called it a bungalow, but it was merely a single room in a long row of rooms off a wooden veranda. Inside was his secretary, who referred me to the Garfield residence.

John rents the beautiful New Orleans house built by William Haines, silent screen star turned fashionable decorator, on a tree-shaded street in central Hollywood. A maid answered the door and

John, holding his year-old daughter Julia at the head of the stairs, said, "Come on up! This is our nurse's day out and at the moment Robbie is trying to see what David is doing in the back yard." David is six, and though remarkably polite is plainly all boy.

Since sizzling on the screen with Lana Turner, and copping more acting honors these past few months with heroines like Geraldine Fitzgerald and Joan Crawford, John's fan mail has skyrocketed so it's obviously the right hour to straighten out a flock of wrong notions about him. Success has changed Garfield, but his publicity hasn't caught up with what Hollywood has done to him.

He handed baby Julia carefully to Robbie, who'd quickly made sure that David was behaving all right and who is amazingly smart behind her pretty, soft gentleness. He led me through the long formal upstairs hall, its period decor modernized by the Garfield record-player and album after album of favorite records, through a panelled bar, into a handsome, but homey, sun room. John is surprisingly shy. Not very tall, but well-built, he dresses like a college senior in the privacy of his own home—shirt open at the neck, slacks, and comfortable loafers on his feet. He holds back his zest until, convinced of your interest, he gradually warms up. Pervading his personality is (Please turn to page 78)



Exclusive home photos by Jack Albin



Dana, always strictly an "outdoor man," remembers the days when he was mother's helper, too.



Latest picture: "The Best Years of Our Lives," with Teresa Wright, above.



In another scene from Samuel Goldwyn picture, Dana with Virginia Mayo.



Stephen Andrews gets a high, wide and handsome ride in papa's arms. Dana likes it, too.

EVERYONE'S a dreamer, and especially about his childhood. I'm as guilty of reflective moods as the next guy. But whenever I jump back to the past, it's my Dad who always comes into the foreground. He was a man of contrasts, my minister father. A strong leader, stern and also forgiving, a man who stuck rigidly by his ideals, a man who enjoyed living. Yet he was also someone I often found hard to understand.

Dad was a Baptist minister of the strictest sort. He was also the father of thirteen children, of which I was number three. In appearance, he was tall and spare, a perfect vision of the Old Testament Jehovah with a large angular nose and the steeliest gray eyes you ever saw. He stood straight as a stick and he had luxuriant sandy hair which he wore in the typical minister's forelock. Such was Rev. Charles Forrest Andrews—and so he remained until his death in 1939.

His biggest fault was also his biggest merit: his unalterable refusal to budge from a decision once it was made. Consequently, he was strict with us children in most cases. His religion was his life.

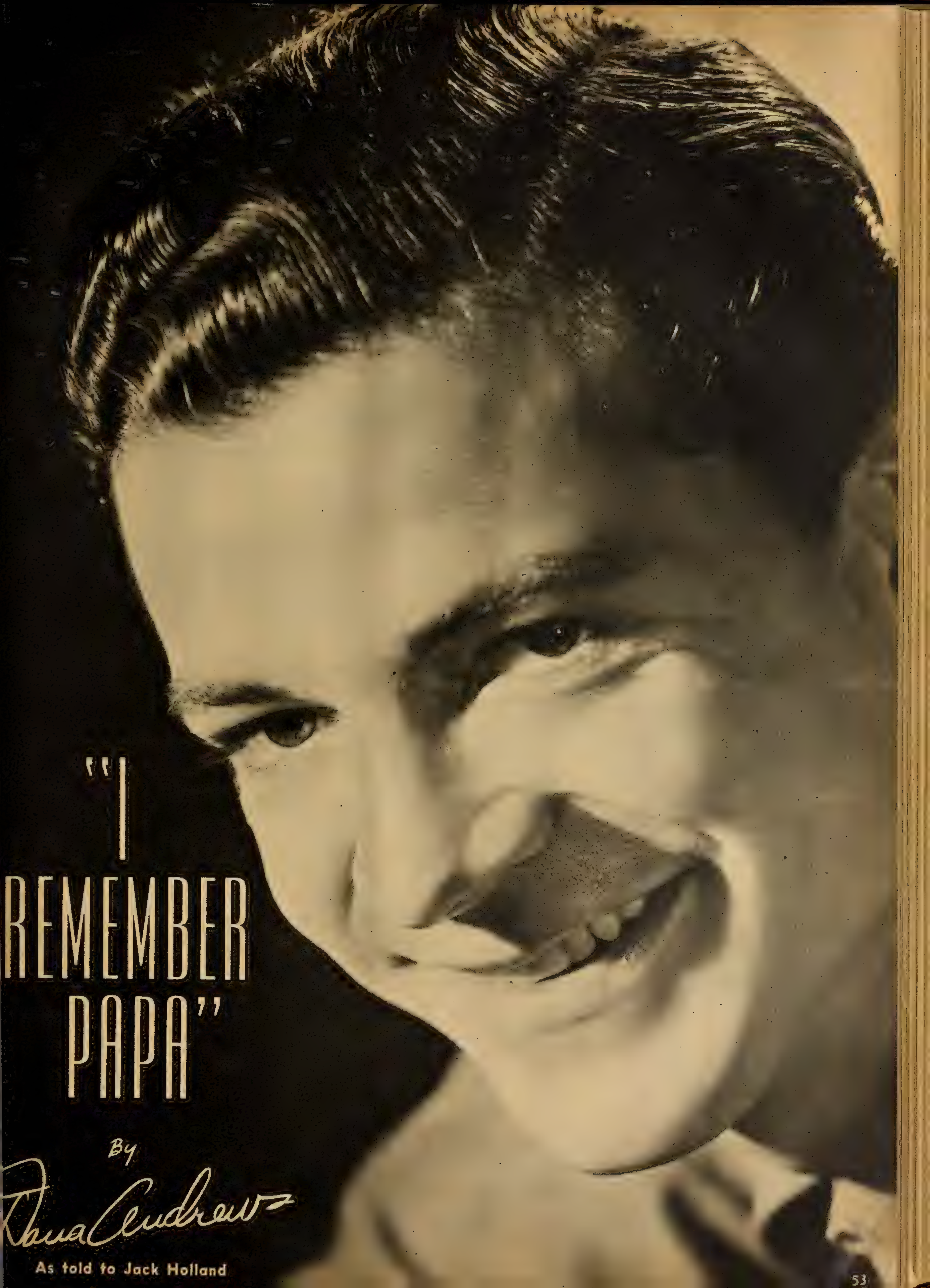
The Bible the law of his land. I can still see him commanding his congregation as he stood at the pulpit. A strong, almost dictatorial figure. So set was he on his ideals that his philosophy could be summed up with: "I believe in letting you think as you will as long as you think what I think."

Unfortunately, I didn't always think as he did. As a matter of fact, I seemed to be constantly struggling to see and do all that was worth seeing and doing and yet remain out of the clutches of the Calvinist devil who was always a very real person to me. I just couldn't accept Dad's strict (Please turn to page 83)

Because he hasn't forgotten that he was a boy once himself, Dana Andrews is better equipped to cope with his own children



Family portrait: left to right, Dana, his mother, Catherine, Mrs. Dana Andrews, Stephen and in the foreground, son by his first marriage, David.



“
I
REMEMBER
PAPA”

By

Anna Andrews

As told to Jack Holland

Designed by YVONNE De CARLO

Star turns designer! Clever DeCarlo creates her own clothes; her friend, Dorothy Thompson, executes the designs. Here is Yvonne's new wardrobe, posed exclusively for us.



Yvonne De Carlo, soon to be seen in Universal's "Song of Scheherazade," designed this blouse and skirt of soft beige suede. The vest is fastened with hand-rolled suede buttons and worn over an off-white pongee blouse with brown suede tie.



Designed by De Carlo, carried out by Dorothy Thompson, the cocktail dress above is of royal blue crepe shot with silver threads. It has accents of silver kid belt and button at the high neckline. Matched to her costume are the tambourine hat piped in silver and her draw-string bag with silver kid trim.



Stunning De Carlo design, at left, is this dinner gown of slim draped black crepe skirt topped by heavy satin jacket patterned with Chinese war horses in shades of black, yellow, and red. The French influence is seen in the low V. neckline and panier drape around the bottom of the jacket. Above, the beautiful natural mink coat that is the pride of Yvonne's young life, though not her own design. The skins are manipulated to show the wide flare released from the tucked shoulder line and huge melon sleeves pushed up to reveal gloves and jewelry.

Slacks are always in season in California, especially when they are as meticulously tailored as Yvonne De Carlo's, below. In small brown and white checks, the slacks are nipped in at the waistline with a brown alligator belt. Yvonne's tailored white pongee blouse is fastened with Chinese knot buttons of the same fabric.

For dressed-up days, Yvonne selects this lovely suit, center, by Sophie. It is soft brown wool with beige wool applique down the front of the jacket. Yvonne designed her hat herself, in beige beaver with brown and beige feather at the front. Cacao brown wool in the distinctive design of a famous Mexico City couturiere is posed by the star below.

Photos by Ed Estabrook, Universal Pictures



Below, the companion coat to the cacao brown wool ensemble—sleeveless, with pleated draped shoulders. Yvonne De Carlo tops off this costume with a Kenneth Hopkins hat of brown felt with high draped crown. Although her latest picture is Universal's spectacular "Song of Scheherazade," Yvonne hopes to do modern comedy.

Top in a topper is Yvonne's beige suede coat, center, adapted from an officer's raincoat. Forest green beret, gloves and shoulder bag were designed by Dorothy Thompson. Below, brown and white tweed sports coat has wide flared skirt and flap pockets to accentuate the small waistline. Miss De Carlo's hat is camel's hair in a heather mixture.



Screenland Votes for a Beautiful Christmas

Happiness for everybody!

Give the kind of presents that make
eyes light up like Christmas candles

Tuya gift package she will
love to have. Heady, intox-
icating perfume with toilet
water and dusting powder.

Two Courielli fragrance com-
bine to make this metal basket
charming. "Something Blue," and
Moonlight Mist Eau de Parfum.

This is a Perfumette which
sprays a fine, sweet mist as
if it were a grown up atom-
iser. Looks like jewelry.

Max Factor presents
Merle Oberon's Make-up
Secret in charming gift
box, autographed. Pow-
der, rouge and lipstick.

Happiness is guaranteed with
this Constance Bennett Beauty
Bar. It puts makeup essentials
in the palm of your hand.

Color Cluster is the name of this new package
with shades of Avon makeup. This is Ripe Cherry.





Four-piece grooming set for junior miss, Jewelite plastic with pronon bristles by Pro-phy-lac-tic.



Here is the Youngtime series of Tussy Cosmetics; Lily-of-the-Valley fragrance carries Spring along.



Please That Man with a Shulton Old Spice Shave Mug and Shave Soap.



Let them have music with a Victor album of Christmas songs by Perry Como.



For that extra "little gift," Pond's Let's Make Up! Three beauty aids.



Don't forget to top off that big bundle of gifts with a gay holiday carton of cheery Chesterfields.



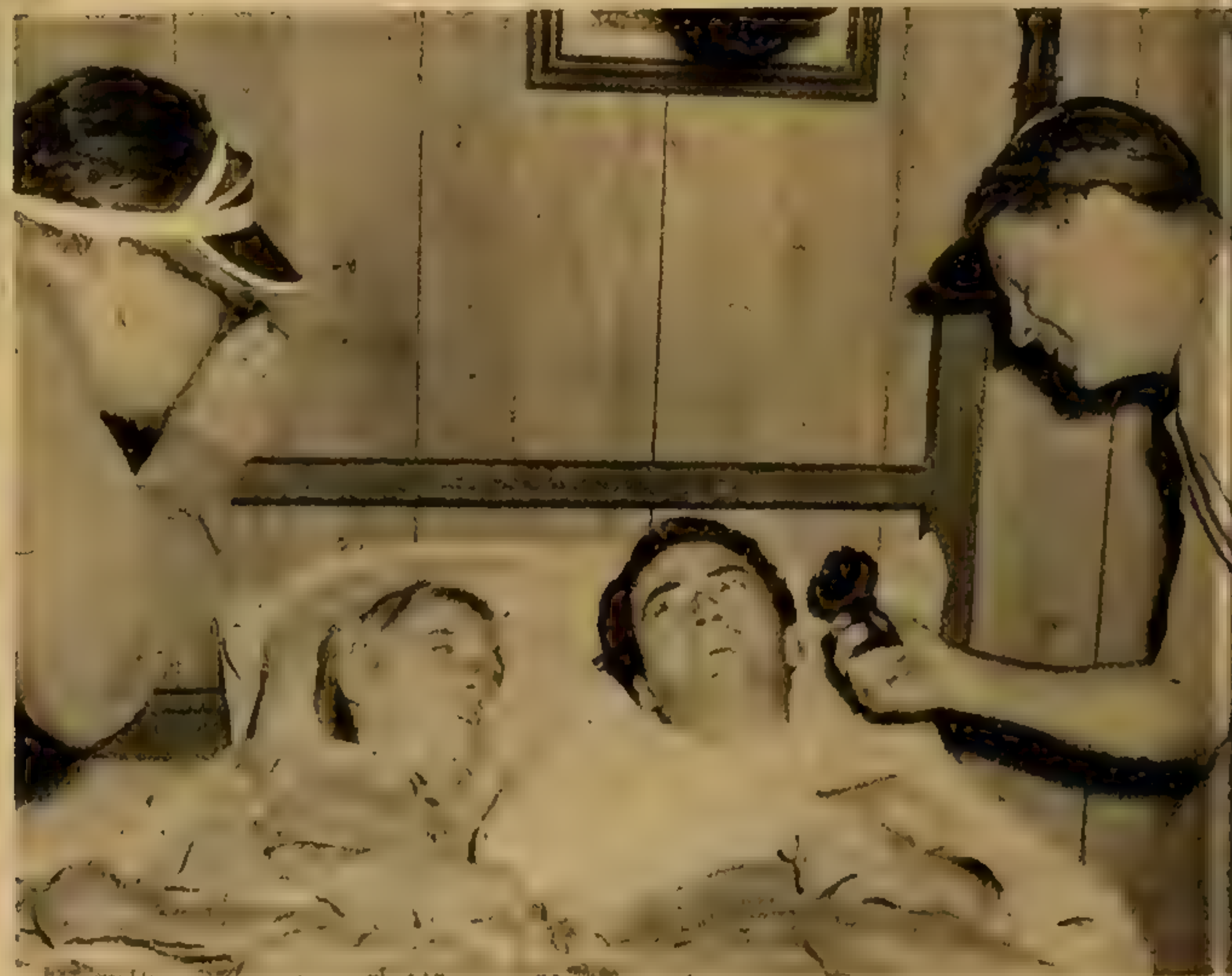
Tuck a Dura-Gloss manicure bag into the toe of her stocking. She'll love the exciting shade Red Plum.



Veteran cameraman Charles Rosher, above, who filmed "The Yearling," gives star Gregory Peck a few pointers on location at Silver Springs, Florida. Below, Claude Jarman, Jr., 10-year-old Nashville, Tenn., boy, who was selected from among 12,000 youths of eight Southern states in MGM's talent search to find the right Jody for Clarence Brown's picturization of the Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings novel. With no acting experience whatsoever, young Claude proves himself a great natural performer in the picture.



It wasn't all work with "The Yearling" company. Above, Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, playing man and wife in the film, enjoy a quick waltz between shots. Below, Claude holds Jody, pet deer prominently featured in the picture, while props sprinkles him for a rainy-day scene. Left, funniest scene: when wife Wyman makes husband Peck a dress model.



Above, filming the most touching scene in "The Yearling": Peck, as the father; Claude Jarman, Jr., as his son. Right, facing page, Greg's no glamor man in his rôle of Penny Baxter, but a great actor. Upper right, lesson in the old art and pastime of whittling from one of the natives of the Florida scrub country.

A GREAT PICTURE *in the making*

When you see "The Yearling" on the screen, you
may not realize all the effort and preparation that
went into its production, but these informal

photos may give
you some slight idea





Harris Hollywood

Gossip by
Weston East

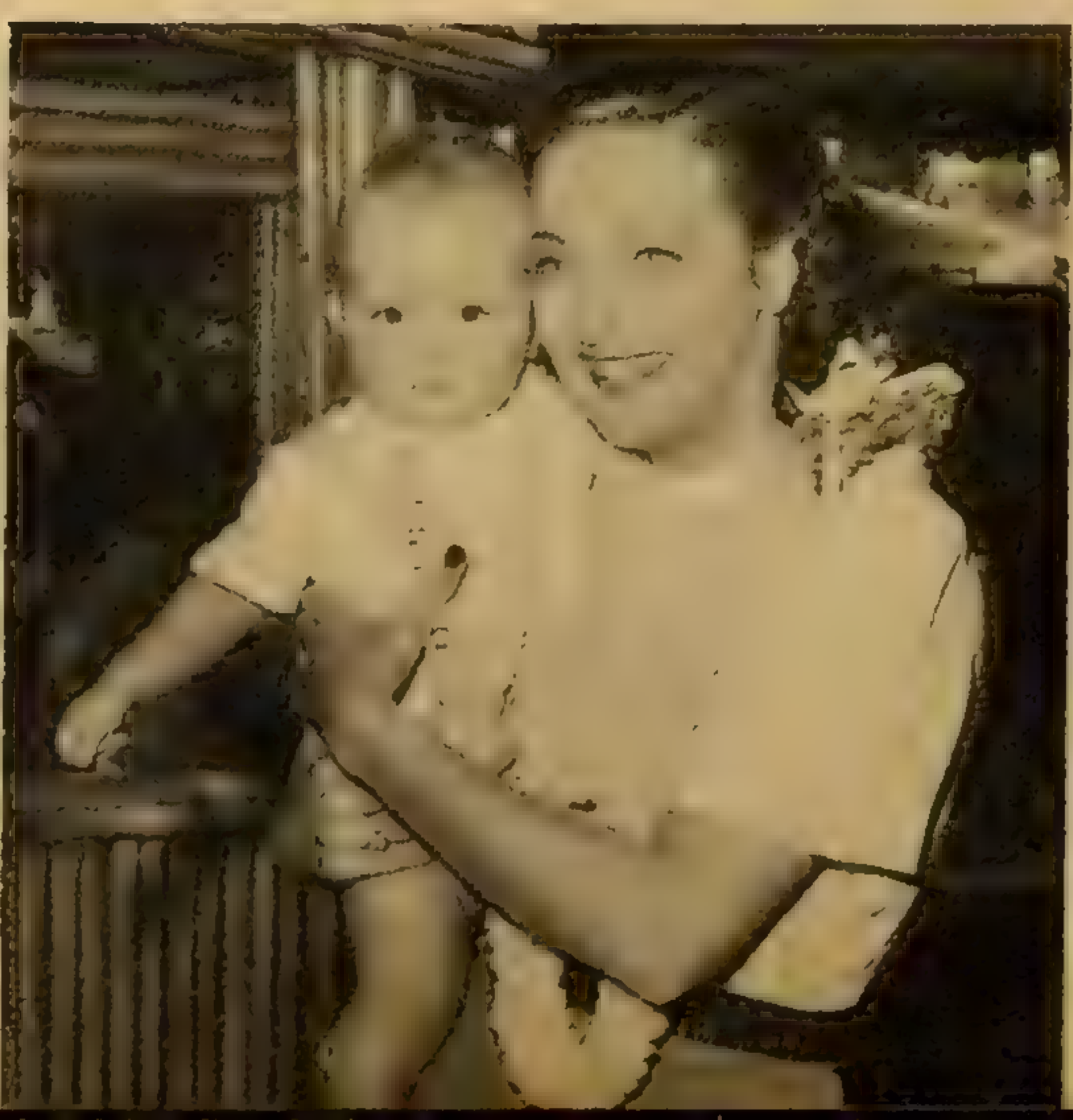


JUST after Tyrone Power flew into New York after his tour of 12 Latin American countries, and before he departed again for Mexico to make "The Captain from Castile," he announced that he and Annabella had separated. They had planned to make the announcement jointly at a press conference but at the last minute, Annabella bowed out, and was reported to have gone to the home of the Vincent Astors on Long Island. Close friends say wartime separation was the cause, but Ty says there was a conflict of careers. In the meantime, the persistent separation rumors of Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini are out of all bounds. Undoubtedly things aren't running smoothly. But the current Hollywood gossip not only has Gene divorcing, but marrying Tyrone Power, co-star in "Razor's Edge," when both are free. Wonder who stays awake nights to dream up these things?

DAN CUPID is certainly confusing Janis Paige. First, for very personal reasons she called off her engagement to Universal's Rod Cameron. When she went out with "Cubby" Broccoli (recently divorced from Gloria Blondell), the papers reported her secretly married. Now it's Jack Carson, who (according to the gossips) is dragging her towards the altar. Janis is very fond of Mrs. Carson. She is also fond of Jack who has helped her learn about acting. When the Carsons separated it was only natural that Janis, working with Jack, would try to console him. Hollywood took it from there.

UNLESS he has still another change of heart, Cornel Wilde is doing "Forever Amber." And very lucky and grateful to be doing it. In the midst of his studio squabble he was removing some clothes from his closet. The wire hook of

The happy Hodiaks, above with Zach Scott, attend gala opening of Don Loper's dress salon. At left and below, at Dotty Lamour's baby shower for Betty Hutton some of the Paramount boys show up to express their sentiments. Center, Lamour's junior is quite a little man now.



a hanger caught his eyelid and tore it, just barely missing his eyeball. Three stitches had to be taken. After all his years of struggle, Cornel still hasn't found happiness. He feels he's being underpaid, he wants his wife to have her chance, too. All of which is annoying to his studio and antagonizing them. Too bad, Cornel is really a peace-loving fellow but he feels he represents money at the box-office and should be paid accordingly.

WHEN GINGER ROGERS ordered pink and blue wallpaper for that new decorating job in her hilltop home, everyone got very curious. Stork rumors flew thick and fast. The simple thing, we told ourselves, would be to ask her. When we saw her out dancing with husband Jack Briggs, we did just that. The pink and blue wallpaper is for her new — powder room!

TRUE love never runs smooth. At least, not with Kurt Krueger and Marguerite Chapman. They had practically arrived at that dinner-every-night stage, when Maggie brought along her pet Cocker spaniel. He took one look at Kurt's police dog and the war was on. Naturally, neither

Kurt or Marguerite will forego his pet, so *they* are the ones who are leading a dog's life!

THEY wanted Tom Drake to grow a goatee for his rôle of the young lawyer opposite Deanna Durbin, in "I'll Be Yours." Tom used everything but witchcraft to get the desired result. After all his time and trouble, they decided to paste one on instead. Tom still looked too young for the *bar* — the legal definition, that is. Anyway, he and a thinner Deanna look mighty handsome together.

THEY were having trouble getting a certain scene with Butch Jenkins on the set of "Summer Holiday." Red Skelton wandered on in the midst of it all. "You don't know how to handle children," said Red to director Mamouliau. "And what would *you* suggest?" he was asked in turn. "Give him a couple of hand grenades to amuse himself with," cracked Red, as he started running.

IN JUNE HAVER'S dressing room there's a picture of Alice Faye that is autographed: "I know you'll always have success and happiness because you've



Angela Lansbury and John Emery, above, during intermission of Keenan Wynn-Tamara Geva play in Hollywood. Below, Don Loper with Patricia Morison and Andrea King at opening of his salon.



Bride and groom, Cleatus Caldwell and Robert Hutton, give with the grins, as they are toasted by Harry and Jimmie Ritz at El Rancho Vegas Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada.





On Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequence" radio show, a contestant said he would like to spend three weeks on an "Island." Little did he suspect it would turn out to be a "traffic" island at the corner of LaBrea and Hollywood Blvd. But it was just as good as a Honolulu vacation when film stars got into the act. At left, Marilyn Maxwell, Tom Drake, Ann Jeffries and Phil Terry at the "island" luau. Center, Keenan Wynn, Ralph Edwards, and contestant Dusty Rhodes. Right, Joe McGinnis and wife, Belita, with Marilyn Maxwell and Tom Drake.

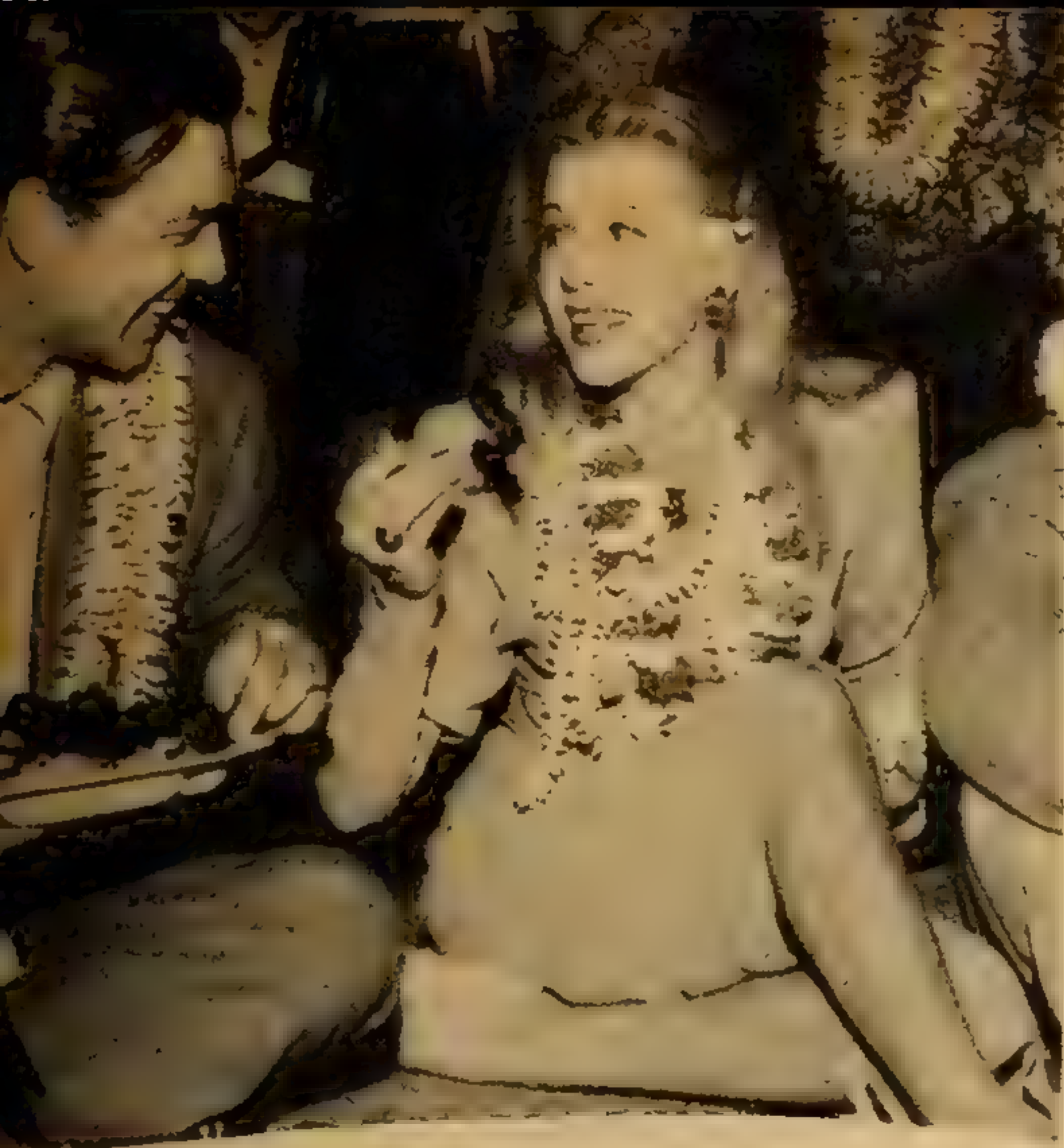
the talent for both." June wasn't a movie star when she asked Alice to sign her picture. Alice was so gracious the autograph has been a constant inspiration all along the way. How nice of June to give Alice the credit she's always deserved!

VAN JOHNSON is a happy man — well — almost. His new contract calls for two pictures a year and never less than a month's time for rest between pictures. He'll need it after he finishes those hilly billy songs, learning to play the fiddle and harmonica for his rôle in his latest MGM picture "Romance of Rosy Ridge."

MARILYN MAXWELL'S worried and it's up to you fans to reassure her. In "Summer Holiday," the blonde beauty plays a bad girl — scarlet lips, heavily beaded lashes, flashy clothes. She's never done anything like this before and she hopes her admirers won't hold the rôle against her — or hold her to the type.

THE wardrobe department at MGM wish Lana Turner would make up her mind and stay that *weigh!* Each star has her own dressmaker's figure in the fitting room. It tallies perfectly with the star's own personal measurements. Lana loses weight one week, gains it the next. Each time her "figure" has to be altered accordingly. With her rôle in "Green





The Hawaiian luau continues, giving Hollywood inhabitants a free show, and the stars a lot of fun. At left above, Phil Terry and Ann Jeffries; center, Marilyn Maxwell pulls "island" dweller Dusty Rhodes across the street for his "mail," with Merle McHugh, Ann Jeffries and Ralph Edwards hitching a ride; right, Ann Jeffries and Phil Terry (romance?) sip pineapple cocktail.

Dolphin Street" calling for 35 dresses, you can imagine everyone's consternation!

IT HAPPENED on Fifth Avenue" is the name of Don De Fore's new Monogram picture. We'd personally like to star him in our own production called "It Happened in Hollywood." In the old days Don struggled to make a name for himself on Broadway. Now that he's tops in Hollywood, he hasn't forgotten. Two former pals are living in his guest room while they're trying to crash the movies. They're using Don's car, his telephone and he even lent his wardrobe to help make a good impression when they went job-hunting. Nice going, Don!

PUPCHEN" is dead. The little dachshund, originally given to Joan Crawford by Franchot Tone, was buried in Joan's back yard. He received more fan mail than any other dog in Hollywood for the 14 years Joan had him.

SEEN by the Beverly Hill-billys: Clark Gable in a blue sports coat with gold buttons, driving a shiny blue car with a tan top that matched his tanned face. Even in his own hometown, what-a-man Gable stopped traffic. P.S. No, he wasn't alone, but we didn't recognize her!

BETWEEN scenes on "Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman kept her pretty nose in French text books. She also engaged a French instructor to prepare her for her New York stage debut

in "Joan of Lorraine." The day she finished the picture, she presented all her associates with a bottle of French wine and a thank you note written in her "adopted" tongue.

RUNNING "old" Hollywood movies is Hollywood's favorite way of entertaining. Van Heflin was telling Lana Turner about it on the set of "Green Dolphin Street." Van got a group together and ran a picture called "Pilot No. 5." It was made in 1941 and starred Franchot Tone and Marsha Hunt. Playing bit rôles were Gene Kelly, Van Johnson and Peter Lawford! Think what *that* lineup would do to a budget today!

DON'T be surprised if Hedy Lamarr returns to the MGM roster of stars. No one has ever replaced her with Leo the Lion. 'Tis said the headaches involved in producing her own pictures have cured Hedy of all desire to be her own boss. Her second baby arrives next April. In the meantime several MGM scripts have been submitted for her approval. Speaking of Hedy, that wasn't Glenn Ford escorting her while John Loder was in New York. It was Peter Brook, a writer and old friend, who slightly resembles Glenn.

Center above, Marilyn Maxwell and Tom Drake; right, Joe McGinnis and Belita; center below, pet snake gives Marilyn a new fashion idea; left, Keenan Wynn and Ann Jeffries at the luau.



When you see MGM's powerful picturization of Marjorie Kinnan Rawling's book, we think you'll agree that here is one of the great pictures of all time. Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr., as the little Florida family fighting for bare existence and yet finding beauty in life's simple things, are superb

Seven years ago MGM bought screen rights to "The Yearling." After many delays due to casting difficulties and lack of location backgrounds because of the war, the picture has finally been accomplished, and thanks to a fine script, Clarence Brown's deeply sympathetic direction, and truly magnificent performances, it emerges a motion picture masterpiece not to be missed.

SCREENLAND
salutes



"THE YEARLING"

The ONE picture that's worth 1000 words!!!



ACTION ... BULLWHIPS LASH IN FRENZIED FURY!

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
presents

**Yvonne
DeCARLO**

**Brian
DONLEVY**

**Jean Pierre
AUMONT**



ROMANCE ... IN AN OUTCAST PORT OF INTRIGUE!

Song of Scheherazade

IN TECHNICOLOR



SPECTACLE ... MOROCCAN NIGHTS OF REVELRY!

ALL The Best Loved Music of
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF
"SONG OF INDIA" "FANDANGO" "ARABESQUE"
"SCHEHERAZADE" "HYMN TO THE SUN"
"FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE"
"CAPRICE ESPAGNOL"

with **EVE ARDEN** • **PHILIP REED** • **JOHN QUALEN**
and Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company **CHARLES KULLMAN**

Director of Photography: Hal Mohr, A. S. C. • Associate Producer, Edward Dodds
Written and Directed by **WALTER REISCH** • Produced by **EDWARD KAUFMAN**
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

"I'm Ready, Eddie!"

Continued from page 40

Now this bit of cut-up between my director and me on the day we started shooting "Easy to Wed" may seem to be just that, so why mention it? It may also seem to be dated data since the picture went before the cameras several months ago, so what's News?

Actually, it was of deep—harrumph!—psychological importance signifying, as it did, a complete somersault of heart, hope and pace in the career—and in the character, if any—of Lucille Ball. Moreover, it was to be of lasting, of permanent importance, and so is still News, at least to me whom it most concerned.

Look, on August 6, 1942 (August 6 is my birthday and we'll leave the year blank—any woman who tells her age will tell anything), I signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and was up there in eleventh heaven wondering what I had that Lana Turner didn't have.

My first picture under that deal, and also my initial bow in Technicolor, was "DuBarry Was a Lady," which I made with red-headed (ouch, two of us!) Red Skelton. Then I made "Best Foot Forward," "Meet the People," "Without Love" and one or two others. Then I was OUT. Out, at MGM. Fired, they call it, in some circles. Then I was asked back to make—but only a one-picture deal, mind you—"Easy to Wed."

So, get it? "Eddie, I'm ready!" meant more than that I had my eyelashes on and let 'em roll; it meant that I was ready to go in for the kill. And, fangs bared, in I went.

Now I have a new contract with MGM and it's a piece of paper I couldn't be prouder of, coming, as I know it does, from their hearts. When I tell you they wouldn't even let me stay in New York this winter to do a play I was asked to do, you know they must like to have me around, don't you?

To begin at the beginning, there I was, flat on my back in my 7-by-7 foot bed, which is where, and in what position, I always read scripts and as I read "Easy to Wed," I thought: There may be better parts in the world but none I could put my heart in more, or as much. I thought: There may be characters of greater depth, dignity and drama than that of *Gladys Benton*, but I like *Gladys Benton*. I thought: Red-headed tornado that she is (and so am I) wacky as she is (and so am I) I not only like her, I understand her. I thought: As *Gladys Benton*, I won't have to resort to any tricks. I will be able to give a sustained performance, a "finish" performance.

This girl, I thought, knows what she is after. (It happened to be Keenan Wynn, so all right.) And as I went along with her, in this sort of trance-like state I speak of, I knew what I was after, too, and could call it by name: *Comedy*.

Comedy, I thought, having finished the script and come out of it, is for me. I thought: There are very few girls who can do comedy. Carole Lombard, who was my guardian angel, my dearest friend, did the kind of comedy I want

to do. Connie Talmadge, when she was with us in pictures, did it. Rosalind Russell does it, when she is not being *Sister Kenny*. On the stage, Ina Claire does it. A few others. Not many. Not enough others.

There is a need for comediennes, I thought, and I can help supply that need. And should. Yet what do I do? I get side-tracked in stale love stories (unlike as possible to our love story, Desi's and mine, which was stormy, noisy, sweet), or in murder mysteries calling all cars for Peter Lorre. Or I play musical comedy queens. Some of them are funny, sure they are. But stories with comedy situations are what I want. Stories in which I have a chance to put some sense in nonsense. Stories in which I will not have to look like a zany (I've dyed my Tangay-red hair a Temperate Tan) while behaving like one. Stories, in short, such as Carole did, or Rosalind Russell does, or Irene Dunne.

Now, I have always known what I wanted in my personal life. I have always known what I like or, I should say, love. I never like anything, always love it, as I never have acquaintances but only friends. I love, if you go for inventories, feathers, sequins, spangles, all shiny things, raw onions, naughty negligees, three-inch heels, steak, small hats, ketchup on hamburgers, aquamarines, blue flowered wallpaper, Damon Runyon, old china, raising chickens, swimming (am AWFUL on a horse, haven't time for golf), over-sized handbags, family parties, trains, poker (refuse to play bridge, can't concentrate), dolls, Susan Peters, Susan Peters' courage, lily ponds, (Desi and I built our swimming pool with our own four hands to resemble a lily pond), pinafores with ruffles, the colors cerise and aqua, the Richard Carlsons and their baby, all babies, surprise parties, the dramatic ability of Bette Davis, crossword puzzles (always do 'em in dentists' waiting rooms), people, lots of people (hate to be alone, hate it), matchmaking, popovers with peanut butter and jam, washing my own stockings, house-cleaning, our five-acre ranch in the Valley and—and how!—my husband.

And—also and how!—*acting*. Love it, have always loved it. Always wanted to be an actress from the time remembered when I was five and went to live with my Swedish, and overly strict, grandmother, for five years, because my mother was gravely ill. Grandmother felt, and said, that life was a matter of "Duty done," period. Grandmother would not permit me to join in any of the extra-curricular activities at school, for what had they to do with duty? Grandmother would not permit me to go to, or have parties, for the same good reason. Instead of making doll-clothes, I hemmed dish-towels. For friends, I had myself and the imaginary characters "myself" became as, strutting up and down trailing a tablecloth, or pantomiming in front of the two-by-two mirror in my bedroom, I lap-dissolved from one fabulous creature into another.

Even so, with acting my goal, the only one I ever had, I do not believe I had a very clear perspective concerning wherein my forte as an actress lay. Lacking clarity, I also lacked confidence. When I was becalmed in "Bs" at RKO, and people told me I should "Go to the Front Office," "Stand up for my rights," "Show some fight," I didn't. I didn't beef, either. I figured I was being very handsomely paid for a much needed apprenticeship.

Twenty-five pictures in seven years, including a Western, and the compass of my career still going four ways from the middle. And then, like one coming out of a fog or waking suddenly out of sleep, I knew where I was and where I wanted to go and what I wanted to be. And as the career swung into focus, as I *knew*, I felt an exhilaration, a stimulus, an excess of energy such as even I, who have never walked when I could run, or run when I could fly, had never felt before . . . and still feel it.

Why, when Desi wakes me at five in the morning and says, "I find I don't have to work today, let's go fishing," I am tangled up in those bluejeans and that tackle before you can say barracuda.

One of the first things I did, after "Easy to Wed" and "Two Smart People" were in the box, was chin myself out of the golden rut that is Hollywood (if you stay in it too long), and off to New York with Desi. And stayed there with him (we had a suite, a small place, but home, at Delmonico's), while he gave the junior misses the swoondroops when he played the Paramount, and their mamas the same when he played the Copacabana. For Desi was doubling in brass if ever I've heard it. So, for that matter, was I. Never before had I felt up to going the places and doing the work—and, of course, having the fun that's "doing what comes naturally"—I went and did and had during that last month's long stay in the east. On previous trips, I whipped around a lot of course, but hadn't always felt up to coping with every person and every situation. This time, due to a combination of good health and high spirits (no ceiling), I gave as good an imitation of a whirling dervish at work as Park Avenue, armories, theaters, hospitals, benefits and café society is ever likely to see.

During my stay, I made seventeen personal appearances and did thirty-five radio shows. In the theaters—ten in New York and two in Jamestown, New York, where I lived as a youngster and where, later, I spent three years in a wheel chair—there were never less than 3000 in the audience. In addition, I spoke at armories, hospitals, clubs and found it easy to speak because my subjects were the cancer, infantile paralysis, drives, veteran housing and other matters close to my heart.

Spotted here and there, I did some summer stock and worked on plans for a radio show which, if it materializes, will be a series of sketches based on the character of *My Sister, Eileen*.

If the radio show is postponed, indefinitely or otherwise, and if our picture schedules permit, Desi and I plan to go

to South America and do a musical together. Just in case, I shopped for it. Bought very dressy cocktail dresses in my favorite colors, cerise and aqua; formals made of moonlight sequins—the shiny stuff I love. Accessories. Fantastic shoes. Hats only a leprechaun should wear. No jewelry. I never buy jewelry for myself; never—reserve that dubious pleasure for my husband. Nor have I ever, or ever will, buy myself a mink coat. That, too, is one of the prerogatives of, poor thing, a husband—and there is one coming up, *Desi says so*, at any moment now.

Back in Hollywood, I may make a remake of the great French picture, "Illusion," under the direction of Anatol Litvak. And I may not. As a writer of doggerel turns out a dark sonnet or two I may, now and again, go grim in a film. But for the most part comedy, comedy you can sink your teeth in as you laugh, is for me, my cup of tea, my forte and my future.

In other, and much fewer words than I have used, those three words, "I'm ready, Eddie!" will go on echoing for as long as Lucille Ball shall live and love and laugh.

His first professional job was singing at a resort near Pittsburgh, where he and Roselle Belline were married. Perry and Roselle had known one another since childhood, and their families had been great friends. Perry used to help Roselle mind her younger brothers and sisters, and she would occasionally render the same aid. Not until Perry went up to the lake to spend the summer had he and Roselle ever been separated for more than a day or so at a time. Being parted was more than either of them could endure.

When Roselle and a girl friend came up to the resort for a weekend, Roselle and Perry had a long talk. "I don't even have enough money to buy you a ring," he said. That didn't worry Roselle. "We'll use your signet ring," she said.

"I've got the dollar-fifty for the license," Perry consoled. Then he remembered the family. "How do you think they'll take it?"

"They won't like the idea of our being married by a justice of the peace, but we can be married by a priest later," said the resourceful Roselle.

So they were married and hurried to Canonsburg to break the news. When they walked, dry-throated, into the Como living room, Papa Pietro gave them a searching look, then exchanged glances with Mama. "Don't say it," she ordered. "I can see it in your faces." And she brought out cakes and wine.

It was the same with Roselle's parents. Her mother looked at the rapt faces and said, "You don't have to say a thing. Your eyes talk."

That fall, Perry joined Freddie Carlone's band as a vocalist, and one of their engagements took them to a Pittsburgh theater. Perry's father had never heard him sing professionally; he knew only that Perry did not have what is considered among musical Italians a magnificent voice. As Perry puts it, "No Italian thinks that a person has a fine voice unless he can stand twenty feet from a stone wall and *sing* it down."

So it was a nervous Perry who approached the microphone (he could almost hear his father muttering, "Now whatever is *that* silly instrument?"), and ventured his voice in song. The audience went wild as usual and called for several encores. All of which was fine, but Perry's critical sense reached out into the throng for the approval of just one man. On the way home, Perry turned to his father in the car, and said eagerly, "Well, what did you think of it?"

Papa Pietro extended one great, rough hand to rest it on Perry's arm. In a voice that was low because he could not entirely trust it, Papa Como said, "*Brava, brava.*"

"*Brava*" is a word with a meaning all its own. It has not the connotation of "*Bravo*," which is equivalent to our "Hooray!" Rather it means "wonderful, *really* wonderful." This was praise far beyond Perry's most elevated dreams. This was praise from the person Perry most wanted to please. No award he will ever win will quite equal in joyful triumph the happiness he had from his father's approval.

It was while Perry was singing with Freddie Carlone that Ted Weems caught one of his performances. The next day, Ted sent his business manager around to



Ronnie helps Papa Como play his game of solitaire, with a sharp lookout for one of those quicker-than-the-eye-can-see tricks. As for Perry's fan's they'll see him next in "If I'm Lucky."

Brava, Como!

Continued from page 29

"One thing I like about Croz," said Ronnie recently, "is that he's a fighter. One of the kids in the bus asked him why he was riding with us when he could be riding in a great big car behind a chauffeur. This smart kid said to Croz, 'Why does a rich kid like you bother with riding in a bus with kids that aren't rich?' Then Croz just walked over to this kid and took him by the hair of his head and said, 'What did you mean by that?' Then this kid said, 'Nothing. I was only joking.' Boy, that Croz is really something."

In this way, Perry was acquainted with the resourcefulness and depth of conviction held by the Crosbys. Hence, when Ronnie brought home a further account of Life with Father's Sons, Perry was eager to listen. "Today," said Ronnie, "Gary Crosby—he's the oldest—came up to me grinning and said, 'Who's the number one singer of the country?' Well, Daddy, I *know* who the best singer in the whole world is—but after all, there are four Crosbys and there was only one me, so I said 'Bing.' Gary laughed and walked away after patting my shoulder and Croz—that's Linny—rode home on the bus with me to night."

Vigorous as fans have become, it is likely that if Perry's millions of admirers had been with Ronnie in this emergency,

and if all of Bing's partisans had been lined up behind his offspring, the resulting belligerence would have ended in a draw. Perry Como has emerged as one of the current idols, and occupies a musical throne on the same dais with those of the old Groaner and Frank Sinatra.

Perry was born number seven child in a family of thirteen, and became—when he was still in grammar school—an apprentice barber. There were times when he was somewhat wistful over the sight of his schoolmates trooping past the barber shop windows, on their way home from football practice or some other school activity, but in general he enjoyed himself very much. He liked to sing, and the barber shop was a fine place to exercise this hobby. Frequently he brought his guitar along, and, after he had lathered the fur-bearing faces and turned the clouded chins over to a barber, he would have a few minutes in which to render a ballad.

By the time he was fifteen, Perry owned his own shop and was much in demand in the evenings to sing at organization benefits and parties. At seventeen he decided that a certain sameness in clients, their problems and their voices, modified the excitement of the barbering profession, so he sold out.

talk to Perry and to make him an offer. Perry was flattered, but he said no. He liked working with Freddie and he liked each of the boys in the band. Perry and Roselle had travelled with them for two contented years and there had been no acrimony, no dissension. True, Weems operated a bigger band and secured somewhat better bookings, but Perry figured that there were many values in this world beyond those represented by money. Some of the boys in the band had a talk with Perry. They said he was crazy to pass up a chance to enlarge his territory. "You can't stay a small territory singer, forever, a guy with your voice," they said. When Perry still accentuated the negative, they took it up with Freddie.

Freddie solved the quandary with dispatch. "You're fired, my boy," he said. "I've never hated firing anyone in my life as much as I hate firing you, but if you won't look after your future, someone else has to kick you upstairs. Goodbye, good luck, and keep in touch."

That was in 1936. Perry stayed with Ted Weems until 1943, at which time young Ronnie Como, born in 1940, was almost three years old. He and Roselle had continued to tour the country with Weems. Whenever they hit a city of any size, or of not much size, Roselle and Ronnie would explore the residential districts. At Christmas one year, Roselle came in with the report that she and Ronnie had been strolling along a street in one of the suburbs—"and each little house had a Christmas tree in the window. It looked so pretty."

They always had a tree in the hotel, of course, but it wasn't quite the same. And Ronnie's occasional colds worried his parents. "This is no life for a child," Perry decided. "I've got to find some other job. Maybe go back to barbering."

Instead, he secured a sustaining program at NBC in New York City, and sang diligently every day for a year. He was drawing a fast sixty-seven bucks each week, and he refused to be lured away. He could have had any number of band jobs during that time, but he refused them steadfastly. "I've got a lot of things to learn, and I'm learning 'em," was his way of describing the seasoning he was giving himself.

There was one flurry of excitement: he was asked to make a series of recordings, and was on his way, when the celebrated altercation between ASCAP and the networks broke out, so that had to be cancelled. He did wax a few, using the vocal background perfected by those who thought the boycott could be circumvented.

Just when the situation looked hopeless, Perry was signed by 20th Century-Fox (without a screen test) and ordered west on twenty-four hours notice. He was needed for the male singing lead in "Something for the Boys." 20th officials had heard his recordings, liked his voice, concluded after making a sound track and combining that of Vivian Blaine, with whom he was to sing, that they would make a great team, so signed the astonished Mr. Perry Como at a fabulous price per week.

Perry stepped off the plane in Burbank, was met by a studio car, and was

trundled out to the Pico Boulevard emporium. He met an endless succession of employees, few of whom he could recall by name and vice versa, and was told to report to stage something-or-other the next morning. He had no way of knowing, of course, that the musical numbers are usually recorded just before shooting on a picture begins. After his numbers were recorded, Perry continued to report to the proper stage each morning.

It turned out that he had very few long scenes. The voice was what was wanted, and that portion was finished. Perry stood around the set, looking as friendly as possible. He arrived with the carpenters, grips, juicers, and makeup men, and he departed likewise.

One day the company was shooting process work, an interesting technique about which publicity is forbidden on the ground that knowledge of the method would spoil the illusion for an audience. Perry, like everyone else who is privileged to watch process work, was fascinated. He didn't understand exactly how the effect was achieved, so strolled up to a camera hand and made inquiry. The camera hand tossed off a few terse explanations, then asked suspiciously, "This the first time you've ever been on a sound stage, bub?"

Perry admitted the accusation. Asked the workman, "Ya sure ya got a right to be here? They make it tough for a guy that's got no real business out where a picture's shooting."

After that, Perry kept to himself. He didn't want anyone to get tough with him. And besides, perhaps he *didn't* have any business on a sound stage. Speaking of Saturday Night Being The Loneliest Night Of The Week, Perry could think of no good reason why the other six nights and all seven days hadn't been included. He was homesick for Belline and the baby; he couldn't fathom the Hollywood practice of complete abandonment.

Came then the happy day when the picture's director, Lew Seiler, called out, "Perry Como, you're wanted for this next scene. Is Perry Como on the set?"

Perry scorched a path to Mr. Seiler's chair. "Here, sir," he said, wanting to salaam three times out of gratitude.

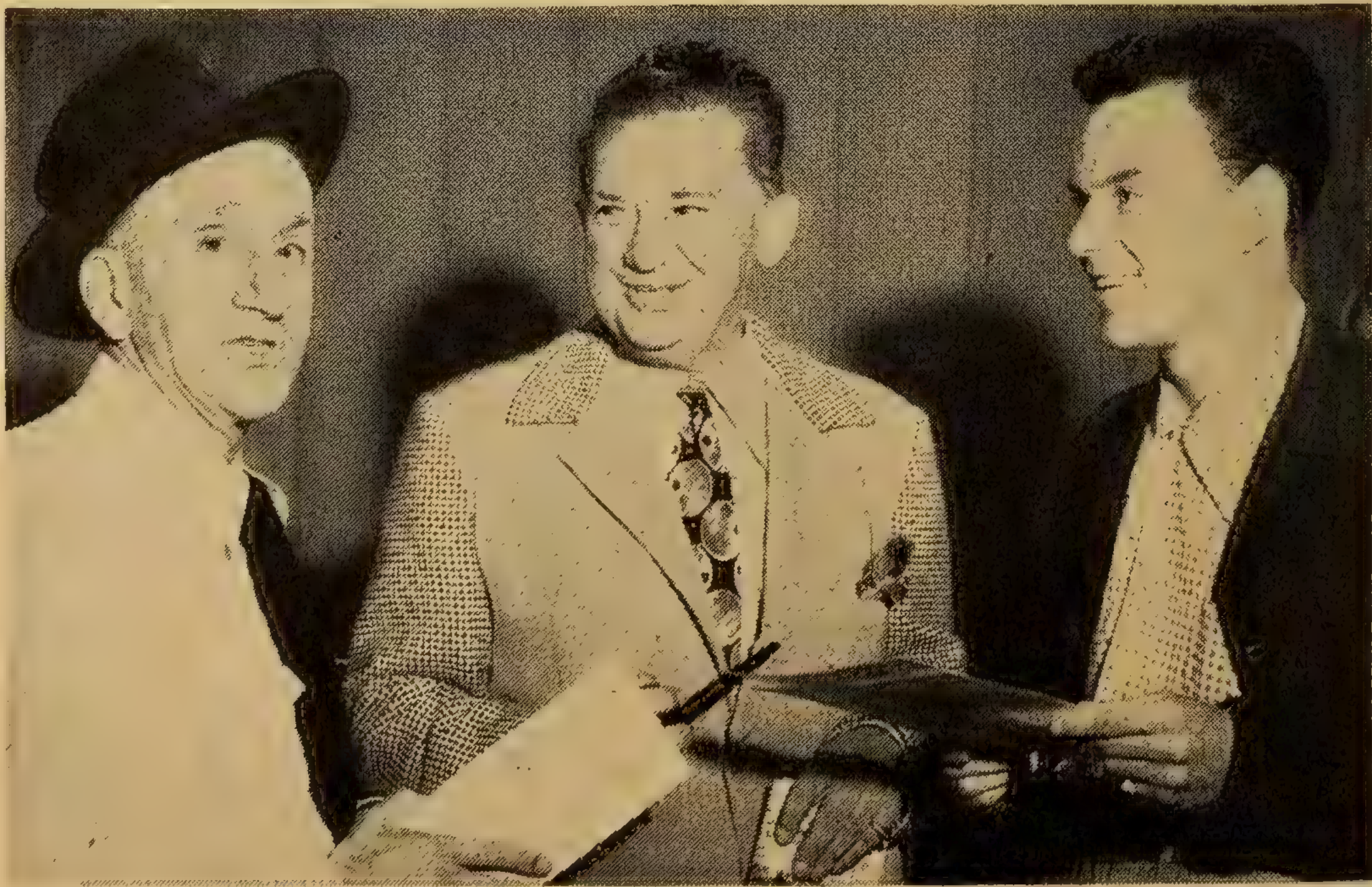
Mr. Seiler stared at the handsome, brown-eyed ghost who had been haunting the set for three weeks. "For the love of Holy Moses, are *you* Perry Como?" he gasped. "I've seen you around ever since the picture started. I thought you were one of the workmen and I've been wondering why no one had screen-tested you." This little speech may be one of the reasons why Lew Seiler and Perry Como are devoted friends.

After "Something for the Boys (But Very Little for Perry)" Mr. Como enacted a rôle in "Doll Face" again opposite Vivian Blaine whom he admires wholeheartedly. Those two stints finished and his options happily grabbed by a studio paying close attention to the fan mail that began to arrive and to reports on the many-figured returns from sales of Como recordings, Perry returned to New York, Roselle and Ronnie.

For the first time in their lives they had cash, ready cash. And in a nice fat sum, too. "Now we can buy a house," they said, almost believing that the possibility was a mirage able to vanish at will. For weeks, during every spare hour, they drove through the suburban districts lying contiguous to the city. Finally they found a house in the Flower Hill section of Long Island. It wouldn't be available for occupancy for the conventional six months, but it was available for purchase at once. As long as they live, Perry and Roselle will never forget the thrill of signing the escrow instructions.

After that happy action, they spent every spare hour simply driving out to the house and staring at it. Then, when it was vacated, they had to face the problem of furnishings. The drapes would be ordered, made, and installed in one room, an event that summoned the Comos to the house to gaze. They would stroll through the vacant rooms, hand in hand, and contemplate the empty expanse. "Right there we should have a lounge, and another over there," Perry would say. After a bit he stopped making suggestions and simply listened to Roselle.

It seems that Roselle has revealed an



The famous Jimmy Durante brand of humor expresses itself during rehearsal with Jean Hersholt and Frankie-boy Sinatra on CBS air show, "Stars in the Afternoon."

exceptional talent for interior decorating. The professional decorator whom the Comos employed to supervise their house furnishing said laughingly to Roselle one day, "Really, I'm almost ashamed to take money from you for doing this job. The bright idea behind every innovation we've tried has been yours; you've conjured up smart touches that I'm going to use repeatedly. Frankly, I should pay you for some of the things I've learned. I've never known a person who had as definite a flare for decorating as you have!"

When 20th sent for Perry to do the lead in "If I'm Lucky," Roselle abandoned her decorating and came west with her husband. Perry knew that the shooting schedule would require his presence for at least three months, and memory of his first trip to Hollywood had convinced him that he never again wanted to be in California without Roselle and Ronnie.

The first Como attribute to be noted by a new acquaintance is always his

speaking voice. It is low, beautifully inflected, and so soft that sometimes one must ask him to repeat a statement. Next, one notices his perfect profile and his superb eyes. His hands deserve praise, too, because they are capable, square-fingered, and calm; his gestures are few and beautifully controlled.

But above the pure physical attraction of the man, one becomes increasingly impressed with his splendor as a human being. His devotion to his family is a constant and a proud thing; his love for Roselle and Ronnie is powerful and permanent. His interest in his friends prompts him, as it did in one specific case not long ago, to champion that friend determinedly, even though he may know as well as anyone the friend's defects. His humility, despite his phenomenal success, and his eagerness to continue to learn new techniques, reveal his earnest mind. Those who know him well, in addition to his vociferous fans, need but one word with which to applaud not only the singing actor, but Como, the man: *Brava*.

Many Happy New Years for Joan Fontaine

Continued from page 35

steady her mercurial temperament on the pin-point of happiness; quickness, alertness of mind, to match her own; instant sense of humor to pair with her essential gaiety; perceptiveness, for her delicacy of nature; vigorous intellectual power that she can and does respect.

That seems a fancy-sounding appraisal (though the clues derive from Joan's character and personality) of a man who would prefer to be presented with crisp matter-of-factness. He works that way. Two great studios, Paramount and RKO, are still netting millions from story properties he acquired for them. His present post is a key one in the world's largest motion picture combine—Universal-International with the far-flung Rank interests of England. Through all he does, he moves as businesslike as a Swiss watch, with a dash of atomic drive.

Be privileged, then, to meet the groom—but tersely. William MacElroy Dozier: Born, Omaha, Nebraska, February 13, 1908. Father, salesman. Both parents born in Ireland. Dozier is by extraction half-Irish, one-quarter French, one-quarter English. Stands today six feet even, 175 pounds. Dark brown hair. Gray-blue eyes, described by an associate as "penetrating." First job, in grade school days, was, like that of thousands of other American boys, delivering a paper route. Held varied jobs, including night work, Union Pacific railroad yards, through high school. Then, while earning Bachelor of Arts degree at Creighton University, Omaha, taught public speaking and dramatics in two high schools. Nominated for Rhodes Scholarship—declined, personal reasons. Year's law course at Creighton. Real estate business in East, 1929 to 1934. Visited West Coast, decided to stay. Another year's law course, University of Southern California. Began work, July, 1935, in business management department of Berg-Allenberg, top Hollywood agency. Five months later, headed their story and writer sales department. Story and writer head of

Paramount three and a half years. Executive production assistant to RKO chief (late Charles Koerner) two years. Now vice-president, member of board and associate production head, Universal-International. Keen, huh?

Joan and I talked—she in a month's long daze, excitement whirling over deep contentment, light of newly discovered happiness still glorifying that nonesuch face—toward the very end of shooting on "The Emperor Waltz." When I entered her Paramount dressing-room, she was laying out on a small table lunch she had thoughtfully ordered in advance. Her apparel was startling. Although her hair was done in elaborate pompadour style to suit the picture, she wore for noonday comfort a soft rose blouse above turned-up-to-the-knees blue jeans! Even more startling, in view of a radio columnist's lugubrious "news" broadcast the night before, was her abounding health. She hardly seemed to touch the floor when she walked.

"What's this," I asked, stifling the solicitude I'd come prepared to offer, "about your 'mysterious' malady, your heroic continuing, against doctors' advice, to go on with work rather than hold up the picture?"

"Nonsense!" said Joan. "Where could that have come from? Look at me! I've forgotten *how* to be sick. I'll never be sick any more! I've found the answer to *everything*!"

Asked for the actual chronology and rate of speed (so many differing versions had been printed) of the Dozier-Fontaine courtship, Joan replied: "Bill and I have been laughing about that, recently. At least seven years ago, he sat in on a conference when Paramount was talking a picture deal with me. When he recalled it the other day, I couldn't even remember his being there. The truth is, an actress regards everyone in the top executive brackets as someone who's helping persuade her to sign away her time and energy, seemingly forever. Your

instinct runs—no fraternization with the enemy!"

"About two years ago Bill was again present, at RKO, when I signed a two-picture deal. Last winter he phoned me and said he'd like to talk over script changes in the other RKO picture, 'From This Day Forward.' I told him, 'Oh, you know how interrupted everything can be at the studio, even at lunch-time. Why don't you come to my house for dinner?'" (Joan related this invitation *very* casually, but your reporter wondered. Maybe the first *aqua-eyed* spider in history—"Won't you come into my parlor?")

Dinner was pleasant. Bill, admiring Joan's "bachelor" establishment, said, before he left at the usual goodnight time for Hollywood working people, 10 o'clock, "It's a pretty way to live, isn't it?" Joan (Spider!) answered, "Oh, it's all right, except that I grow a bit lonely at times like birthdays and Christmas." Bill responded, "I know what you mean about loneliness. I'll make a date right now to come by, Christmas morning"—six weeks away—"and take you to Mass." Joan said, "I'd love that. It would do me good."

Except for several conferences at the studio, they didn't see each other for awhile. Joan underwent combined pneumonia and pleurisy and finally, in February, was hospitalized with acute influenza. Convalescing, she phoned Bill, asking him to come over and discuss what would happen if her doctor insisted on postponement of the start of "The Emperor Waltz"—an RKO loan-out to Paramount. Bill—cautious executive, perhaps?—brought to the hospital the "Emperor" script.

Next night he didn't bother to fetch along that script. The *third* straight evening, he announced: "I don't believe you're basically ill at all. You need someone to care, all the time, for your happiness—someone to give you a way of life that will make life worth living for you."

Joan raised her head from the pillow—that's very effective—and (listening to her heart pound, thinking frightenedly of how, throughout her life, she had had to fall back on herself in crises, to decide alone) asked, "Who, for instance?"

"Me, for instance," Dozier answered. "I propose to marry you."

Joan knew she was about due to leave the hospital, and felt a sudden, desperate need for time. She tried to keep her voice nonchalant: "You may have an idea there." But her tone broke and grew soft: "I'll let you know about it."

Bill, *smart*, went away.

Next morning Joan slipped away from everyone, including her doctor, and Bill, and spent two "hide-out" weeks in San Francisco. Her thoughts there, her self-examination—she's one of the most intense persons who ever lived—are her own property. When she returned to Hollywood she went instantly to a phone, her voice entirely soft this time: "I'm ready to take you up on that proposition of yours." (Executive Dozier, who had decided the fate of many an author's or script-writer's option, must have Learned About Life, hearing his own Big Option "lifted"!)

Time flew after that. So, soon, did the Doziers! Fortunately, the shooting date of "The Emperor Waltz" was set forward a little, allowing Joan time for the flight to her Mexico City wedding, two days in Taxco, three days in matchless Acapulco-by-the-sea, two days back in Hollywood (wardrobe tests and studio conferences, plus unsuccessful efforts to move into a suddenly found house), five days, including flying time, for a New York trip (so Joan could meet Bill's parents), back to Hollywood three days (more wardrobe tests), partial move into the new home, one night there—only the bedroom furnished; Joan off to Jasper National Park, Canada, for "Emperor" location scenes, Bill joining her later at that beautiful spot for a quick auto trip home!

You think Joan had a crowded honeymoon? When Bill Dozier left for the wedding, he still commanded a busy desk at RKO, winding up his duties; he was also settling final contract details for his new, important post. He and Joan are two people who, if they'd waited till they had "time to take off," just never would have married!

The extent to which Joan's happy marriage has "filled her full of beans" is evidenced by a telegram she sent. Chairman of the Board in Bill Dozier's new affiliation is Leo Spitz, one of the most loved people in the motion picture industry. (Joan knew him some years ago, when he was head of RKO and she was breaking into movies.) President of the company is Bill Goetz, who ran 20th Century-Fox production while Darryl Zanuck was in service, and then founded the new merged International Pictures, Inc. Joan and her Bill were back in Hollywood when final word came through about the completion of the deal that makes Mr. Dozier Vice-president (and So Forth, and So Forth) of the combine. She wired Leo Spitz:

SPITZ GOETZ DOZIER BUT I GOT HIM FIRST

Then there was the Case of the Instructed Stepson. Joan's is sixteen. When Joan was introduced to the new member of her family, she warned, "If you call me Mother I'll cut your throat." Bob Dozier calls her Joan.

"It's lucky merely to be around my husband," Joan said. "I'd been looking for a house two years and, the day before Bill and I flew to be married, a real estate agent called and said he had it."

Bill's and Joan's house—I went out to see it—is neither large nor new. It stretches along a narrow ledge, out Brentwood way, hugging a pleasantly wooded cliff on one side and giving on an inspiring view, to the other side. After several months, alterations were still under way, chiefly the addition of a hexagonal all-glass bay, nearly as large as the original room it lengthened, at the rear of the house, and a glass side wall for the same room. (If you're going to cling to a cliff-face, you might as well enjoy the view.)

The wood-paneled living room, reached by a modest hallway into which you enter by a small door near the cliff, has painted walls of rose brown. Furniture and paintings here, as everywhere in the

house, prove the combined Dozier-Fontaine taste to be utterly harmonious. Paintings by a variety of artists—Utrillo, Marc Chagal, Derain, Paul Clemens, Henry Varnum Poor and Angna Enters—all evidence the capacity of the true moderns for *warmth*; none are of the daffy Dali school. Furniture throughout is of the serenest English types, well blended.

From the living room you can go straight ahead into the great glass lounge room beforementioned (not yet furnished when I was there) or turn right into the dining-room, soft rose as to walls and in keeping with the living room. Joan's favorite China (as whose isn't?) is Lowestoft.

If you hadn't gone into the living room at all, but had turned the other way from the hall (which is prepared in a design of California Yucca blossoms, white blooms rising from green leaves, against a rose-brown background to match the living-room), you'd have led to sleeping quarters. Bill's combined dressing-room and available guest room is featured by masculine, dark-wood twin beds and the best-looking pair of early Provincial English highboys—dark mahogany or walnut, with twinkling, small bright brass drawer handles, scimitar-shaped—I've ever seen. His bath-room (either the Dozier newlyweds are very thrifty, or Mr. D. liked the design as much as your reporter did) is papered with the identical yucca-on-brown of the entrance hall.

Joan's and Bill's bedroom—in a corner away from the cliff, all light and the paintings exquisitely chosen—is helped to its air of cheerfulness and life by the daffodil shantung cover (floor-length) of the over-size bed. I can't remember the room's wall-color because I abruptly thereafter received a shock.

Joan's bathroom is at the end of a brief, narrow passage-way, all mirror-glass except for a horizontal window on the outer side, overlooking the valley vista. Even that window is bordered, top and bottom, by joined mirror-panels. On the passage's *inner* side three ceiling-high (the ceiling's of glass) mirror-panels mask roomy closet space.

The bathroom—I'm glad I saw that before I received my shock—has walls painted (by two of Paul Clemens' pupils) a blue lighter than Joan's eyes, with a scattered pattern of iridescent soap-bubbles floating up the blue. Truly beautiful!

I turned to pass back down the mirrored passage and out through Joan's room, when in the window appeared the white head and intelligent face—the man was apparently clinging to the window-ledge—of what I afterwards learned was a Master Glass-fitter.

"Don't go out," he commanded, "without turning and looking straight into one of those inner-wall panels." I dutifully faced a tall rectangle of bright glass, and saw at once nine *Lupton Wilkinsons*, one behind the other, yet all clearly visible, the line stretching away not in perspective but life-size. All nine reflections—for good reason—instantly turned pale. Wrenching my head around, and away, I complained to the Master Glass-fitter:



Michele Morgan and son Michael collaborate on piano lessons, with vocals by mama.

"That was a foul trick. I feel like going to see my doctor!"

"Perhaps," he suggested, smiling (why does *everyone* in the article have to be clever?), "nine Mrs. Doziers won't prove so alarming."

Everything became vague after that ninefold mirror trick, but I, having reached the open air, recall an extraordinarily beautiful swimming-pool, shaped like a figure 8 with a slightly loosened waistline (if the body of the figure eight were azure) and bordered on the cliff side by an artistic, cream-hued, loose-piled fieldstone wall.

Back in town I discovered reasons for one facet Joan had explained about her marriage. Joan had said: "I draw a great deal of amusement from the view taken by some, who don't know either Bill or myself well, that ours was a sort of 'business' marriage. As I've pointed out earlier, the business element tended to keep our personal realization from coming into being. But the 'analyzers' are right to this extent: It's grand to be married to a man who knows the movie business inside out—who, in general, has a jet-propelled business mind." And does he handle Joan's business? He does!

"Yet that," Joan went on, "is just a bonus over and above the reasons I married him, and the reasons I grow happier every day. His business acumen is only a *department* of himself. He has qualities—balance, strength of character, considerateness, sense of humor—that are a continuous revelation."

An unrevealed incident, bearing more directly on Joan's chances for happiness, was told me by a woman friend in whom Joan had confided. Said the friend: "It

is simply too important, too magnificent, not to be told."

When the Jasper National Park location shooting for "Emperor" drew to a close, Bill flew to Canada and the two "stole" the first leisurely part of their tangled honeymoon, an auto trip home—to that house they'd seen only once.

Joan, luxuriating in letting Executive Dozier attend to all details of the trip, didn't know what hotel he had chosen for an overnight stay in San Francisco, until they drew up to the entrance. The hotel's name rang a bell in Joan's mind, but she mentally snipped that bell-cord. Up in the corner suite, the porter departed after setting the bags around; the groom walked to a window, as one does in a "new" hotel room, and looked out at the view—San Francisco Bay at night.

Joan was standing transfixed in the middle of the room. Panic tore at her worse than she'd ever known; she felt she was going to pieces and make an idiot of herself. She spoke to the back of her husband's dark head and his blue serge suit: "Bill—I might as well blurt it out. This is not only the same hotel,

it's not only the same type of suite, it's the *same suite* in which I spent the first night of my other marriage."

Bill, Joan told her friend, continued to look out the window—just a second or two. When he turned, his eyes twinkled and he was smiling. "All right," he said matter-of-factly. "Come over here—I want you to look out the window."

Joan, some way, made it across that stretch of carpet. Bill pointed. Dominating the great sweep of San Francisco Bay, dwarfing the thousands of smaller lights, loomed a gigantic electric sign over Sausalito, erected there to greet returning U. S. Marines. It read:

"WELCOME HOME—WELL DONE"

Joan, telling the incident to her friend, said: "Bill looked at me. I looked at him. We both broke into uproarious laughter. Neither the panic that had been in my heart, nor its cause, has ever been mentioned since."

Joan's friend, telling the incident to me, asked: "What do *you* think?"

What I think is that Many Happy New Years for Joan is not a wish, it's a prediction.

In the Colman Manner

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out a doubt the most modest and self-effacing star in motion pictures. He is the opposite of the general conception of an actor, since any form of press or public acclaim causes him to react like a shy boy at his first big school dance. He'll chat with you in a most friendly manner, but his phrases are generally words of praise for his companions in the arts, or for some outstanding achievement in a related field. Ask him a direct question about himself, and he'll shrug his shoulders in a meaningful silence, and branch off immediately and expertly into another discussion.

Colman is an actor's actor. His work before the camera nears perfection, and yet he does it with such ease that you think no effort of any sort was involved. It all looks so easy that you find yourself thinking that you, too, might be able to do the scene with a similar nonchalance. I had this thought as I watched him do a take for the 20th Century-Fox production of "The Late George Apley," in which he plays the name part. He went through his lines and action with such an effortless skill that you forgot momentarily that he was acting. For a brief minute or two the identity of Ronald Colman was completely lost in the character of *George Apley*.

A quick glance at the sidelines of the drawing room set revealed a significant thing. Here and there you could recognize many of the younger stars of the studio, and each was watching the making of the scene with a religious attention. They were paying homage to an artist, for they were studying carefully Ronald Colman's method of acting. When the take was completed, they hurried back to their respective sets. Tomorrow they'd be back again for another lesson!

There was a break of an hour before the next shooting, so we found an empty set nearby and Colman perched on the

arm of an overstuffed chair as we started our conversational ball rolling. He was dressed in the costume of Boston early in this century, and his stiff wing collar compelled him to jut out his chin as he spoke.

It takes every good actor a short time to drop out of the character he has just portrayed, so naturally our first item of conversation was the picture in which Colman

reported to the studio an hour early for four months to have his beard applied. To this day he cringes whenever the word is mentioned to him, and he figures that he put in over 100 hours in the makeup chair to have his "Kismet" chin-growth applied.

When the script of "The Late George Apley" was first handed to him, the only question he asked before he glanced over the pages was, "Do I wear whiskers?" Informed that all he needed was his famous moustache, he attacked the script with vigor.

Now that the war is over and travel restrictions have been lifted, Colman and his wife Benita are busy studying maps of foreign countries. Early next spring they hope to be on their way, but not before they have had a brief vacation in this country. Both have relatives and many friends they plan to visit in England. Colman has not been there since 1933, and Benita is especially anxious to visit her father, whom she has not seen since before the beginning of the war.

If Colman accepts an offer to do a picture for the J. Arthur Rank studios in London, the stay in England may last five or six months, but he is making no plans in this respect because he has already turned down one major script which was forwarded to him by Mr. Rank for his consideration. The play is "The Doctor's Dilemma" by George Bernard Shaw, and Colman refused it because he feels the theme is too similar to a film he did in Hollywood a number of years ago. The movie was "Arrow-smith," which also debunks the medical profession. Colman is against repeating an essential idea, but if Mr. Rank can find something that's good and different, it may be another story.

After they leave England, the Colmans hope to revisit various spots on the Continent, if conditions will permit this. "I'll drift along where the wind blows," Colman explained, "and of course one of the first places we want to see is Paris. However, we can't tell now what things will be like next year, so naturally our plans must be sketchy.

It would be interesting to make a picture in England," said Colman, reverting to the English film offer, "but it must be interesting and worthwhile. Pictures are made just to be making them, and I don't care to do one unless I feel it's a definite contribution to the industry."

His last remark explains the reason why the Ronald Colman picture averages only one a year. Untouched by avarice, he refuses to act just to be making money.

When he accepts a rôle, it is because he wants very much to do it from an artistic standpoint. If he feels he can't do his very best in a movie, he won't make it.

During the waiting period between acting pictures, he is constantly on the lookout for new scripts. Although he won the Academy Award nomination for "Ranunculus," he has a nostalgia for "Geste" and "Bulldog Drummond," and is searching for more plots of this type.

Workers around the studio have it that Colman's performance in "Apley" is sure to win him another Academy Award nomination.

tion, but other than his admission that he is enjoying his tasks in the picture, Colman remains noncommittal in his typical modest fashion. All he says is, "I hope people will like it."

A very dear subject of conversation to Colman is his daughter Juliet. His eyes light up, and he prefaces his remarks with "Ah yes, little Juliet!" in a most charming and touching fatherly way. Apparently she's the apple of his eye, and he tells little incidents about her very much the same as any fond parent the world over does.

We asked him if Juliet was destined to be an actress and carry on the family tradition, to which he replied, "I hope not, but if she feels that she *must* do it and would be unhappy doing anything else, then I'd encourage her. It's a long grind to the top, and the rewards are high, but so few ring the bell. Naturally I'd expect her to show a flair and a talent for acting before I'd do any urging. "Maybe we're jumping the gun a bit," he cautioned. "She's still very, very young and there's plenty of time for any sort of decision. She's just beginning to speak, and she's picking things up fast. It's really a thrill to watch her blossom daily. We're looking for a good nursemaid for her preliminary training, and later on we hope to send her to a school. There are a number of good girls' colleges out here in California, but let's wait until that time comes."

He has two avocations which are all-engrossing to him, his guest ranch at Santa Barbara, and his newly-found interest in painting. The ranch, which he operates with his partner and old friend Bill Weingand, is called San Ysidro and is located on a 500-acre tract, of which 420 acres are a steep mountain. There are 22 cottages and a central dining hall on the grounds, and Colman has his own cottage there as a vacation hideaway. When he visits San Ysidro, he divides his time between fishing and garden.

"I'd like to correct one impression about the ranch," Colman explained. "I read somewhere that I operated the ranch myself, which you can see offh is a ridiculous statement. How could man do all that? Bill's an old hotel man who knows all the problems, and he operates the place. With me it's primarily business venture I went into some years ago."

Colman's skill at the painter's seems to be inherent, although I found. He started painting without lessons, and his work has been very capable, but now he feels that it's time for him to take on the advice of a teacher.

"I got a bit tired of hearing these people who start painting at a young age," he said. "I figured if they could do it, so could I, so I went out and bought the necessary materials. It's funny, I'm fairly well pleased with the results. When people ask me to what school of painting I belong, I point out that I'm still a beginner, and that all I do is Landscapes and still-life interest. I'm most, and as soon as the picture is finished, I'll begin with those lessons. —I want to go salt-water fishing, and then I'll become the avid angler."

Regarded as one of Hollywood's most polished actors, Colman has some advice for young players who are striking for fame and fortune. He is asked this question constantly because he is so thoroughly qualified to answer it properly. "The young actor is wise to sign a long-term contract when he first arrives in Hollywood," Colman counsels. "This gives him the security, guidance, confidence and training every young actor needs. Then, after the long-term is over, the actor's better off free-lancing because

he's matured professionally and can guide his own career. As a free-lance he can choose his own subject and be available to a variety of top directors."

Colman has been a free-lance himself for the past 12 years, and the high quality of his work is an indication that perhaps his suggestion is a good course for a young actor to follow. It's been a successful plan for him primarily because he knows exactly what he wishes to do whenever he makes his appearance on the screen.

Thievery By Douglas

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handsome, although he has well-chiseled features. His principal assets are two dimples which punctuate his cheeks whenever he smiles and another one which places a permanent period in his chin. The latter will doubtless be a point of considerable controversy from here on in.

"I never thought much about it," says Kirk, "but a lot of other people have. I've been told many times I should have it filled in." Luckily the cavity was not plastered over with makeup, and it is well on its way to becoming a landmark for adolescents, along with Van Johnson's freckles and Frank Sinatra's quavering chin.

Actually, Kirk might not need the bobby-sox vote. He has a fan club in his own family—his six sisters, Ruth, Ida, Fritzie, Marion, Katherine and Betty. Kirk came squarely in the middle of the feminine parade, on December 9, 1916, in Amsterdam.

have been afflicted by the odor of Armour. Kirk and the girls were constantly appearing in the school plays, and it was a gray day when at least one of the Douglas kids didn't come home with a prize from the annual oratorical contest. Only Kirk pursued an acting career.

Kirk went to the public schools in his home town and then was sent to St. Lawrence College, near the Canadian border. There he met with an ideological conflict. "I was out for student dramatics," he relates, "as well as the wrestling team. That meant I had to miss rehearsal one night and wrestling practice the next. I was bicycling between the two so much that the wrestling coach said: 'Why the hell don't you give up that foolish acting business?'"

But he managed to combine the two diverse activities and became a leading man, as well as wrestling champion. Both capacities provided excellent training for a job which supported him during one summer of his college career.

Kirk was hired by a traveling carnival show. Each night he would enter an attraction which offered \$50 to anyone who could remain unpinned for five minutes in the wrestling ring with a mangy masked Marvel. Posing as a country bumpkin, Kirk would accept the challenge and enter the ring. Thereafter would follow one of the phoniest contests since the Chicago Black Sox world series. The Marvel would whisper: "I'm going to throw you over my shoulder," and whoosh—Kirk would go flying over his shoulder. Then he'd say: "Gimme a half nelson," and zip—Kirk applied the half nelson.

The fair-haired challenger always managed to stay the allotted five minutes. Cheered on by the suckers, he would accept further battle with the veiled brute. By the end of the extra innings, Kirk could scarcely put up a fight before being pinned.

By the time he received an A.B. from St. Lawrence, Kirk had the courage to announce that he wanted to be an actor. He had possessed that urge since he could remember, but until then he had feared the censure of his schoolmates. He won a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and pulled out for New York.

While learning the proper gestures and vowel control, the fledgling actor helped earn a living as a waiter at Schrafft's. There, a waiter's livelihood was dependent on small tips and a rapid turnover.

Kirk developed several means of hurrying the customer away from his meal.

While at the Academy, Kirk met an English student, Diana Dill. He says her speech was so clipped he could hardly understand her, but they had a few dates.

The actor's first New York stage rôle was in "It's Spring Again," which starred Grace George and Sir Aubrey Smith. He made a grand entrance, delivered a singing telegram and exited. That was all. He next became stage manager and understudy for "Three Sisters" with Katherine Cornell, Judith Anderson and Ruth Gordon. After that came the juvenile lead in the hit comedy, "Kiss and Tell."

Late in 1942, the Navy came between him and an acting career and he shipped out for midshipman's school. One day he was glancing at a magazine.

"Good-looking girl on the cover, eh?" he said to a friend. "Hey, I think I know her!" It was Diana Dill. Kirk immediately wrote her a letter. It was sent to an old address, but luckily forwarded. As with many war correspondences, theirs ended in marriage, on November 2, 1943. A son, Michael, was born to them on September 25 of the next year.

Kirk served in anti-submarine detail in the Caribbean and was given a medical discharge in late 1944. He returned to Broadway for "Trio," until it was shuttered by the censors, "Alice in Arms" and "The Wind is Ninety." He was appearing in the latter when Producer Hal Wallis lamed him.

Wallis had been touted on Kirk by none other than Lauren Bacall. The producer was heading eastward to prowl for talent when he encountered Humphrey Bogart and his bride. In the course of conversation, Betty told him: "There is one actor you should sign up in New York. His name is Kirk Douglas."

Wallis went to see the actor in "The Wind is Ninety" and was impressed. Douglas was summoned to the producer's New York office.

"Young man," said Wallis, "how would you like to act in motion pictures?"

"Thanks a lot," answered Douglas, "but no thanks." He reasoned that he was doing all right on Broadway and was waiting for the actor's dream—a lead rôle in a hit. "Okay," said Wallis, "but let me know if you change your mind."

Kirk was then lined up for what he hoped would be his hit play. Cast, costumes and scenery were all arranged. At the last minute the production was cancelled. The actor quickly messaged Wallis: Is your offer still open? The producer, who is given to quick decisions, replied: Come out to the coast.

Douglas came out to the coast and was given the meaty rôle in "Ivers," followed by another important part in "Deadlock." The rest will soon become legend to readers of movie fan magazines. They will know that he is blond, green-eyed and six feet tall. It will be common knowledge that he is an affable, convivial fellow, sensible enough to put his professional fate in competent hands; that he is an intense guy who has to blow off steam by gymnastics or running around the block.

For the Kirk Douglas story will be broadcast throughout the land and his face will be known in every hamlet. Dimples will be back in style.



Star of his own radio show on NBC, Alan Young takes time out for a rôle in 20th Century-Fox film, "Margie" with Jeanne Crain.

Meet Phyllis Calvert

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to make another film there and then she will go back to California for a further six months work in two more vehicles not yet chosen.

During these intervening years, Phyllis has played in a number of top-rating British films. She is James Mason's favorite leading lady and was with him in "The Man in Grey" and "They Were Sisters." These last few months Phyllis has been in a romantic screenplay, "Madonna of the Seven Moons," portrayed a woman doctor in the powerfully dramatic "Men of Two Worlds," and made an enchanting Jeanne in the new period film, "The Magic Bow," which describes the life of the famous violinist Paganini.

What is she like, this Phyllis from London? At Denham Studios they call her affectionately "The Golden Girl." She's tall and slender and exceedingly graceful, for she originally trained as a ballet dancer, and all her coloring is palest red-gold. Her naturally curly hair, her wide eyes, her long lashes and well-marked brows are all the same striking shade, and there's a warm golden glow on her skin and the faintest sprinkling of freckles on her nose.

Because she dislikes publicity splurges intensely, there are few people even in Britain who can tell you much about her private life. Actually she is twenty-nine years old, five-foot-five tall and married to a good-looking actor and short story writer, Peter Murray Hill, with a three-year-old daughter, Auriol Ann. They still live in the little Chelsea apartment that was their bridal home during the war, a pleasant spot with modern furniture and many shelves of books and a collection of peasant china that is Phyllis's especial pride.

She likes to do some of her own housework when she can and on Sundays you can usually find her in a pinafore preparing one of her favorite salads for

lunch. Earlier in the morning she will probably have been to church, for she is sincerely religious. She seldom smokes and only drinks coffee and tea and fruit juice, though she's completely tolerant about these things where other people are concerned.

Always on the screen Phyllis portrays "The Good Woman"—maybe she's wise enough to know how subtly true personality comes over. She's the girl men love and revere and whom they want to marry, and she's also the woman other women would like for a friend because they sense she would always be sympathetic and generous and staunchly loyal. Phyllis looks just right with a child in her arms or playing with her dog or sitting at the dinner-table with all her family around.

She's the new post-war woman who has come into fashion now the boys are back again. Those sultry sirens were appropriate enough maybe to those crowded fast-moving war days when passions were swift because life itself might end in the morning. But now the values of home and family and the established stable background of good familiar things have returned to proper perspective with the coming of peace. Now the woman to be desired is the one who represents all this.

In her own beautiful friendly self, Phyllis Calvert typifies this modern woman both on the screen and off it. She's a charming comrade who enjoys the open air and plays tennis and swims, but she never attempts to rival her men-folk in these fields. She adores an evening dining and dancing in a smart restaurant or watching a show or playing bridge with friends, but she doesn't plan her life around her social dates. She delights in pretty clothes and new grooming notions, but her appearance isn't the most important interest of her day. Incidentally she usually wears black or navy-blue for daytime formal occasions, with a touch of white in her accessories, and unrelieved white or cream for sports. Her evening outfits are often all black or in one of the pale gray or gold shades.

Pleasant and well-mannered and properly balanced, Phyllis never affects ultra-sophistication or boredom. She admitted quite happily that she's thrilled by her transatlantic trip and eating peaches and melon again for the first time in six years. She loves fruit, and it is rarely seen in London these days. On the few occasions when there was a ration of oranges, Phyllis has always given hers up to little Ann.

She's rather sad about leaving Ann for four months but she is sensible enough to realize she needs some Hollywood experience if she is to become an international star instead of just a British one. She's anxious to study and learn and to meet some of the local actresses whose work she admires on the screen, Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman particularly. "I shall feel almost an amateur beside them," she remarks. Phyllis gets the heaviest fan-mail of any feminine star in London and she says herself one of the nicest things about it is that more than half of her letters are from women. They write to her about their families and ask her advice upon love-affairs.

Forever Linda

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da. She's one star who still looks like a glamor girl in slacks.

In a way it seems ironic that the finest rôle of her life has come to Linda at just the time when she faces the greatest emotional crisis of her life: her separation from Peverell Marley. But the very fact that she has gone through such a crisis will probably make her a better actress than ever.

Remember when she was just an ingénue on the 20th Century-Fox lot? "When I started in pictures at 15, I hadn't lived, I hadn't experienced anything." Marriage affected her life deeply, affected her acting deeply, too. It was after her marriage to Pev that she gave the breath-taking performance in "Summer Storm" on loan-out to another studio, which made her own studio look at her with different eyes. "What I learned and experienced in marriage helped me portray certain parts. Now that's over with, I can probably play scenes involving that kind of break-up much better. Acting is imagination and feeling and experience."

That's the actress, not the woman, speaking. Linda is much too warm-hearted and emotional a girl to be content to accept a great career in pictures as a substitute for love. No matter how she tries to mask her emotions, the heart-break is in her eyes, even when her words are slightly defiant.

"My marriage? It just didn't work out. There is no one else on either side, though everybody wants to think that there is. Columnists tell me who's who in my life, just as they always used to tell me what I was doing and where I was going—often incorrectly. If they want to know, why don't they ask me? I'm the authority, I should think, on what I'm doing."

"When Pev and I were married, everyone said it couldn't last. So now what I have to say is, 'All right, kids, you were right. You win.'"

"Do you mean," I asked, "that the columnists, through a lot of false reports, helped bring on your separation?"

Linda raised her eyebrows, and looked me straight in the face. "Puleeze," she said, "let's be intelligent about this!" She wasn't taking any easy out, knowing all the time it was phony. Linda's not one to blame others for her mistakes. "The columnists' inaccurate reports were sometimes annoying but the important thing was, Pev and I weren't making each other happy. We never had much time together. We were both busy working. The decision to separate was as much Pev's as mine. Why don't people ask Pev what was wrong? I'm sure he has just as many legitimate beefs as I—perhaps more. I'm not easy to live with."

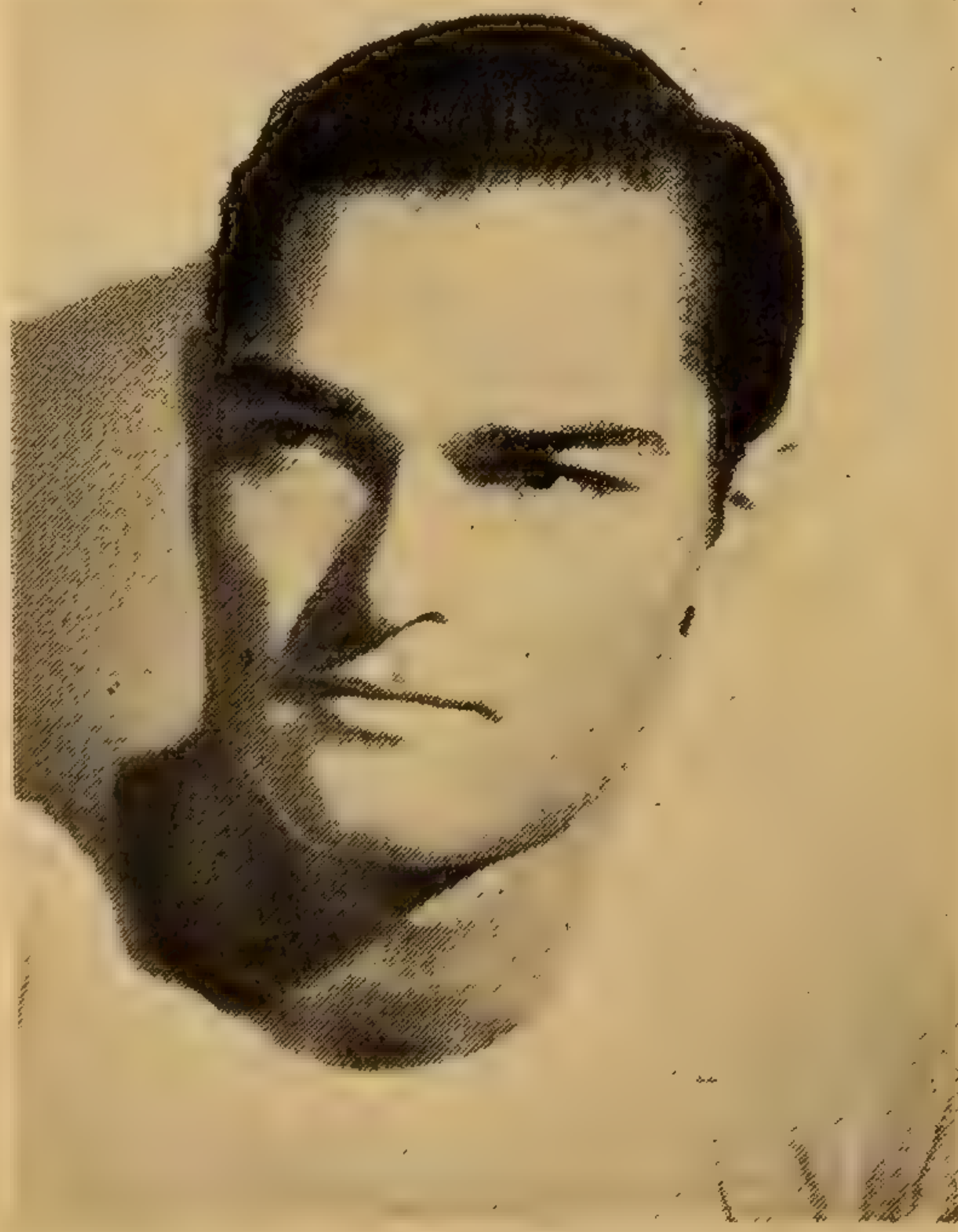
I asked Linda if the fact that Pev was older than she had anything to do with their separation. "That had less to do with it than anything else. Pev isn't old. He isn't older than I, except by the calendar, and that would be a frightful way to live—by the calendar. I have always believed that people are as young or as old as they think or feel."

"Pev and I are trying to be sensible, decent people about this. Pev is an extraordinarily decent man. His attitude is: 'What is a little thing like a separation between two people who are friends?' So often people who separate say that they will always be good friends. Sometimes they mean it; sometimes they don't. *We do*. I have seen no man but Pev since we separated. On his birthday I gave him a party, just as I always do. When I knew I would play *Amber*, Pev was the first person I called up. I told him that it was to be a dark secret for three days, and he kept my secret for me, as he always has."

"But if you think so much of each other, why did you have to separate? I don't get it."

"Neither do I," said Linda. But of course she does. Only she isn't telling just what it was that turned the marriage in which she believed so much into something that seemed no longer the right thing for two people. However, as the result of fifteen years of interviewing people in all walks of life, I can venture a guess: When Linda first married Peverell, she looked upon him as the incarnation of wisdom. His advice had guided her; saved her from hard knocks; kept her from making serious mistakes. In addition to being in love with Pev, she took his word as law. At home she had always rebelled against parental advice, but when she fell in love, it was much easier to take the advice of the man she loved.

And that advice continued to be good and sound and wise. But Linda changed. As time went on, she discovered that she wanted to make her own decisions, to make her own mistakes. She no longer wanted anyone's advice, not even Pev's. The young, pliable Linda had changed into a sophisticated, mature young woman who wanted to stand or fall by her own mistakes. But loving her deeply, Pev couldn't be content to let her make all her own decisions, when he knew



Rugged newcomer, John Russell, plays the romantic highwayman in "Forever Amber."

that his advice could save her from heartbreak and disappointment.

The rebellious streak in Linda grew and grew. She had come away from her mother's wing. Now came a new stage, where she wanted to be on her own completely. "There have never been recriminations, fights, or raising of voices, between Pev and me, thank heavens. But it just didn't work out."

"Are you still in love with Pev?"

"That's a question! If I knew the difference between loving someone and being in love, I could answer you—and answer myself. I think there are different stages in love. You can't always be ecstatic. That's the first stage. You can't force that sort of thing. When it goes, if you don't like the second or third stage, the time may come when you decide to end it. Pev tried and so did I. They say actresses are not so stable emotionally. So maybe I'm not stable. I'm not easy to live with, but Pev is and always has been very understanding. I have had to learn to control a great deal of emotion, or else my emotions would control me. My mother is French and Cherokee Indian, my father Scotch and Irish. With all those nationalities in me, I have a lot of emotion to handle."

Because Linda's separation came at about the time of Howard Hughes' accident and she visited the hospital during the first week of his stay there, gossip has linked their names together. Linda was direct in talking about this as she is about everything. Seriously she told me, "Howard Hughes is a friend of both Pev's and mine—and has been for years. When Howard was injured in that very bad crash, the day the news was bad, Pev, who was working very hard as cameraman on 'Life with Father,' said to me, 'Why don't you go down to the hospital and see if there is anything we can do?' Pev was so tied up on the picture that he couldn't go with me. Instead I went with a woman friend. When I got to the hospital visitors weren't being admitted, but I found myself surrounded by a battery of photographers. They said other stars had also visited the hospital—which was true—and they said, 'We'd like your picture, too, Miss Darnell.' I didn't realize how much talk could be started by one little photograph."

"Pev and I sent flowers and telegrams to the hospital in both our names. We would do the same for any friend. I haven't seen Howard or heard from him since long before the crash. I don't know what his plans are. I know he doesn't figure in my plans. Isn't it silly to couple our names together now? A short time ago I heard that another actress had her wedding trousseau all ready for a Lohengrin march with Howard." Linda added, "As for me, I am in no hurry to get a divorce. What's the rush? I'll take my time about it."

I asked Linda if she planned to marry again, or if she had been so bitterly disillusioned by the failure of her first marriage that she was through with marriage.

"I am never disillusioned except about myself. Some day I hope to marry again. I can't predict the future. I have no idea of what 'he' will be like. I shall wait

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till I meet him, and I haven't met him yet. I am in no hurry. I've been through enough emotion for a while."

Yet in the next breath, Linda said out of a clear sky, "I may go back to Pev tomorrow. I haven't met a sweeter guy."

Asked what she learned through her marriage, she said, "I learned the things anyone learns through first love and living with a person and trying to make a go of it. But no two marriages are alike. Each person is an individual. I would never say, 'Such and such a thing I did was a mistake' and promise myself that I would never make the same mistake in a second marriage. For the very thing you resolved not to do might be the thing that would help you with that other person; the characteristic you wanted to repress might be the very thing he needs."

One thing you can be sure about: whatever decision Linda makes, she'll make by herself, sans the guidance of friends; family or soothsayers. She giggles a little bit about those girls who always go to see a half dozen psychics before making any decision. There will be no consulting of the stars in the heavens for her. "You create your own destiny within yourself. You don't find out what your destiny is going to be by running to 40 soothsayers. I had a friend who was always going to psychics, and who would go into raves about their predictions. According to her, the soothsayers knew exactly what was going to happen to her every minute of every day. One day Pev was sitting by and listening to

her. He said, 'Really, darling? You believe what she just told you?' My friend then mentioned some other prediction which she claimed had come true. 'Really?' said Pev. 'She told you that? And it came true? Listen, if this psychic is so wonderful, I wonder if she knows who's going to win the seventh at Hialeah?'"

Without benefit of any soothsayer, Linda can do a little predicting herself: that exciting things will always happen to her. "They always have. I've always been surrounded by excitement, either made by myself or made by other people."

Her plans for the future are a little bit nebulous. "I'm sure only that I shall continue with my career for the next seven years, because I've signed a new seven-year contract. When I get married again, I don't know whether I'll give up my career or not. How can I tell when I haven't even met the man yet? He may want me to go on with my career. Pev did."

Since her separation from Pev, Linda has moved to a hotel. Soon she will be joined there by Peverell's aunt, Mrs. Mildred Canivet. The fact that Linda and her nephew separated cuts no ice with "Aunt Millie." She's much too intelligent to blame Linda for the fact that she and Peverell weren't able to get along in double harness. Linda looks forward to having "Aunt Millie" stay with her, because she's "well-balanced and knows a lot about life." Mrs. Canivet is a widow, by the way. "And very English," says Linda contentedly, "for

Pev is English." Can it be that Linda, in addition to looking forward to being with Mrs. Canivet, also sees a chance of improving her English accent for *Amber*? Certainly she's doing everything possible to get ready for the rôle, including studying all of Shakespeare's plays to get the expressions and idioms and accents and inflections of the period.

She has a very unusual slant on *Amber*, too. "Aren't you afraid to play such a witch?" I asked her.

"I'm not afraid to play a witch—I played one in 'Summer Storm.' But *Amber* was no witch. What she did was not her fault, just a case of desperate, unrequited love. She didn't make the circumstances. They were forced on her. She wanted to get somewhere and become a lady so *Bruce* would accept her, and she couldn't have gotten what she wanted if she had been sweet and self-effacing. She did it all for *Bruce*—look what she did for *Bruce* when he was ill. Still, he wouldn't marry her, because he didn't think she was of gentle blood. He was more honest than some men, because he always told her he wouldn't marry her, but I felt terribly when he married someone else. I died when I came to the end of the book and learned that *Amber* had been tricked into sailing for America. I could have killed *Buckingham* and *Arlington* for tricking her! *Amber* was just a girl who protected herself in all the clinches, but what girl doesn't if she has to? Her only weakness was *Bruce*—and he was her only strength, too. Quite a gal, *Amber*."

Quite a gal, Linda, too.

Get Garfield Right!

Continued from page 51

an unspoken "How'm I doing?" air that makes you like him immensely. He is so anxious to please. He may portray guys who are supremely self-confident, but in reality John has doubts and hesitations which make him essentially a human being above all else.

He's never bought a house, though he wants one of his own. "I've never felt secure enough," he explains. Born on the East Side in New York City, son of a poor tailor, left motherless at seven to grow up on the streets as best he could, he's had to fight for everything he's wanted. When movie fame comes to someone with a background of such hardships, there are two courses to be taken in Hollywood—either all memory of the past is wiped out with lavish evidences of wealth, or good fortune is a daily reminder of earlier struggles and determines one to give something helpful to each life touched. With John it's the latter.

"I'm afraid I'm bad copy," he says, apologetically, when asked what he's done with his picture salary. Sharing is not the spectacular thing. First thing he did was to begin providing comforts for his and his wife's families. Then, being extremely sensitive to color and line, almost as much as he is to the inner feelings of everyone he meets, he got the Haines house. John and Robbie have given but one party in the three years they've gazed in wonder at each other in it; that was the evening of the presidential election in 1944. You can see how singular he is when he passes up the chance to show off in the average it'll-make-a-fine-backdrop Hollywood fashion. He considers good citizenship a basic duty, and a national election infinitely more worth celebrating than a movie premiere. He continues to drive modest cars, doesn't deck his wife out in splashy jewels and fur coats. Now that he, too, is a big box-office draw he is automatically on the society lists.

"But success," he declares, "has let me finally be myself. We went to our first big party in five months last night, and Robbie said this morning, 'Do we really have to do things like that?' I had the same reaction. When I first came to Hollywood for Warners, I was so young and inexperienced socially that I was quite a party-goer for the first three years. I thought you had to burst on Hollywood like a comet, so I really hammed it up."

His flamboyant social front was dropped when he realized it was a fruit of failure, not success. The reassuring knowledge that what he got on the screen was what counted meant no more forcing himself like that. He has a terrific sense of companionship, but showing off is not his true manner of expressing it. John can laugh at himself now. His first hit on Broadway was in "Counsellor-At-Law," in which he portrayed the fresh office boy and Paul Muni was the star.

"I've always had a reputation for being hard-boiled," John says. "I'm not! I had to seem that way for so long, though. Where and how I grew up. I swiped fruit and vegetables, fought for the best cor-

ner to sell my newspapers, got expelled from school, was a problem child all right, but, believe me, I've never seemed tough to myself. It was a necessary defense mechanism. I was mean to my stepmother, whom I've since learned to love, because of childish resentment."

When he was twelve he devoted most of a month to memorizing a speech with which he won an all-New York state oratorical contest sponsored by The New York Times. He chose Benjamin Franklin as his subject, and Franklin's earnestness made a lasting dent on him. He talked himself into a scholarship at a dramatic school and began his professional acting at Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theater for a salary of literally nothing. He supported himself by assorted odd jobs. He first saw Hollywood in his latter teens, when he hitchhiked out to see it. "Naturally, not being ready, I made not the faintest impression on anyone here." He rode the rods East, hobo-like, until a pal was crushed to death on the tracks. He reached home with acute scarlet fever and a realization that he actually had to begin at the bottom as an actor.

Robbie was willing for him to do that. What she thought definitely mattered even then. "I met her when I was seventeen," John said, glancing toward her appreciatively. "We went together for five years before we married. Then I was making only fifty a week on the stage, and wasn't the least bit sure if I could be an actor. I'm glad she's exactly as she is," he emphasizes. "Swell wife and mother. I could never have stayed married to an actress. Robbie's calm when I get too excited. I have her handle all our family business, make out all the checks, and she receives a salary for it, too. The studio suspension over wanting Joan Crawford for 'Humoresque' was the tenth one Warners handed me. Robbie's been with me on each fight. She agreed to my holding out a whole year-and-a-half after my first offer to come to pictures, to get better terms. We were broke when we got out here, in the old rattletrap car we drove across the country. We got around in an eight-year-old coupé after I got going. We hate pretending to have anything we can't honestly deserve. When you have ideals, and someone to fight with you for them, obstacles aren't so bad!"

Filming of "The Burning Journey," a story of what happens to an ex-champ, is currently under way at Enterprise as John's first on his own. "I'll follow it with 'Half Moon Bay,' a contrasting, picturesque tale of a California fishing village during the prohibition era. Then I've four stories I'd like to do. First, a comedy, for variety. Then portray General Ulysses S. Grant, and not just to wear a beard, but because I think he was a wonderful character. I'm mad to play Beethoven—and so is Eddie Robinson. I think 'Humoresque' proves unmistakably that classical music can be the motivation for a film. Oh, and I'd like to film my favorite book, 'Jean Christophe,' by Romain Rolland. After which I want to try directing."

Altogether, John's far more content now than he's ever been. "I live on the quiet end of the street, literally and figuratively. We have converted the formal drawing-room downstairs, where Tallulah Bankhead once held witty court when she was the tenant, into a nursery. We read an awful lot; it's the best way I know to catch up on self-education. I'd say Irving Stone is my favorite biographer. I've delved into a lot of psychology. I'm so interested in politics I read the Congressional Record, which Clifford Odets mails me regularly."

He believes in getting along peacefully with everyone. "I never played a tough guy in the theater. Why, my last time on Broadway I did a poetic fantasy and sang! But first time I went back, after doing a movie toughie, I came out of a subway and a stranger recognized me and cried, 'Put 'em up, Garfield—let's see how good a boxer you are!' When I feel I'm right I express myself, as loud as is necessary. That's had a couple of bad effects. Directors, some of them, are afraid to direct—and I depend on my directors desperately. Every actor needs to be sparkplugged. Then there's sort of a legend that I'll steal scenes that don't fall to my character. Fellow-workers believe your hard-boiled screen rôles. Isn't that something?"

"At last Robbie and I feel as though we're going to remain in Hollywood. When building eases up we want to build the first home we can feel we've earned. We've had our plans for a long time. We want a rambling, California-type house. Not out in the San Fernando Valley, because it gets too hot there for us, and not on any rancho for I'm a city boy and that rustic stuff would drive me crazy. Not on any swanky hilltop in Beverly. We want neighbors, for the kid's sake."

Wise guy? Tough rebel? Don't let his East Side, problem-child beginning, his fine screen acting, or his willingness to fight for better rôles fool you. John doesn't consider himself sentimental, couldn't be slushily so, but he's the only star I know who thumbtacks dozens of family snapshots onto the walls of his bar. He's the sort of guy who's happiest when he's home talking to his wife.



Kristine Miller, the "Viking Girl" and Hal Wallis' new find, plays in "Desert Fury."

The Truth About Holly-Wolves

Continued from page 31

business which is none of their business; they can watch everyone who comes in, everyone who leaves, whom they come with, where they sit, how they act, etc. When they spot an extra girl in a party or if they notice a girl becoming bored with her escort, they move in and try to take over. They're very smooth and crafty about the whole thing, of course. Sitting at this table also marks a man as available. If he breaks up with his current girl friend, it's his way of letting the public know he's back in circulation.

This age-old game of run-sheepie-run has become a matter of survival of the fittest, of matching womanly wit against masculine eagerness, of skillfully parrying bold advances with subtle subterfuges, of countering cajoling male charm with facile feminine finesse. The little lassies must continually manage to be just one jump ahead of these panting pulse-pushers, just one thought quicker.

If you're a female between the ages of 16 and 60, the following information, which I have inveigled from the stars, should be of practical value to you, especially if there's a chance of your suddenly finding yourself in the middle of Hollywood some day in the near future.

Yvonne DeCarlo, next to be seen in Universal's "Song of Scheherazade," revealed some of the treacherous methods employed by the more stealthy gentlemen, which young girls would do well to note.

"Most of the lines cast by the wolves in this town are so apparent they wouldn't fool little Red Riding Hood's near-sighted grandmother!" says Yvonne. "But there are several very cunning ones that girls should watch out for. One of them is the big brother act. A man will take a girl out and give her the old palsy-walsy routine. 'I want you to feel free to come to me with your troubles,' he'll tell her. 'You can always depend on me if you ever need help. I'm your friend.' It all sounds very wonderful. Some of them really mean it—and some of them don't. Some of them are just waiting for the time when she comes to them trustingly in a low moment to cry on their shoulder—and then they catch her off guard when she's least expecting it. A girl's always twice as susceptible when she's blue and discouraged.

"The reverse of this is the one where he tries to cry on her shoulder—the sympathy play. He gives her a sob story designed to melt the heart of a granite statue in Griffith Park. 'I've lost my faith in everything and everybody. I believed in myself once—that I could do great things, but I'm bewildered and crushed now. If I only had someone who believed in me, someone to inspire me—like you. I know I could rise to great heights with your love behind me. I need you. Won't you save me?' When a girl meets up with this type of man, she should weep profusely, blow her nose, put her handkerchief back in her purse and tell him she's terribly sorry, she's fresh out of life-lines, but she'll be glad to shop around and try to locate another rescue party for him.

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"The most insidious method of all is the 'I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt you' one. It takes a very suave accomplished man to put this one off effectively. He operates in this way. He courts a girl in the most honorable, gentlemanly fashion—always so considerate about getting her in early, so discriminating about the kind of parties he takes to, so protective in his attitude toward her. Whenever he makes love to her, he is so careful never to become too bold. As time goes on, he grows more and more ardent, but he always stops within the bounds of propriety. Finally he tells her he's afraid he'll have to stop seeing her because he finds it too hard to control himself when he's around her and, of course, he wouldn't think of 'doing anything to hurt her.' He would never want her to do anything she might regret. There is always a very good reason why it's impossible for him to marry her at the present. By this time, she is usually mad in love with him, or at least infatuated and she can't bear the thought of not seeing him anymore. You see, the man is smart enough to know that when a woman feels she is being forced into something, it immediately puts her on the defensive and all her resistive instincts rise up. So instead of trying to talk her into anything, he effects the opposite attitude and lets her talk herself into it. It works psychologically.

"A variation of this system is for him to promise to marry her at the strategic moment. I heard of the case of a girl just recently who was fooled by this one. She came from a good family and had very high standards. She met this man at a party one night. He was handsome and charming—a man who had been a Don Juan all his life and had always been able to get any girl he went after. They were mutually attracted and began seeing a lot of each other. When he tried to rush her off her feet, however, she kept her head and remained calm and collected about the whole thing. As soon as he discovered she wasn't succumbing to his charms, it challenged him. So he changed his tactics and began playing the part of the lonely bachelor who has at long last found the girl—the girl he's been waiting for all his life. He began talking about honeymoon cottages and nurseries and white picket fences. When he felt sure she was in love with him, he proposed and she consented to marry him. Then he played the old worn-out trump card, 'as long as we're going to be married anyway.' After he had won his victory, his ardent courting suddenly cooled and the girl realized too late his talk about marriage and a home were merely decoys.

"All men aren't heels, however. It's just trying to discern which ones are and which ones aren't that puts the capital B in Beware!"

You would naturally think that anyone with June Haver's devastating blonde beauty would be kept in a continual dither trying to ward off the wolf pack. When I asked her about having special-made clubs, however, she amazed me with the statement, "I've never had any trouble with men in Hollywood.

"I think one of the main reasons I have never had any trouble with them is because I've been so busy studying

singing and dancing and preparing for my career, I've just never had time to be a play girl. I've never had a man try to pick me up on the street because I've always been going some place in a hurry and kept my eyes straight ahead. When I go shopping or to a show, I always take my sisters with me. One of the best ways to discourage Hollywood and Vine wolves is to travel with a bunch of girls. There's safety in numbers.

"When I did begin to date, it was with men I'd been introduced to formally. Then I'd invite them home first to meet the family. This always starts the association off at a nice conservative pace. When a fellow realizes you're conventional and still under your mother's wing, it seems to bring out his protective instincts. It appeals to his sense of honor, and even the wolves with the most colorful reputations will usually end up treating you in the most noble fashion.

"If a girl will cultivate out-door sports, she'll find them very useful in helping her solve the date problem. Then whenever she's skeptical about going out with a man, she can suggest a game of tennis, an afternoon of golf or swimming or horse-back riding. This opens up an excellent way for her to get better acquainted before she chances a date.

"What most girls fail to realize is that the time to be careful is in the very beginning. If a girl will only ignore suggestive cues, nip wrong moves in the bud, avoid risky situations, keep the conversation in the right channels, she'll seldom have any trouble. How can you get off on the wrong track if you don't take the first step? For instance, holding hands may seem very harmless, but it encourages a man and leads him to believe that you wouldn't object to his kissing you.

"Too often girls forget how easily wolfish instincts are aroused. They playfully lead a man on and then all of a sudden flash the stop signal and expect his emotions to come to a dead standstill—just like that. But you can't ignore the law of inertia. And things like sitting in the car after a date, inviting him into your apartment or lingering on the front step until you lose count of good-night kisses, mean a green light to a man.

"If a girl ever does find herself in a dangerous spot, I think one of the best

ways of escape is to talk her way out. When one of my girl friends first came to Hollywood, she went out with a man one night who very casually asked her if she'd mind stopping at his apartment for a few minutes because he had a long distance phone call to make. She knows better than to go up to a strange man's apartment now, for any reason, but she didn't then. After he got her up there, he began making advances and ignored her requests to leave. She didn't know what to do, so she started to talk—fast—about everything and anything. Whenever there was a lapse in the conversation and the gleam came into his eye again, she'd jump up quickly and launch off on another topic. Finally she hit upon a subject on which he thought himself to be a connoisseur and she got him so interested in telling her all about it and asking him various questions that he forgot about his other intentions until it got to be very late. Then she said her mother worried about her when she was out after a certain hour and she'd better call her and tell her where she was and that she was on her way home. Talking is nearly always an effective way of derailing a one-track mind."

When I asked Ann Miller, vivacious star of Columbia's "Thrill of Brazil," for some hot tips on the wolf situation, she exclaimed, "I think Hollywood wolves are fascinating!" she laughed. "They're smooth, gay, debonair, adept at treating a girl in a chivalrous manner. And strange as it may seem," she lifted an eyebrow for emphasis, "an established wolf is usually safer to go out with than any other kind of man—providing two things: one, he understands you are a girl of high principles; and two, you are level-headed enough to see through his blandishments and laugh them off.

"First of all, I think we should differentiate between gentlemen wolves and just common street wolves. The street wolves are the kind of men who stand on corners and whistle at you, who try to pick you up in drugstores by asking you if you'd be interested in modeling or pictures, who open their car doors at stop signs and offer you a lift. Their approach is simple and crude and very easily detected. The best way to deal with them is just to ignore them.

"Although a gentleman wolf may have the same thing on his mind, he conducts the pursuit in a subtle, sophisticated manner, and if you make it clear to him you won't stand for any tomfoolery, he will act like a perfect gentleman. You never have to worry about hurting his feelings or making him angry with your blunt refusals because he has so many other girls on the string it doesn't make much difference to him.

"The greatest danger in going out with these Lotharios is in falling for them. So expert are they at the art of flattery and romancing, a girl has to guard against becoming intoxicated with their shower of beautiful persuasive words. If she loses her heart to one of them, she's liable to lose her head, and that's where the perilous part comes in. As soon as this kind of man knows he has a girl at his beck and call, the game loses its excitement for him.

"The only way to judge whether a

man is really serious about you or not is by his actions. If he stops taking other girls out, if he tells his friends about you, if he calls you often on the phone just to talk to you, if he gives up a game of golf or a stag party just to see you, if he takes you home and introduces you to his family. Even then you can't be sure until he actually pops the question. When this happens, if you're in love with him, marry him quick. Long engagements are fatal in this town. Too many things can happen. Then after you're married, it's up to you to keep yourself exciting enough to hold him."

"If the person who first originated the 'I can get you in pictures' approach had had it copyrighted, he'd have made a million dollars on it!" claims Anne Baxter, who had just finished "Angel on My Shoulder." "It has been used ever since the first silent film went into production, it is still being used today, and it will more than likely be used as long as Hollywood is Hollywood and men are men—and girls keep falling for it! It is the standardized wolf dialogue in this town which a good percentage of the wolves use all the time, some of them use some of the time, and nearly all of them use when everything else fails. It comes wrapped up in various verbal packages—'This is a game of give and take, my dear. I can help you and I will, but you can't expect to get any place unless you're willing to give something in return.' 'You just play ball with me, honey, and you'll get to the top in no time.' 'I can do great things for you. But if you're going to be an actress, you've got to live, baby—live daringly—give vent to your emotions.' The extra ranks are filled with girls who fell for those tired old chestnuts.

"Everything connected with a career should be kept on a strictly business basis. It's a big mistake to get directors and producers and agents interested in you romantically. Whatever is done to advance you is done for selfish reasons, not for sincere, natural ones. People will immediately tab you as a person of questionable character and other men will circulate unpleasant gossip about you. You will defeat your own purpose because when people know you were given a boost by someone else, you will never be able to convince them that you really have talent. Then if the love tie should break, your career would be left in an extremely precarious position.

"I am acquainted with at least half of the top feminine stars in the film colony. Hollywood being a small town, everybody knows everybody else's background and the really big actresses are the ones who have kept their heads, who have stuck to their principles through discouragement and disappointment, and who have been very businesslike in all matters connected with their careers.

"So the next time a man wants you to come to his office after hours to read a script for him, have dinner with him to talk over arrangements for a contract, go to his apartment to rehearse for a screen test—bow out quickly."

And so with that, girls, I'll leave you on your own!

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- ☐ Let them take it from there
- ☐ Start talking for talk's sake

Spare your friends the pause that distresses—after they've said "How do you do?". Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying" days, let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!



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actors, gave me the inside dope on "artistic wolves."

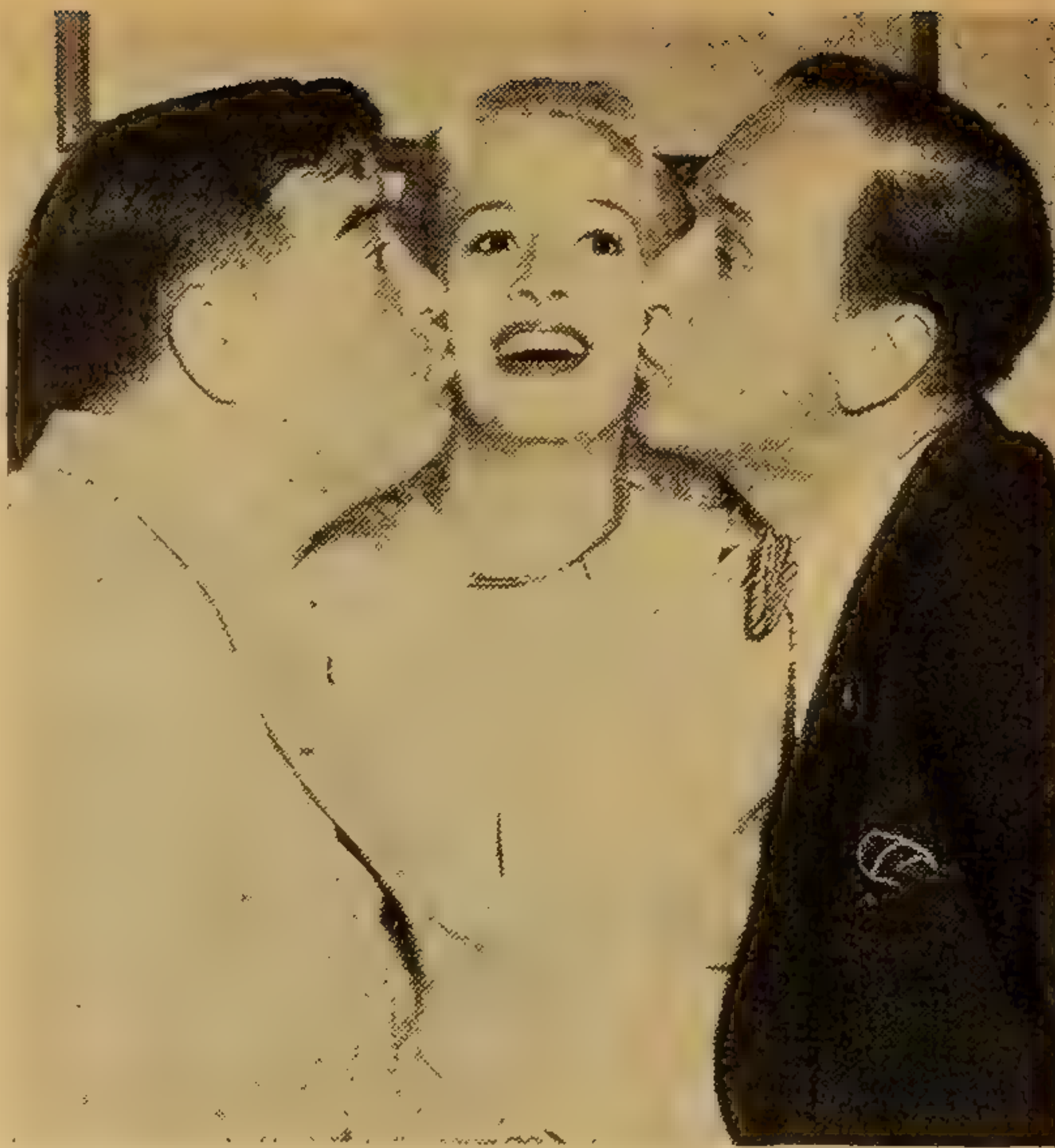
"It's easy to understand why wolves are more in evidence here than anywhere else," he began. "Hollywood draws artistic and talented people from all over the world like a powerful magnet. As a rule, these men are more emotional than others. Their creative imaginations and aesthetic natures tend to make them more romantic and hot-blooded. Many of them live recklessly according to their impulses. They set themselves apart from the general public and form their own standards. They adopt what they call a broad-minded outlook on life and love."

"As I have always been more or less associated with theatrical people all my life both here and in Europe, I am acquainted with the tactics of these 'artistic' wolves. They seem to be the same universally. Their approach is philosophical. They try to convince a girl that her conventional ideas are prudish and out-moded. That she's missing so much of the beauty and thrill life has to offer. That there is a much more exciting way to live than the way she's been living. They dazzle her with the Oscar Wilde philosophy, 'Live! Live the wonderful life that is in you. Don't degenerate into a hideous puppet haunted by the memory of passions of which you were too much afraid and exquisite temptations you had not the courage to yield to.' This live-each-fleeting-moment-while-you-may propaganda may sound very intriguing to a girl who hears it for the first time—but she shouldn't forget about the law of compensation, that sooner or later she will pay for that sort of living. Remember *Dorian Gray*."

"Another line frequently used is, 'The modern men of today don't want to marry girls who are innocent and inexperienced. They want girls who are sophisticated and *mondaine*. A woman who has been around makes a much more exciting wife than one who hasn't.' Don't buy that angle! There may be a few men who feel like that, but the majority of us are still old-fashioned enough to want a girl 'just like the girl who married dear old dad.'"

"Generally the older men are more dangerous than the younger ones. They are shrewder, more learned in feminine psychology. Most of them are frustrated, unhappy men who have been disillusioned in love. Their bitterness makes them nonchalant about hurting others. Then, too, they have more pride than younger men and they don't take rebuffs as lightly. It doesn't pay a girl to try to be flippant and coy with men over 30. They've out-grown flirtatious games and romance has taken on a more serious aspect for them. When they find out a girl is only teasing them, they become indignant and their first impulse is revenge. The best way for a girl to handle older men is to be frank and honest with them right from the beginning and she will probably get the same kind of treatment in return."

"To be perfectly truthful, I think women are secretly fascinated by wolves. I've yet to be at a gathering where a famous wolf was present that every woman there wasn't trying surreptitiously to maneuver an introduction. I've often wished I were a wolf myself!"



Marilyn Maxwell is the lovely being kissed, left and right, by Lou Costello and Bud Abbott. She's the singer on their new radio broadcast.

Louis Hayward also believes that the common specie of howler inhabiting Hollywood is more transparent and obvious than those anywhere else. "They can afford to be," he asserted, "because there is an affluence of feminine pulchritude here and it's easy to get what it should be hard to get."

We sat discussing the matter over a cup of tea just after he finished a scene with Hedy Lamarr in "Strange Woman."

"The only reason they present more temptations for young girls is because they are flashier," he continued. "They swish around in big shiny cars, dress with dramatic sophistication and always step out in grand style. Many girls who aren't used to that sort of thing are swept off their feet by the spectacular spendthrift of it all—big names, famous places, orchids, champagne, caviar—ah! Just the kind of beau brummel she's been hoping to run into all her life. But don't let this impressive show fool you. Most of them don't have a cent in the bank. They spend everything they have on appearance."

"It's these little men who pretend to be something they're not, who are the biggest wolves. The really famous and important men don't have much time for chasing around. They're serious-minded, hard-working people. Then, too, the men with big names have to be especially careful about their conduct because they have so much to lose by bad publicity, law suits, court cases, etc."

"Certainly a girl who has been in the service or handled a responsible man's job throughout the duration, should have developed enough judgment and common sense to take care of herself in Hollywood. Usually for a girl to go wrong here, she either has to be stupid, or careless, or the kind who just doesn't give a darn. I'll admit there are exceptions—and I guess that's why mothers turn gray when daughters leave home."

"Of course, any girl who drinks heavily leaves herself wide-open for trouble. I think girls are better off if they abstain entirely from liquor. They seldom realize its treacherous and lethal effect on them until it's too late. There is nothing so disgusting as a girl who's had one too many, and if her escort is also intoxicated, you have a perfect setting for a sad story. The only reason a lot of

women drink is because they think it's smart and fashionable, but the truth of the matter is, men can't help respecting those who refuse it."

"A man will nearly always treat a girl the way her actions infer she wants to be treated. After all, men have too much pride to make many advances which they feel will be rebuked. I do think it's a poor policy, though, for a girl to let a man know she's suspicious of him. If he believes a girl trusts him, he will try to live up to that trust. But if she openly displays skepticism, he's apt to decide he might as well go ahead and act like a heel if she's going to think he is one."

"If a man is a gentleman, he will concede the privilege of establishing the rules of the game to the woman. He'll bow to her code of ethics and won't feel injured or offended if she refuses certain kinds of invitations he might proffer—providing she does it in a gracious manner. If he does happen to be the type who won't come back unless the game is played his way—she can consider it good riddance."

"It's a mistake for a woman to feel she has to 'give' in order to hold her man. There is no quicker way of losing one than to be too easy to get. Lax scruples only breed contempt. Of course, during the pursuit they will try to convince her differently. They will plot and scheme and devise, they will talk and coax and wheedle in an effort to gain ground. They love a good chase. It appeals to their hunter's instinct. But once they've captured their prey, they often lose interest very quickly unless they're in love with the girl—sometimes even then. No matter what they tell you, they secretly admire a girl who refuses to let down the bars. When a man is seriously interested in a girl, he'll come back if it's just to hold her hand."

I nabbed Bill Eythe and he quickly jumped to the defense of the men.

"If there are more bold wolves in Hollywood than elsewhere, it's because there are more bold women here. It's the women that turn the men into wolves—the beautiful women who want careers and flaunt their charms conspicuously, women who are out after money and use coquetry as their weapon, idle rich women looking for romance and intrigue."

"I'm sure every young girl who comes to Hollywood has been forewarned about the wolves here and should know enough to watch her step. But there are just about as many traps set by the women for unsuspecting males to fall into. Wasn't it Bernard Shaw who said that women actually do more of the pursuing than men? Their methods are just more subtle."

"Men can offer women tangible things like beautiful clothes, good times, security, luxury—things that women can't very well offer men, and so female wolves nearly always have a mercenary motive behind their campaign which makes them even more deadly. Once a bewitching creature decides she wants a certain man and the things he can give her, he stands about as much chance as his ancestor did in the Garden of Eden."

"These sirens always aim their arrows at a man's weakest point—his ego. They've learned that the way to a man's

heart and pocketbook is through flattery.

"I know one instance of a beautiful blonde 'unknown' who set her designing eye on one of the up-and-coming actors at the studio where she worked. She found it difficult to make any headway with him on the set, so she finally managed to get some rooms in a house across the street from his apartment. She kept tab on all his exits and entrances from her window. She'd arrange to be taking her dog for a stroll as he came out in the evenings, or bump into him at the corner drugstore, or be standing at a bus stop which he passed on his way to work every morning. They struck up a speaking acquaintance and finally she invited him over to her place to listen to her record collection. They spent several friendly evenings together; he found her very attractive and began dating her.

"Just a few months later, however, he became seriously interested in his co-star at the studio. When the other girl saw she was fighting a losing battle, she threatened a frame-up using her two roommates and the landlady as accomplices. His career was just at the vulnerable stage where any bad publicity would have been disastrous. So he was taken for a large sum of money.

"The bank account was the only thing that suffered in that particular case. Then there are the enchantresses with over-grown vanities who make a game of conquest out of love, who deliberately collect men's hearts with the same fiendish delight Billy the Kid added notches to his gun.

"If you've got any left-over pity, how about bestowing it on the men?"

"I Remember Papa"

Continued from page 52

viewpoint of religion without reservations.

I still remember the first time I swore. I happened to step on a hill of Texas red ants. And how they do bite! I uttered my first profanity. After I realized what I'd said, I stood, trembling, waiting for the devil to come down and settle the score with me. Yes, the devil worried me, but never enough to reform me.

All of us were forbidden to dance, go to movies, play cards, or smoke. Dad even refused to have a picture taken of himself. Before each meal we said Grace. There were prayers before going to bed. We had to go to all church affairs—reluctantly—except the Ladies' Aid and Deacons' meetings. Such was Dad's code.

As I think about Dad, I realize how many contrasts he had. When he was a young kid, he was a good-time Charlie. He could keep up with the best of them. He was the black sheep. But when his mother, whom he loved, died he reverted to the inherent religious trait and began to study for the ministry. From that day on, he was a reformed man living a completely righteous life.

I frankly admit I was his biggest worry. He must often have looked at all us kids sprawled all over the double beds in the house at night, concentrated on me, and sighed heavily. My life wasn't an exemplary one. And in com-

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parison with the youngest of the older brothers, Ralph, who was Dad's favorite, I was really the "black sheep."

I received a goodly amount of Dad's attention, but not always of the welcome variety. I had a persistent bent towards all things exciting—and forbidden. I was what might be called a "parental congregationalist." When I wasn't on the run from some parental edict, the congregation of the current pastorate kept me on the dodge with their very presences.

Like all young kids, I decided I'd like to go dancing. Well, I couldn't go to the public places because there I'd be seen and word would soon wend its way back home. So I went to the homes of some friends who had dancing parties, friends who wouldn't tell on me.

Then there was the matter of smoking. My brothers and I used to get cigar butts, wrap them in newspapers, and smoke them. We were caught several times and did we get it! I can still recall the many times I bent over, my head between my knees, and felt that strap come down on me. It felt as though it weighed ten pounds and just when I thought I couldn't stand another stroke without dying then and there, Dad would stop.

Once he varied the punishment for smoking. He made me smoke a whole package of cigarettes and three cigars all at once. Of course, I turned green with all the expected consequences, but the cure didn't work. I went on smoking on the sly whenever I had the chance.

Yet, as unyielding as Dad was, he was also tolerant of us in many ways. He never minded if we stole our neighbors' peaches or plums from the trees. That was a minor misdemeanor to be expected of kids, and was strictly in mother's department if any punishment was to be meted out. Mother didn't always like this. She felt it made her very unneighborly.

Considering Dad's strict sense of morals, he had another odd but tolerant viewpoint. That was his willingness for us boys to go out with girls. We all had dates when we were very young. He naturally discouraged any untoward relations, but he felt we were bound to have our little romances, and so he let us have them. However, we had to be in at eleven sharp every night, and that rule prevailed even until we were about nineteen. I took my crushes very seriously. I still remember most of them. And I never recall Dad's laughing at me for them. He was very understanding in that way.

As carefully as he watched us, he at the same time didn't mind if we went fishing and hunting and were gone from home all by ourselves for a week. He didn't even care when my brother, Charles, and I got up at 3:30 in the morning to go out and bring in the loot from the traps we set every fall and winter. We'd catch mainly skunks, coons, possum, and the pelts brought us a few dollars. I must confess I'd be a little worried if my son, David, went off for a week on his own or got up at such an early hour to tramp through the

woods. But Dad felt that being on our own was good for us. He wasn't worried about our being hurt physically. His concern was entirely for our morals.

We came by our love for the outdoors naturally. Dad was a frustrated outdoor man himself. Even though he sat in his study all day, he could still make us kids look sick when it came to sports. He could jump higher and run faster than any of us could—and he was 48 years old at the time. He was a terrific broad jumper and hammer thrower. And when he went fishing with us, he'd walk so fast he'd get to the river and have all the fish before we could catch up with him.

Dad saw to it that we boys were kept busy. With only one girl in the family—two sisters having died very young—I became quite domestic, but not by choice. I was soon a good cook and I had to make beds, wash dishes, and, worst of all, keep the wood stove filled. Each night I'd have to spend about an hour cutting up the logs and bringing the wood in and put it in the handy wood boxes. On top of this, I had to milk the cow. There was nothing I didn't do.

All this made me a better person, or so Dad thought. Imagine his surprise then when he learned I wanted to act. He never understood this desire of mine at all. Yet, after I'd been in Hollywood for a while, I heard that where he used to read the headlines in a paper first and then the editorials, he suddenly read the headlines and then—for the first time in his life—the theatre columns. I always regret that the first two pictures I made arrived in Texas after he died. I think he was secretly proud of my career.

He wouldn't admit it, though. When I wrote to tell him I was going to marry an actress, he replied with a scathing denunciation of what he considered an actress' inevitable character. I showed the letter to my wife, Mary, but I don't think she appreciated it.

Dad used to go to the good movies himself, however, but he always preached against them because his congregation expected him to. We weren't allowed inside a theatre, but once I worked in a movie house where I synchronized sound effects and ran the music for atmosphere for the silents. I worked by records and, if I do say so myself, I was pretty good.

And where was Dad all this time? Well, he'd been having trouble with his health and the doctors advised him to get some work that would take him outside. So he decided to sell insurance. He was on the road most of the time—so I was able to take the job at the theater. As for Dad's new "career," he turned out to be a phenomenal success as a salesman. He made ten times the money he did preaching. But after his health was better, he gave up his fine business and returned to the ill-paid preaching. He was never concerned about money. And none of his sons was. I'm a very bad manager myself. I like money for what it will buy me—my three boats, for example. But I could be happy without a lot of greenbacks.

Dad's moving about the country while

he was an insurance salesman was no new experience for us. We were always moving. Dad had to take over new churches constantly. This moving played havoc with any consistent education, but it gave me a chance to meet new kids and see new places. It also helped me to learn self-defense. I had enough fights with my brothers, however, so when kids in new schools had to "try out the new boy," meaning me, I could take care of myself okay. I'm glad we moved about, though, mainly because it made me completely unafraid of the newness or of making drastic changes. And this has given me courage to take steps in my career that a timid person wouldn't dare try.

I've talked a lot about Dad as a father. As a husband, he was something else. Mother was mainly the buffer between us and Dad. So much so at times that her "Wait until your father comes home" routine made us feel as though we were in the clutches of a Gestapo. Dad idolized mother. Despite his stern exterior, he was very affectionate to her and always told her how pretty she was and how young she looked. He frequently took credit for the latter, in a facetious manner, because of—as he put it—"my good treatment of you."

Mother is today still a fundamentalist in religion. She's still strict. She does see my pictures, though, and with strange results. She almost had hysterics when I was lynched in "Ox Bow Incident" and she was so sure I was going to be drowned in "Swamp Water" that she screamed. I think she'll have a little less to worry about in my new picture for Samuel Goldwyn, "The Best Years of Our Lives."

I never realize how much Dad is still with me until I take a good look at myself as a father. As I think back on the things I did, I'm sure I'd send my son, David, to a reform school if he pulled my childhood antics. While I try to be less severe and strict than my father was, I often find myself involuntarily acting as he did. I try to gauge my discipline by my own ideas rather than by Dad's but his ideals still sneak in. I think the main difference between us is that I went to a Teachers' College where I had to take specialized psychology, and I use that training in rearing my children. Dad, on the other hand, trained according to his beliefs and impulses. Another difference between Dad and me is that I never superimpose edicts on David without discussing them with him first. Without explaining the reasons for such orders. I don't believe in making sudden and unexplained changes in discipline. That only causes confusion between children and parents. And a confused child is one who tries to see how much he can get away with.

If Dad were here he might not agree with me on my ideas of rearing a child. But I'm sure that if he could read some of the things I've revealed about him here, he'd do one of two things: either tan my hide or stand erect, glare at me, walk away, and chuckle to himself over the audacity of one of his sons giving away his secrets.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of SCREENLAND, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York) ss.
County of New York)
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SCREENLAND, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Paul Hunter, 37 West 57th Street, N. Y.; Editor, Delight Evans, 37 West 57th Street, N. Y.; Business Manager, Harold L. Ganz, 37 West 57th Street, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1946.

(Seal)

Eleanor Cowden Humbert (Weatherly).
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

The Really Private Life of Charles Boyer

Continued from page 43

mentary material which includes over 15,000 books. Despite the soft graciousness of his manner, Charles Boyer is an intensely efficient personality.

This is true in his personal life as well. As an example, he chooses antiques with which to furnish his home. As anyone knows, antiques are good investments. He and his wife and baby just recently moved to Beverly Hills. He and Pat are now in the midst of redecorating. Nothing of the fly-by-night type of furniture is found there. Charles Boyer selects things which endure. There is an elegance, a sophistication, about his house that will be in as good taste a hundred years from now as it is today. He likes beautiful woods, lovely lines, dull patinas. Even his French Research Foundation shows evidence of this discerning taste. The reception room is artistic and inviting. The library rooms themselves are no more like the average American public library than Picasso is like a magazine cover. The only Hollywood touch about his new home is the inevitable swimming pool.

There is no mystery to his private life. He doesn't eat with gold forks and knives from gold plates. As a matter of fact, since he has been working on "Arch of Triumph," his only free day is on Sunday. He spends it in much the same manner as any other family man. Practically at the crack of dawn, little two-and-a-half year old Michael jumps on Charles' bed, laughing and screaming. Boyer's son sees very little of his father these days, so he makes the most of Sunday. There is nothing listless about the younger Boyer. He is a small dynamo of energy. When he plays, it is with an inexhaustible enthusiasm. On Sundays,

he insists that Charles play right along with him. The unholy result of this is that Charles Boyer is more tired at the end of a day of "relaxation" than at the end of a working day.

Pat and Charles like to be by themselves, so Sunday is the maid's day off. While father and son are tussling, Pat fixes breakfast. Michael has oatmeal, orange juice and milk. Boyer, who on week days eats only orange juice, coffee and toast, has a big Sunday breakfast—everything from grapefruit to omelet with diced sausage. Then he and Michael go outside and "keep track of each other." Sometimes they speak French. Boyer's mother just returned to France after visiting America. Since she speaks only French, she was delighted that the littlest Boyer could converse with her in her native tongue.

Sunday afternoon, when Michael is taking his nap, Boyer answers all of his personal correspondence. He writes all letters to his friends in long-hand. Later on, he reads the Sunday papers. He also reads the French newspapers. This part of the day is quiet and restful. Pat cooks a good dinner, and the three of them have it together in the late afternoon. Pat is the domestic type. She is also English, with the Englishwoman's particular charm of pleasing her family. It has been eight years since she has made a picture; she will never make another. It is enough for Pat to be Mrs. Charles Boyer.

If they entertain, it is modestly. They either have a few friends over for the evening, or they go to a friend's house. If they stay home—which Boyer prefers to do—they listen to records. They have a voluminous record collection and love

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to listen to good music. Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven are their favorites. By 10:30 they are in bed, because Charles has to get up at seven the next morning to get to work at nine. Far from leading a mysterious existence, the private life of the Boyers is distinctly normal.

Although reserved, Boyer isn't aloof. On the set, his dressing room door is always open. He is honestly glad to see the crew or anyone who drops in to talk to him. He is rather quiet, it's true, but he isn't an introvert. On the contrary, he enjoys concerts, premières, all places where people gather—except night clubs. Although he finds more in common with cosmopolitan people like the Ronald Colmans, he is essentially friendly with everyone. One day a few years ago when he was making "Hold Back the Dawn," Veronica Lake noticed him wandering around alone, not saying a word to anyone. She asked him to join a bull session they were all having. His face lighted up and he joined them. On this set, some people had thought he was aloof. The point is that he is never aloof, but he does possess a certain sensitivity, a dislike of intruding.

There are also people who will tell you that Charles Boyer doesn't like publicity. This, like other tales about him, is not quite true. He doesn't want his private life put under an x-ray eye for the simple reason that he believes it isn't in good taste. But about a year ago a magazine writer had her first Hollywood assignment. To her dismay, it was on the hard-to-get-to Mr. Boyer. She got stage fright so badly that when the time for the interview came around, she became ill and it had to be called off. The publicist who had arranged for the interview explained the situation to Boyer. Many stars would have been irked because they had been "stood up," so to speak. But Charles Boyer reacted differently.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "If it's the girl's first assignment, it may cost her her chance. As soon as I finish shooting today, we'll go out and see her."

The publicist protested, "But she lives 'way out in the Valley!'"

Boyer answered, "I don't care. I don't like to see things like this happen."

Sometimes stars, in a burst of emotionalism, make rash promises. Not Boyer. At 6:30 that night, after a hard day's shooting, he called the publicist and together they went to the writer's house: an hour's drive from Hollywood. When the writer saw who it was, she burst into tears and practically had hysterics all over again. But Boyer talked to her, calmed her down, spent three hours with her. As a result, she was able to write a very good piece, and eventually became established as a writer on the basis of her first Boyer story.

The point is that Charles Boyer may not love publicity; he may not particularly like to have writers delving into his innermost thoughts. But, before this innate dislike, comes the fact that he's a human being. Very few Hollywood stars of Charles Boyer's magnitude would spend a complete evening after work going to the home of an unknown writer to give an interview.

This warmth, this true love of his fel-

low man, is no more strongly shown than in his French Research Foundation. The building itself cost a small fortune; the documentary material to be found there runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Charles Boyer founded it in 1940 because he wanted to promote good will between America and France, and also because he was impatient of the errors in motion pictures showing incorrect backgrounds for French locales.

But here again Boyer just doesn't write out a few checks and let someone else assume the worries and responsibility. The undertaking not only takes a great deal of money, it also takes a great deal of time. He spends an eight hour day there when he isn't working; when he is working, he still spends at least an hour every evening. This in itself is revealing, for there are many Frenchmen in the United States; many of whom would like to promote good will between America and France. Just the same, Boyer is the only Frenchman who has built a library dedicated to the cause. True, many Frenchmen could not afford it. On the other hand, there are others who could. Besides, as a matter of plain truth, Charles Boyer cannot particularly afford it himself. He does it anyway.

The French Research Foundation is free to anyone who needs such documentary material. No admission is charged. There are no fees. All of the movie studios consult his files. College students are welcome. There are many medical books, and naturally the Foundation is open to the medical profession. Since the Foundation is not self-supporting, it is run entirely with Charles Boyer's money, for the sole purpose of bringing two friendly peoples to greater understanding of each other.

Quite recently, his Foundation literally came of age, for the story of "Arch of Triumph" is laid in France. One photograph, for instance, was of the Fouquet Restaurant; another of the Scheherazade Café—both of which are large sets in the picture. The clothes for the cast, with the exception of Boyer's, were copied from photos of people who were in France during that period, 1939. Since he was also in Paris in 1939, Boyer used his own wardrobe from those years, which he still happened to have, for the picture. Quite recently the Foundation received a shipment of what will probably be the most important and valuable collection of documents and literature turned out by the French collaborationists and German occupation forces during the war. These were collected by a member of the underground and were sent to Boyer. From this material was gleaned many facts on which to base many details in the picture. For the first time the French Research Foundation has functioned as the research department for a major picture. This, of course, gives Boyer a justifiable feeling of satisfaction.

This warmth and love of people is strongly evident when he speaks. Since the daily newspapers and current publications, as well as material hundreds of years old, are sent to the Foundation, he knows what the French people are going through today. He knows when stark facts are not propaganda but the grim truth. He will tell you: "One of

the most serious problems in France today is the lack of coal. France doesn't produce her own coal. There is some, of course, but not enough. You know how important coal is for industry. All of France's coal is going toward making many things that were not obtainable during the war—for materials to rebuild and refurnish the nation. Therefore, there is no coal for civilians. Last winter was terrible, but next winter will be worse. There is such a clinging, wet cold to the walls of old houses that when you enter them, it is actually colder inside than outside. Food is very scarce, too, although the food situation is better than it was due to the gardens every Frenchman has planted. But there is still very little livestock, tools, dairy products, meat."

As Charles Boyer talks, what he speaks of suddenly becomes real and alive. You see the people of France, the way they work, the way they dream. He has a gift for words, the right and expressive adjective. He will dispel in a moment the vision of a champagne France. He will tell you "People who go to Paris and stay at the Ritz think France isn't getting along too badly. Their rooms are heated; their food—for a price—is good. They don't go down the little streets where the people are so very poor. A friend of mine told me that although the people of London aren't much better off, he managed to bring some chocolate back to Paris for a little boy of six. The child had never seen or tasted chocolate, so the man was looking forward to giving him a real treat. But the boy took one bite and spat it out. He hated it. His parents tried to get him to eat it, but he simply didn't like it. They even put it in milk to make hot chocolate. Finally, the boy got to like

it just as they ran out of it and couldn't buy any more." In a few words, he describes what France is like today. A six-year-old boy who has never tasted chocolate tells more plainly than great speeches how precious food is in France.

Boyer couldn't bring this vivid warmth and tenderness to his rôles if he weren't the type of person who is essentially warm and tender in his heart. It is this—more than the intense glance, the husky, caressing voice—that makes women know his love would have the same tender protectiveness.

It's a far cry from this Boyer—who spends a small fortune sending food to France, who writes lonely G.I.'s, whose private life reveals a deep integrity—to the young Charles Boyer who once let a lion loose in a crowd, when he was a drama student, to see how people would look when they were really afraid. It's a far cry from the bachelor Boyer, who used to lose his earnings as fast as he made them, gambling. It's a long yesterday to the Boyer who wooed half the lovely damsels of Paris and Hollywood without getting his heart seriously nicked.

His varied background has given him a great understanding of people, a tolerance. His romances have only made him appreciate his Pat that much more. The poverty and desperation of war torn France has only made him determined to do everything he possibly can to help. The first step in that direction is his French Research Foundation. Today, he has just one fear. Since the Foundation isn't self-supporting, Charles Boyer asks: "If anything should happen to me, who would see that it would go on?"

But because Charles Boyer is such a practical dreamer, I've a hunch he'll find an answer even to that.

Romance and Gail Russell

Continued from page 48

very revealing about a Gail Russell her fans seldom suspect, and it tells why the Russell-Madison marriage may well be a sudden thing, a surprise to Gail but not to Guy. Gail wants it that way. On only one thing is she definite concerning the marriage. "I don't want a church wedding," she says emphatically. "To me, that would be a little like a première, with lights, stars, flowers."

This, too, is "in character" for the Gail the fans don't know, the Gail who is "courageous, facing life" as she says young love must be. This may seem paradoxical. Here is a girl who is terrified of parties and would dread a church wedding—and who still in many ways is a most courageous young person.

To reconcile the paradox, one must recall that courage is relative. There can be no courage without fear, on a battlefield or in living. And Gail Russell was one of the most thoroughly, painfully frightened youngsters who ever faced a camera—or life. The measure of her courage is the manner in which she has fought that fear and, aided now by Guy, is still fighting it.

I met her four years ago on the day she made her first movie scene. She had

been discovered—"the Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica," they called her—a short while before. Now she sat, a slim, fragile, exquisite little girl in a party dress, waiting for her camera call. She had the beauty a princess might envy, and she was still the most miserable, scared little creature I'd ever met. It was more than the usual stage fright. It was deep, acute, dry-throated fear—real illness.

She made the scene. Suffering like that, she still made it. She made "The Uninvited" next, still suffering. Her weight slipped from 120 pounds down to 106. Interviewers came. She would see them at lunch. She would order coffee for herself, only coffee. Someone hinted that this might be considered rude. Gamely, she would order a sandwich then—and she could not eat it. She would try, and it would make her ill.

The première of "The Uninvited" took her to New York. To other girls a first visit to the big city would be a thrilling adventure. To painfully shy Gail it was an ordeal. She faced it. She worked hard, meeting people and being pleasant while she was "dying inside." And then she discovered something: other people, in varying degrees, were uncertain and a

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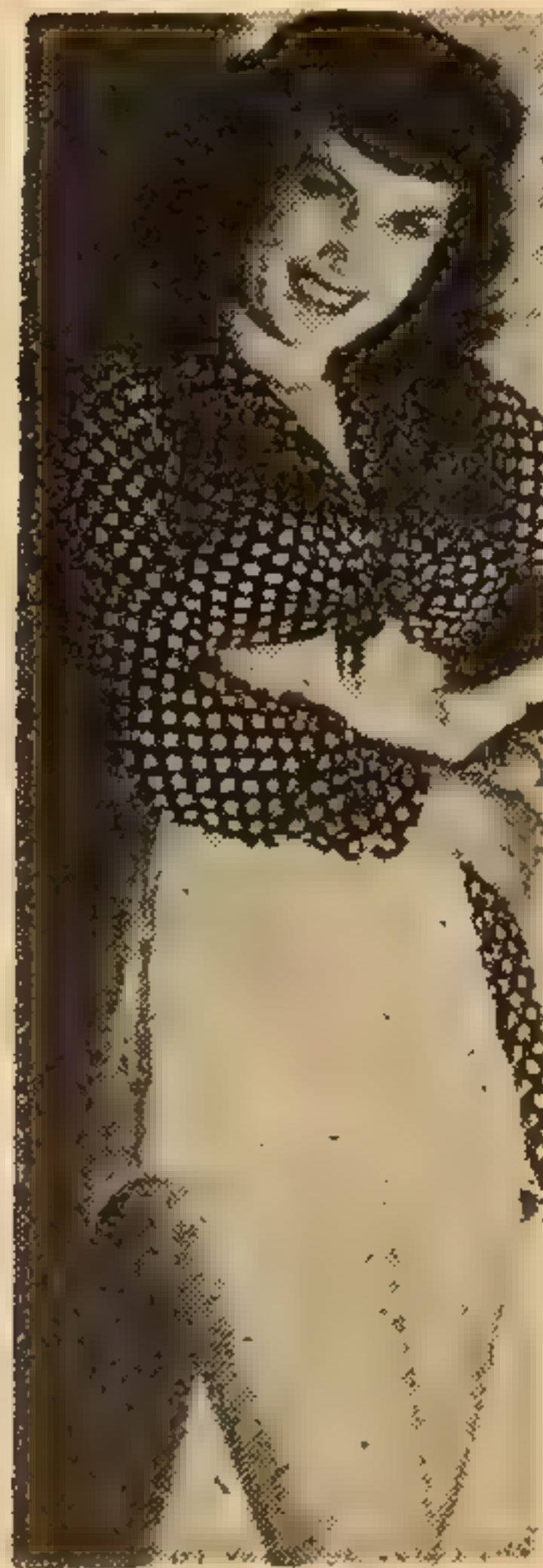
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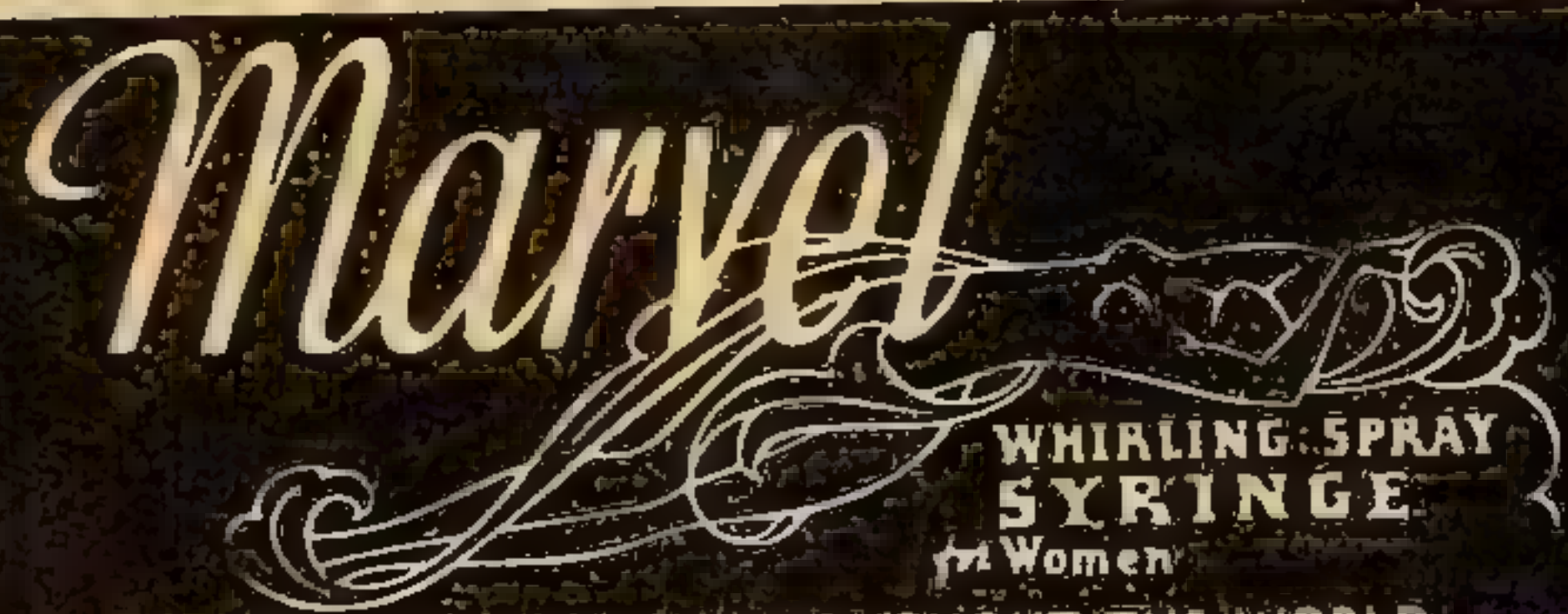
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little frightened too. Although few had to conquer the real, unreasoning agony of shyness that was hers, most people had a little of it to fight.

Back in Hollywood, she was bolstered by this realization. She met Diana Lynn, her co-star in "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" and "Our Hearts Were Growing Up." To her amazement, she learned that Diana admired her. It was amazing, because Gail felt the same way about Diana, who now is Gail's best friend. "Tops in everything, that's Di," says Gail.

Diana and her friends, Henry Willson (who is Guy's closest friend) and Loren Tindall, began "working on" Gail, getting her to go out with them, to go places. And then Gail met Guy.

Love at first sight may happen to other people. Nothing about her meeting with Guy makes Gail believe in it for herself. She was leaving the Paramount lot at dusk one day with Billy DeWolfe when Lester Luther, the voice coach, introduced her to the tall, tawny chap just out of the Navy.

"We said hello, and that was that," Gail recalls. "Of course it was rather dark, and I didn't really see him."

Their second meeting was at Henry Willson's, one afternoon when she dropped by with friends. Diana and Loren were there, and a few other people, and—Guy.

"I thought he was conceited and a little fresh, the way he made remarks that were either sarcastic or blunt, I couldn't tell which. Then I learned that he was just 'covering up' a little of the shyness I knew so well," says Gail.

She saw Guy at little parties after that, always with the Willson-Lynn-Tindall crowd. Then Guy went to work at RKO, Paramount's neighbor, and began calling Gail and Diana to join him for lunch. From there it was an easy step to single-dating—the beach on Sunday, or horseback riding, or dancing, or just driving.

Gail knows that Guy is considered the *beau ideal* and that bobby-sockers squeal over his handsomeness and he-mannish looks. "But with me," she says, "it's not his looks so much—not that I'd change them. It's that he is so sincere. When he says something, you can believe it. And he has a sense of humor—corny, just like mine. And poise, which I don't have. He's never dull, of course, and he's so understanding, and competent, and reliable, and—" She's obviously fond of the man.

They see each other every day. Guy has a house of his own in Beverly Hills now, but he is over at the Russells a great deal of the time. The Russells like him—Gail's mother and father, and her older brother George.

On some of their dates they drive around, with Gail rehearsing Guy in his lines for the picture he happens to be doing. It is one of her ambitions to do a picture with him, but meanwhile she pitches in to help his career by reading other women's parts for him. Both of them, remember, were thrust into the picture world with no previous inclination toward acting. Guy was as untried in "Since You Went Away" as Gail was in her first *Henry Aldrich* film.

Gail has blossomed since that first picture, and there are times when she is as gay and vivacious as any young star in town. She admits, however, that occasionally she reverts to her old shyness, and Guy and Diana and "the gang" must work on her. There was a day when Henry Willson called, urging her to attend a certain party. Gail declined.

"But you must go," said Henry. "There'll be important people there. It's important for you to go."

"I won't," said Gail, who can be very stubborn. Then she thought of the old reliable excuse: "I've nothing to wear."

"Pick up something," Henry coaxed. "Sounds simple," laughed Gail. But she knew that she had no idea of going. It was not her day for a party. Then she saw Diana. "Come along with me," said Di. "I want to go and say hello to Edie."

So they dropped by the studio wardrobe department where smart designer Edith Head reigns. "And before I knew it," Gail recalls, "Di and Edie had me decked out in party things—and I was on my way. I'm sure it was all a conspiracy, and Guy was in on it."

A while back Guy made his stage debut in the little theater at Laguna Beach. He was a hit in "Dear Ruth." Gail helped him rehearse for that, too. But on the opening night it was Gail, not Guy, who had a fit of the terrors.

Henry Willson joined them. Henry, who sponsored Guy in pictures, is a very conscientious, responsible friend. "He was a nervous wreck," smiles Gail. "The three of us drove over to the theater, Henry and I trying to keep Guy calm—until we realized that it was we, not he, who needed calming."

What happened during the performance indicates how closely atune are Gail and her Guy. "During the first act I chewed my nails down to the elbow, waiting for his entrance. After the first curtain I couldn't sit still any longer.

Came the final curtain, and wave upon wave of applause for Guy. And Gail, alone in the rear of the house, broke down into hysterical tears. She had cried like that once before—at the end of the first preview of "The Uninvited." That time it was she who had been on the screen. This time it was Guy on a stage. It was the same.

Some evenings Guy cooks dinner for Gail at his house. Gail boasts that he is a better cook than she. "I don't like to eat," she says, "and I believe a good appetite is essential in a good cook. But Guy—!"

So Guy cooks, and they eat—sometimes with "the gang," sometimes alone. And after dinner they sit and listen to recordings, and talk about the future as young love has talked from earliest times.

"We're going to have two children—preferably with one head apiece," says Gail with the gay humor she calls "corny."

Once young love may have talked of trips to the county fair or to Niagara Falls. What if these two talk of pictures, or the very modern home they'll build some day, or of trips to the moon? They're still the living proof of Gail's own words: "Atomic age or horse-and-buggy days, young love goes on!"

New Deal for Dvorak

Continued from page 39

restaurant with her constant companion Leona Carey, it became immediately evident that she dispelled fog now, like a ray of California sunshine. Her smile had something so genuinely warm and completely without artificiality that people at surrounding tables found themselves looking up unable to refrain from staring. Her smartly tailored plum two-piece suit, matching suede pumps, and key-shaped gold earrings were the essence of good taste. A gold brooch of antique coins lent the final note of elegance.

Some veterans come home nervous, their eyes shift from one object to another, their talk desultory, but all these characteristics are lacking in Ann. Before answering a question she takes a moment to reflect and then with slowly paced words gives her reply. She is relaxed. Her glance has a steadfastness and she talks fluently. This composure, however, hasn't been attained in ten easy lessons. Unlike most returning soldiers who are accorded a rest period, Ann was drafted by the Victory Committee to entertain G.I.'s in United States hospitals. For six months she toured the states and soon after her arrival in Hollywood went to work before the cameras. She may well be commended for the job she has done in disciplining herself out of mental chaos from the "Ann Abroad" to the "Ann at Home." "My sense of values hasn't changed as a result of the war," she declares, "but I am more certain of the rightness of my convictions."

She understands the veteran's problems, for she, too, has been faced with his irrevocable three "musts": start a career all over again, readjust her personal life, and find a new home. "Nothing seems real here," she says, "it's more like a dream." A mistiness clouds her green eyes as she adds with a note of sadness, "What was more like reality was being in a London bomb shelter. It's a funny thing—when I came back I tried hard to forget everything. I have forgotten mostly everything that happened to me, even things I want to remember—like the names of streets. For months after I got home, especially because I was living in the San Fernando Valley, ambulance sirens frightened me because they sound exactly like an alert. Anyone who was in London three and a half years was never out of danger. I had many near misses. Everybody's life was a dime novel. I got used to bombings and was flat on my face many times."

At the height of the "blitz" period, she made two pictures, "Squadron Leader X" and "Escape to Danger," in both the films appearing opposite Eric Portman. After the hectic conditions under which she worked in the British studios, she was glad to return to ambulance duty.

When America entered the war, Ann and Bebe Daniels joined the USO, touring the British Isles and Ireland. They were the first to entertain our boys on Irish soil. For Ann it was an occasion she will never forget. Although it was

probably the first time a musical revue was ever given in mud, the performance was a huge success.

Discussing her frequent departures from Hollywood from which each time she was able to reemerge as one of the industry's most proficient players, Ann said, "The only times I ever left Hollywood were the times I thought it was necessary. Not because I disliked Hollywood. It was not a matter of desertion. More important things had to be done. More important than my career."

To Ann the title "glamor town" as applied to Hollywood is a misrepresentation of the hardest working community in the country. In her opinion the people here are more industrious and intent upon doing a good job than in any other place in the world.

Contrary to the views of others, she does not regard abandonment of a career as a calamity. Occasionally, she thinks, people should take a rest from their labors in order to reinforce themselves mentally and physically. She cites the case of Joan Crawford, who has returned to the screen after a two years' absence with a freshness, vigor, and vision apparent in her recent screen performances.

When Ann returned to Hollywood, instead of taking a much-needed rest, she immediately set about making plans to resume her screen career. She didn't expect to reach the top rung of the ladder in one leap. After all, she had been away for three and a half years. She knew she was treading on test ground and must again give proof of her talent, so she searched for parts to which she felt she could do justice. Speaking of her position at that time, she says, "You do not pick and choose the parts you would like to do. You do what you are able to. You wait until you find a wise compromise."

The "wise compromise" materialized when Republic Studios offered her a contract and the feminine lead in "The Flame of the Barbary Coast" opposite John Wayne. Response from the critics resulted in other producers signaling for her services and she went on loan-out to appear in "Masquerade in Mexico," "Abilene Town," and "Bachelors' Daughters." Taking stock of her potentialities at this point, she decided to obtain her release from Republic. Since the studio acquired its largest returns from the "horse and saddle" epics, and Ann couldn't even ride, she felt it wasn't fair to Hollywood, the horse, or herself, to



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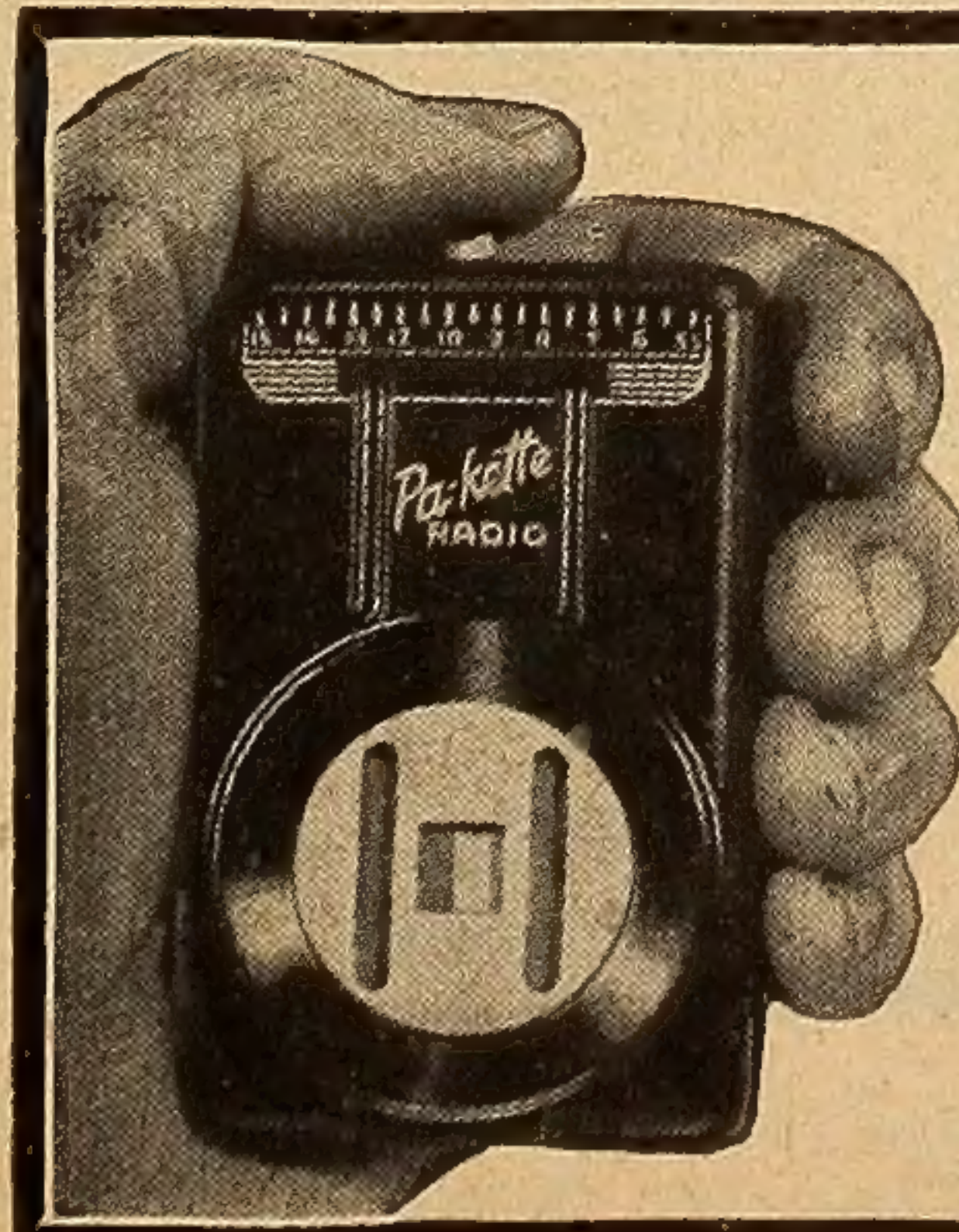
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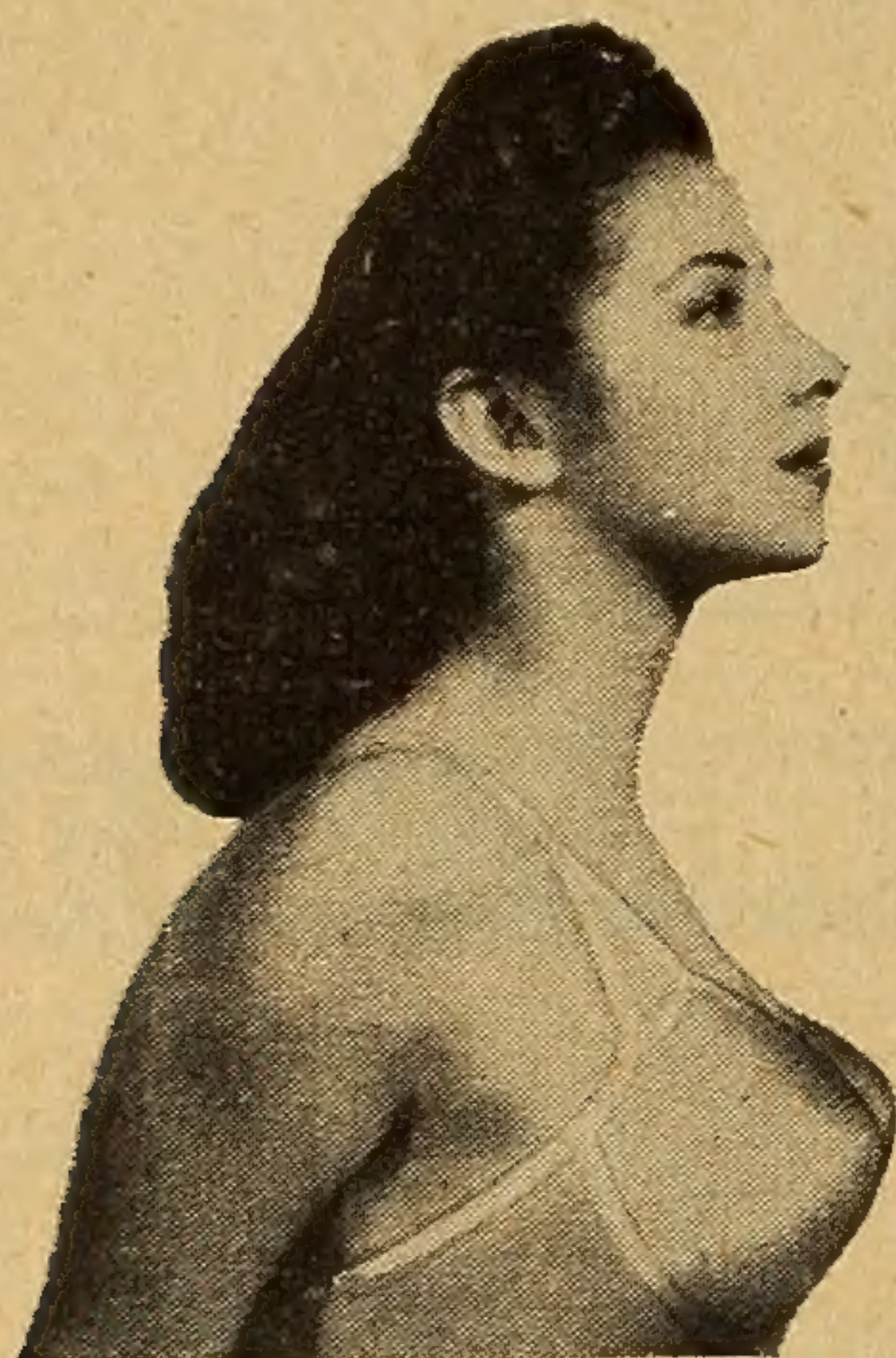
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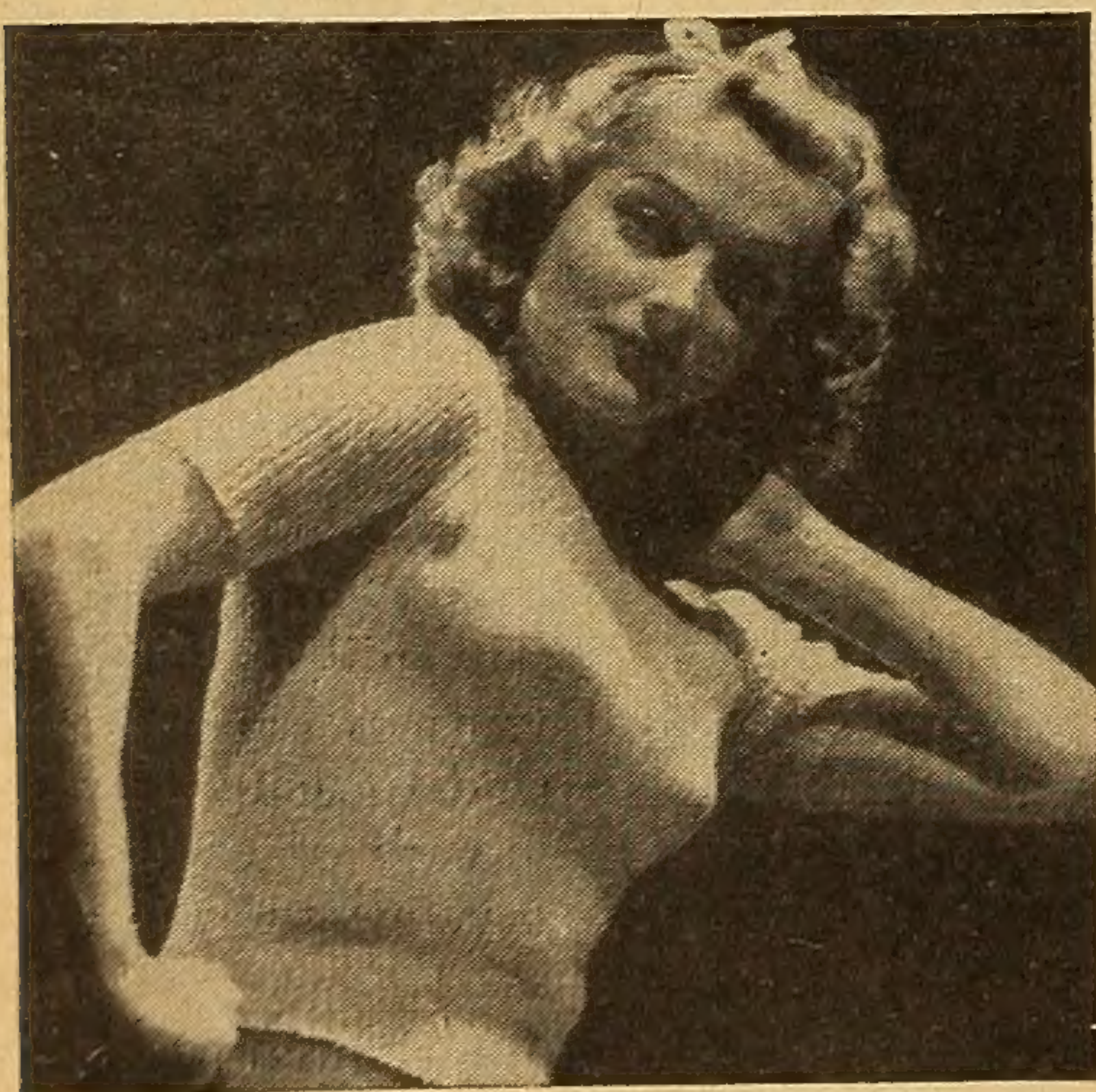


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continue. Republic's head, Herbert Yates, finally came around to Ann's way of thinking, with the result she bought back her contract for \$25,000 and launched forth as a free-lance player.

Then, for Ann, came "the most perfect experience of my career." Director Al Lewin was looking for an actress to play *Madeleine* in "Bel Ami." For two years he had been preparing for the production. The rôle demanded not only a woman whose type corresponded to the one depicted in the story, but one of exceptional dramatic skill. The part is worthy of Ann's abilities. *Madeleine* is a forceful character. As George Sanders' wife in the film she acts as the guiding influence in his life, and the only woman he really respects. "From the standpoint of size this is not the biggest part I have ever played," comments Ann, "but I think it is the most interesting."

Ann, who for years hasn't tipped the scales over 101, has gained five pounds since working in "Bel Ami" and for the first time in her life finds herself devoid of nervous exhaustion at the end of the day, which she attributes to Director Lewin and the atmosphere of calm, good spirits he creates during production. "I think I am enjoying working with Al Lewin more than any director I have ever worked with," says Ann. "I have complete confidence in him."

She is enthusiastic over the clothes she wears in the 1880 French period picture. "I think a lot of the styles could be worn today for evening clothes, without corsets," Ann says. "I am buying one of the jackets. It will be perfect for today. I think a lot of the things are flattering and are coming back. I have a hat in the picture that I could wear any place. It is far less extreme than some of the hats I see today."

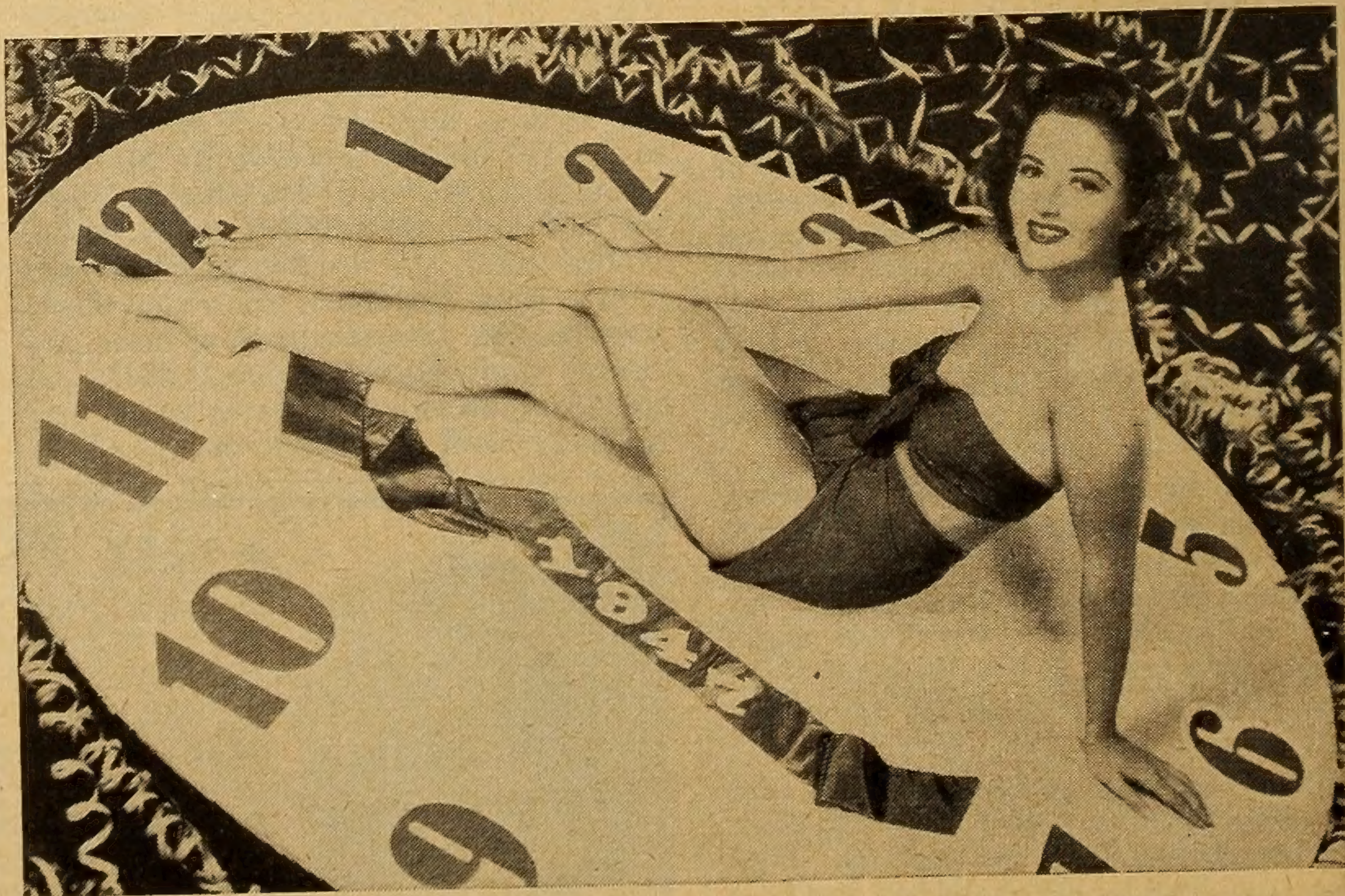
A glimpse into Ann's background reveals she was the daughter of Edward McKim and Ann Lear, both well-known thespians, who left New York and came to Los Angeles when she was very young. Ann attended the Page School in Pasadena and Occidental College where she majored in journalism and became editor of the school paper. Concluding her

academics, she obtained a job as cub reporter on the Los Angeles Times. Her job covering fires was cut short because of her poor sense of direction. Once too often she missed a fire and found herself minus a story, so she was fired. Meanwhile she had acquired dexterity as a ballet dancer and secured a spot in the MGM chorus. A year and a half later she was assistant dance director to Sammy Lee and teaching Joan Crawford her first dance routines. All along, however, she had wanted to act. Through her friend Karen Morley she obtained an interview with Howard Hawkes and walked out of the studio with a contract from Producer Howard Hughes. Her rôle in "Scarface" proved her ability and she subsequently made many films for Warners.

When Ann was eighteen she married Leslie Fenton, writer, actor, and director. Time and again she has pocketed her screen career to be with him whether it was to take a trek around the globe in a tramp steamer, or as more recently to go to England with him when he enlisted in the English Navy. When he received a serious leg injury at St. Nazaire and was later sent back to England, Ann followed him to the various hospitals. When he received the DSC from the King of England, she was there.

Sensational divorces have for years been a standard Hollywood legend, but when Ann and Leslie announced their intention to divorce the critics of Hollywood conduct straightened up in their chairs, shook their heads, and expostulated, "Something has gone wrong. Where are those sensational press notices?" The dignity with which Ann and Leslie have separated will undoubtedly bring them both additional respect.

"Our marriage wasn't a usual one," she explained. "We were married when we were both very young. We were happy for many years. I have a great respect and admiration for Leslie. I think he is a most talented and interesting person. We both have a deep respect for each other. We went through so much together, there will always be a bond between us."



Happy New Year! Martha Vickers next to be seen in Warner Brothers' Technicolor musical "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson.

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